TABLE OF CONTENTS, *August, 1929*

THE LIVING AGE

The Magazine of World Topics

Articles:

Court Festivals of a Javanese Sultan. *A Dutch Visitor Depicts an Ancient Ceremony* *Tassilo Adam* 416
Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

Ten Years Later. *A German Newspaper Man Recalls the Versailles Treaty* . . . . *Paul Block* 424

Joan of Arc. *The Spirit of Domrémy in the Europe of To-Day* *Count Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi* 427

Ambassador Dawes. *A Sketch of the New American Ambassador to London* . . . *Drew Pearson* 435
Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

New Light on Dr. Samuel Johnson. *Rare Johnsoniana Are Revealed* . . *Edmund Blunden* 438

Africa's 'Heart of Darkness' To-Day. *A Trip through the Congo* . . . *Lawrence G. Green* 441

The Future of the Automobile. *The French Henry Ford Discusses the Motor Industry* *André Citroën* 451

Departments:

World Records. *Recognizing the Unique and the Extreme* 403

World Travel Calendar. *A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad* 404

Frontispiece. *Mankind Accepts the Airway* 406

The World Over. *News and Interpretations with a Map* 407

What Can Ramsay MacDonald Do? 412

The Next Ten Years 413

The Paris Accord 414

The League Session at Madrid 415

Persons and Personages. *James Henry Thomas — Prince Felix Yussupov — Edouard Herriot — Philip Alexius László de Lombo* 419

Metropolitana. *The Brilliance of Budapest — Intrigue in Cairo — Buenos Aires, Metropolis of the Pioneer — War Plays on the London Stage — Restless Berlin* 431

Letters and the Arts. *How Tolstoi Died — Small Quiet on the German Front — French Love and Italian — A Church to Saint Joan in England — Spain's Oppressed Universities — Moscow's 'Red Professors' — Anatole France Speaks Again* 447

As Others See Us. *American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism* 454

World Travel Notes. *Eastern Canada* 456

World Business. *The Interplay of Politics and Economics* 464

War and Peace. *Conflicting Views on the One Great Question That Vexes All the World* 479

Book Reviews:

'Letters of the Empress Frederick' — 'The Hohenzollerns' — 'America and Europe' — 'Leviathan' — A Complete Bibliography of the Month's Travel Publications 466

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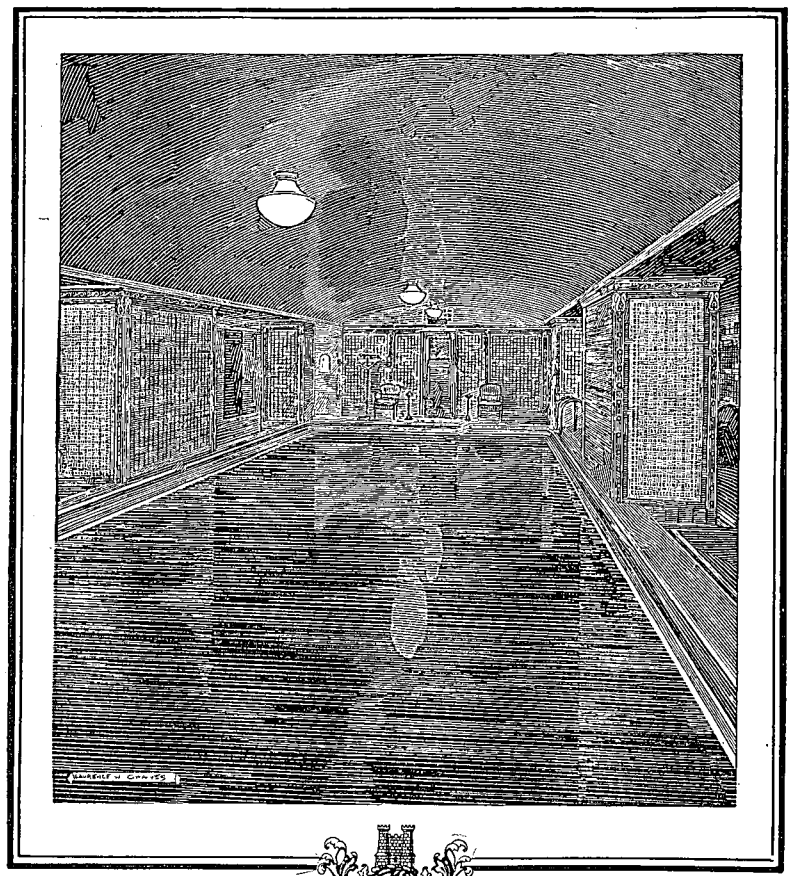

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The Guide Post

RAMSAY MACDONALD'S forecast of what the next ten years may bring forth was written shortly before the election and appeared shortly afterward as a prominent feature in the *Sunday Dispatch* of London. Six months ago the same paper would have no more featured a pronouncement by the head of the Labor Party than an organ of the Ku Klux Klan would have printed a speech by Al Smith. But the tradition of fair play was never more strikingly carried out in British political life than after the present Government was formed. Only one newspaper in England supported the Labor Party during the campaign, but, now that Mr. MacDonald has triumphed, even the most strait-laced Tories are giving him the benefit of their very considerable doubts. Excitable Italians and clear-thinking Frenchmen find this psychology hard to understand, but it is actually the highest form of wisdom, for it puts the victor in such a pleasant frame of mind that he may be tempted to think that his opponents are better fellows than he had supposed.

IT IS five hundred years since Joan of Arc delivered the city of Orléans to the French and the entire Press of Europe has been running articles commemorating her life and achievements. Count Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi, the half-Japanese, half-Austrian founder of the Pan-European movement, takes the opportunity to use the Maid of Orléans as a text for one of his usual spirited pleas for a United States of Europe. He conceives of Joan as the symbol of the nationalistic principle that transformed mediæval Europe into modern Europe and he invokes the spirit of Napoleon to inspire the Europe of the future. The Count believes that historical necessity is going to force the nations of the Continent into some form of federation. He conceives of the entire New World as an economic unit which he calls Pan-America. The British Empire is another; Asia will be a third; Russia a fourth; and Europe must unite or perish. But his style of writing and way of thinking are even more interesting than the substance of what he has to say.

PAUL BLOCK is the regular Paris correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*. He reported the Reparations Conference and likewise covered the signing of the Treaty of Versailles ten years ago. His reflections on the contrasting conditions under which these two negotiations were conducted give a vivid and by no means extreme picture of what might be called the average German's attitude toward the

(*Continued on page 478*)

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World Records

— As recognized and recorded monthly by the editors of THE LIVING AGE.

— Readers are invited to call the attention of the editors to items appropriate for this department.

¶ OBESITY. Giovanna Ossena is dead, but she still holds the record of having been the largest woman in Italy. She was only thirty years old when she passed away this summer, yet she weighed 490 pounds, and her waist was five feet ten inches in circumference. She was taken ill at St. Anselm's Fair, and was carried away on a hastily improvised stretcher by fifteen firemen, but she died before she reached the hospital. To her intimates she was known as 'Cannonball.'

¶ MARRIAGES. A Methodist minister in Omaha announced that he has just noted his six thousandth wedding in a book he keeps for the purpose. The fees he has received from bridegrooms already total $30,000, and, since he is only seventy years old, he has hopes of much more to come. The news has reached England, and patriotic Britishers, commenting upon his claim to a record for number of marriages performed, point out that if the subsequent divorces were to be taken into account, the record-breaking total might be gravely reduced.

¶ BURIAL CUSTOM. It is a common thing to see pipes hanging from the mouths of the gnarled peasant women who tend cattle in the valleys of the River Inn in the Austrian Tyrol; but never before this summer has this habit been given public recognition. An old woman known as a confirmed pipe smoker died last month, and her friends, respecting her desires, saw to it that she was buried with a fresh-filled pipe upon her coffin.

¶ GULLIBILITY. A married couple named Forster, living in Bern, Switzerland, had thirteen children almost before they knew it, and were at a loss as to how to support them. Aware of the gullibility of the people roundabout, however, they took heart and boldly fabricated a story of a local dragon which guarded a cave containing a vast treasure. All that was necessary, they said, was to get enough money to kill the dragon by approved modern methods, far more efficient than those St. George had at his disposal, and the treasure would be free for the taking. Farmers from all about came to the Forsters, turned in their savings, waited patiently for the slaughter. The dragon, however, according to the Forsters, grew wary and moved the treasure about from cave to cave, complicating the chase and making further funds necessary. More were forthcoming, but still the dragon remained unslain. Finally one old farmer who had put in all his savings lost patience and took the matter to court, whence it was but a step for the story to reach the newspapers.

¶ BAD LUCK. What seems like a unique string of misfortunes has overtaken a Portuguese peasant now in the hospital in Lisbon. He set out one morning on horseback to visit a

(*Continued on page 480*)

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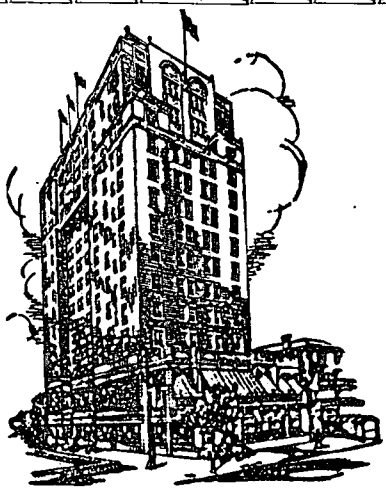

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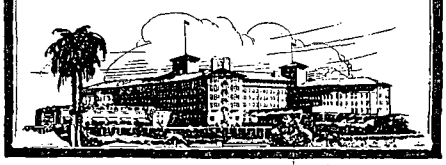

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World Travel Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Picturesque and Distinctive Events Abroad

AUSTRIA

GRAZ. *August* 31–*September* 8, 17th International Sample Fair.
INNSBRUCK. *September–October*, 7th International Sample Fair.
LINZ. *September* 29, Popular Fête.
MARIABRUNN. *September* 9, Popular Holiday.
SALZBURG. *July* 15–*September* 30, School for Conductors of Orchestras.
VIENNA. *September*, Meeting of the International Union of Marine Insurance; 1–7, 17th International Sample and Technical Fair; 2–21, University Course on German Language and Contemporary Austria; 22–26, German Technical Society for Illumination; end of *September*–beginning of *October*, International Course on Medical Progress; *October*, Autumn Art Exhibition.

BELGIUM

ANTWERP. *September*, 6th International Colonial Fair.
BRUSSELS. *September*, 12th International Exhibition of Aviculture; 2nd International Conference for the Unification of the Formulae of Heroic Drugs; 7–15, 8th International Exhibition of Leather, Shoes, and Allied Trades; 12, Horse Fair; 23, Pilgrimage to the Place des Martyrs; *October* 10, Horse Fair.
CHÂTEAU D'ARDENNES. *September* 2, International Tennis Competition.
GHENT. *September* 1, Horse Fair; *October* 1, St. Bavon's Day.
LIÈGE. *September* 30, Walloon Festival; *October* 6, Autumn Fair opens for a month.
LOUVAIN. *September* 1, Community Festival and Fair opens for a month.
MONT-ST.-AMAND (near Ghent). *September* 2–3, Horse Fair.
TOURNAI. *September* 9, Historical Religious Procession.
VERVIERS. *July* 29–*September* 9, Arts and Industry Exhibit; *September* 2, opening of Fair.

BOLIVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 12, Fiesta de la Raza (Columbus Day).

BRAZIL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *September* 7, Celebration of Independence Day.

BULGARIA

GORNYA-ORJECHOVICA. *September*, 7th International Sample Fair.

CHILE

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *September* 18, Celebration of Independence Day.

CHINA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 10, Anniversary of the Revolution of 1912 which gave rise to the Republic.

COLOMBIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *October* 12, Discovery of America; 28, Bolivar's Saint's Day.

(*Continued on page 460*)

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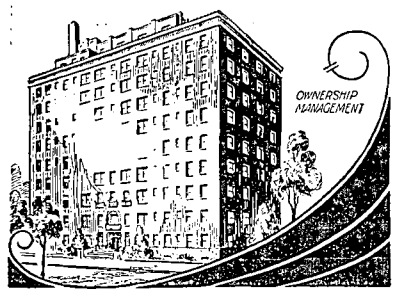

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Hannibal?

Napoleon?

Jefferson?

Isabella of Spain?

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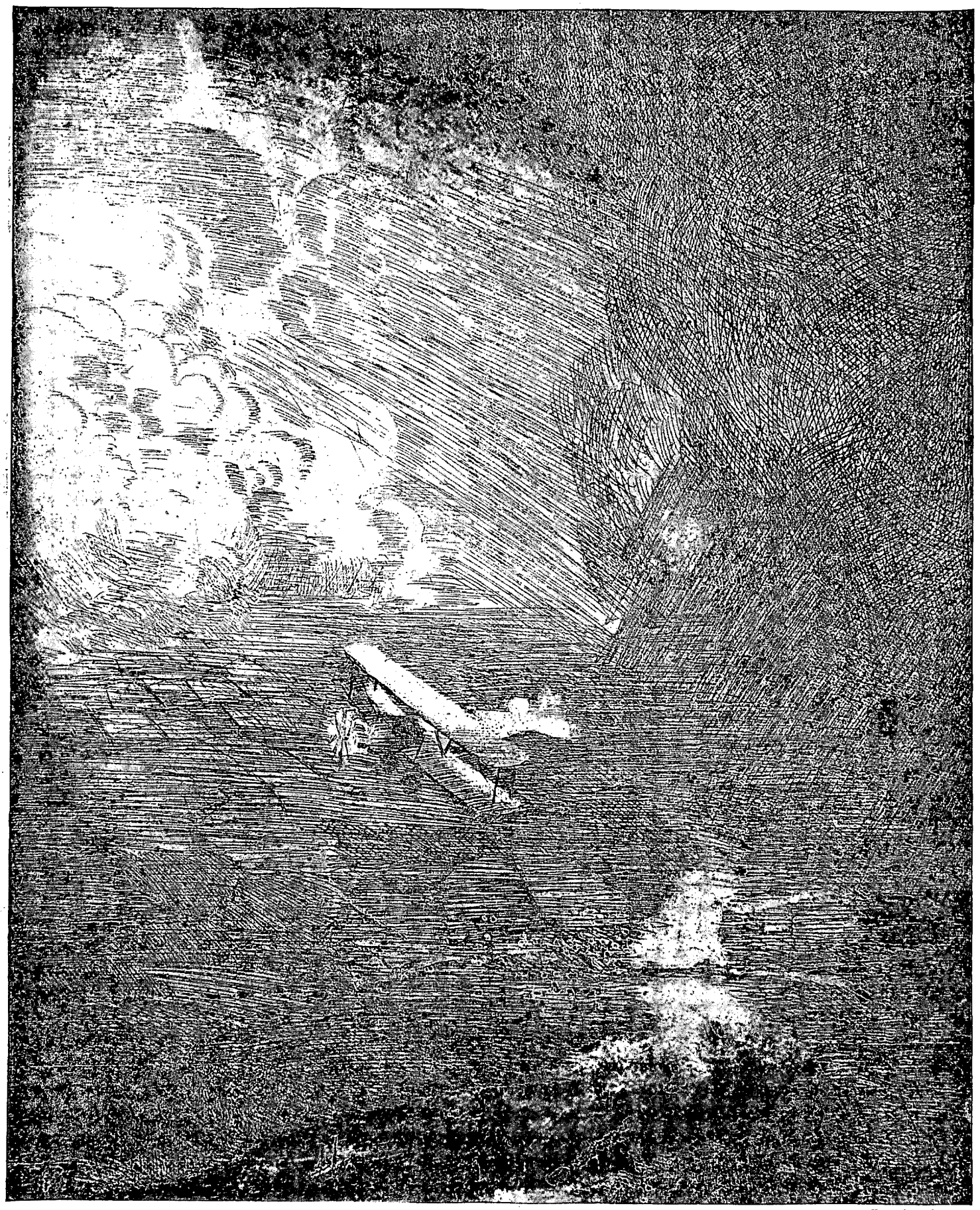

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THE LIVING AGE

WORLD NEWS · WORLD INTERPRETATIONS · WORLD TRAVEL

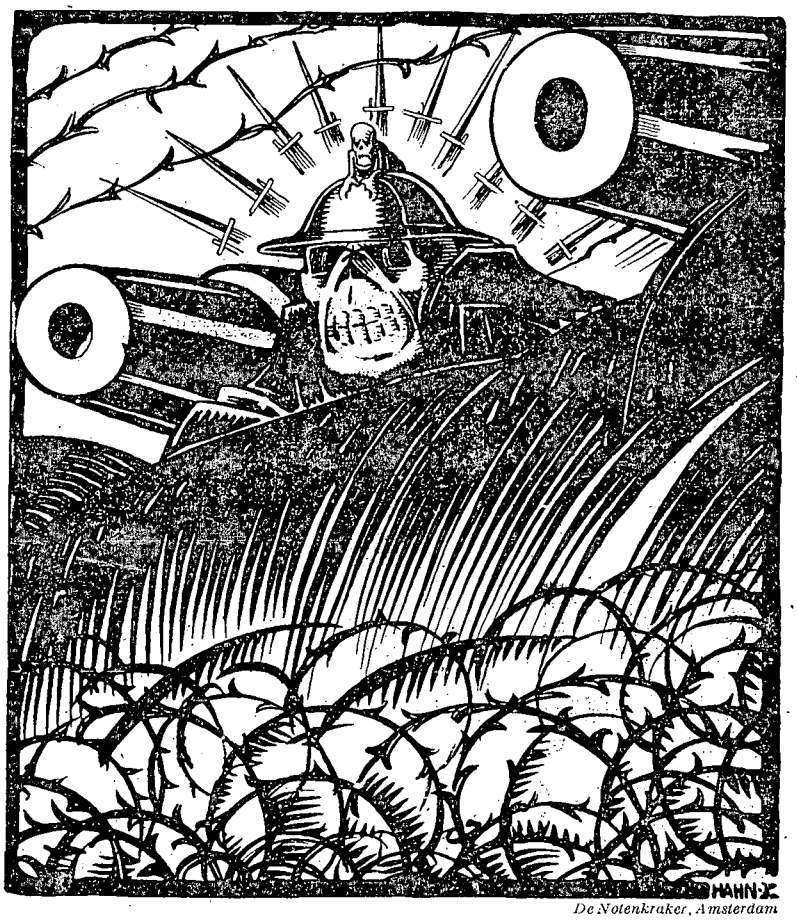
VOLUME 336 AUGUST · 1929 NUMBER 4344

The World Over

TEN YEARS HAVE NOW PASSED SINCE the Versailles Treaty was signed, and two theories concocted at that time still survive, though with much weakened vitality. One was mainly European, the other principally American. The first was the thesis that Germany was solely responsible for the Great War. The second was the notion that Allied War debts and German reparations might be considered separately, as having nothing to do with each other. Few well-informed people who have read the official documents that passed between the chief states of Europe from the time of Bismarck until 1914 feel that any single country can be held to blame for the great conflagration, and the Allied statesmen as well as private individuals have long since given up treating the Germans, collectively or individually, as if they were criminals. Yet the clause in the Versailles Treaty placing on Germany's shoulders full responsibility for the War has not been excised, and we have lately seen the whole nation, more than sixty million strong, sink their political differences in a day set apart for the solemn repudiation of the charge that Germany was predominantly responsible for the World War.

The question of War debts and reparations lends itself to no such spectacular treatment for the reason that it is a purely practical matter. The European Press is virtually unanimous in describing the Young Plan as the first open recognition of the fact that German Reparations and Allied War debts must be treated as a single problem. Washington, however, insists on continuing to look upon the two subjects as entirely distinct, the Administration having shown its displeasure at the proposal for an International Bank by the formal announcement that it 'will not permit any officials of the Federal Reserve System either to themselves [*sic*] serve or to select American representatives as members.'

This practice of not letting one's right hand know what one's left hand is doing irritates and astonishes a certain type of mind, but it sometimes proves useful. The United States has followed such a practice in relation to Soviet Russia, and, though Moscow remains unrecognized at Washington, trade between the two countries flourishes. A similar policy is evidently being followed in relation to War debts and reparations, perhaps because Washington fears that it would be admitting the principles set forth in the Balfour Note if there were open treatment of debts and reparations as parts of the same calculation.



De Notenkraker, Amsterdam

'ALL QUIET AT GENEVA'

A SAVAGE SATIRE on the title of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, Geneva being represented as a citadel of war.

PROGRESSIVE people all over the world have been rejoicing in Ramsay MacDonald's victory at the polls and digging up stories that show what the new British Premier is like out of office hours. The *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, one of the oldest and most distinguished liberal journals in Europe, describes a private conversation in which Mr. MacDonald was discussing a speech made by Lord Cushendun, a member of the recent Baldwin Cabinet, at Geneva. It would have been the most natural thing in the world for Mr. MacDonald to agree with most members of his party that the speech in question was cold-blooded and

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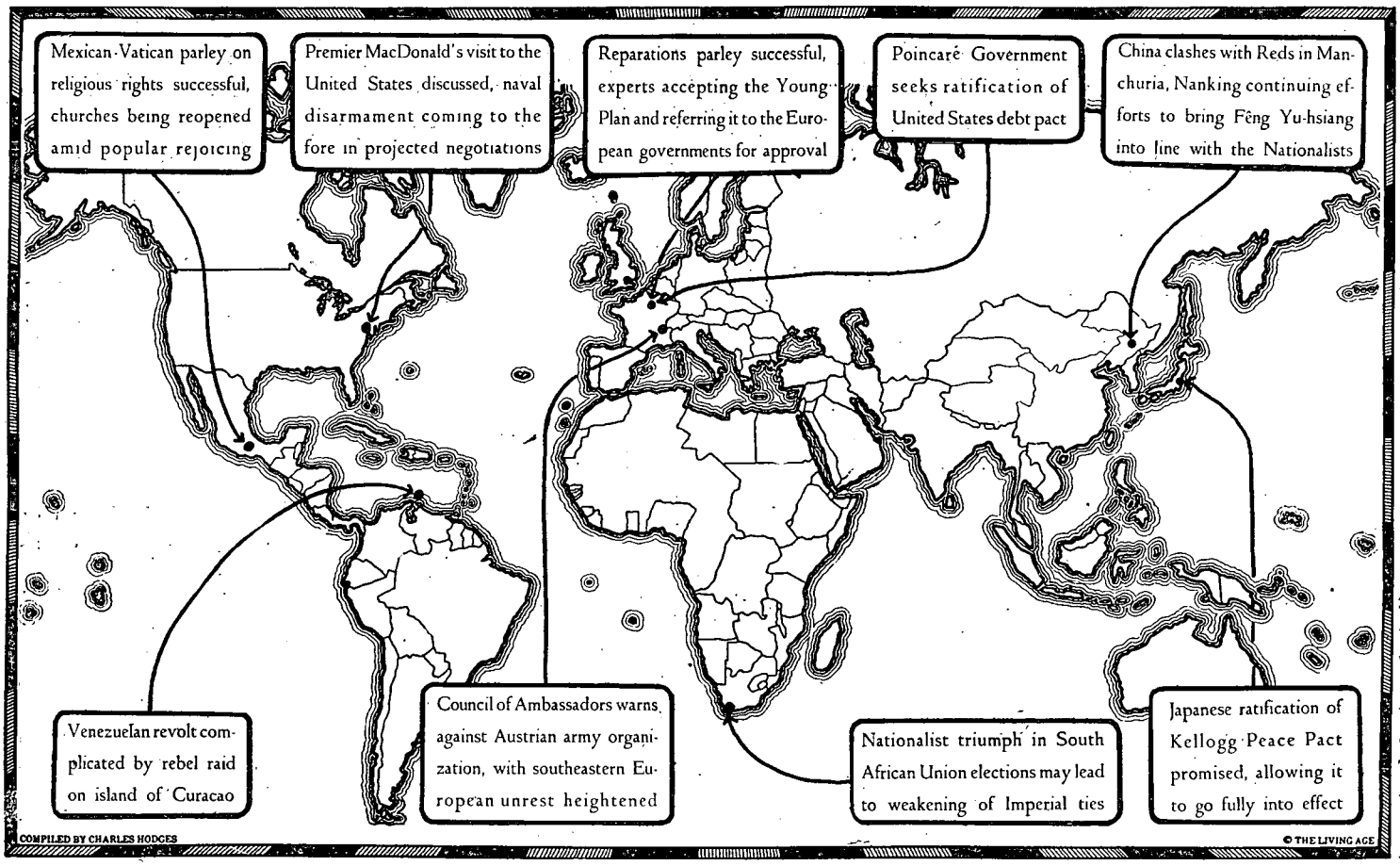
Mexican-Vatican parley on religious rights successful, churches being reopened amid popular rejoicing
Premier MacDonald's visit to the United States discussed, naval disarmament coming to the fore in projected negotiations
Reparations parley successful, experts accepting the Young Plan and referring it to the European governments for approval
Poincaré Government seeks ratification of United States debt pact
China clashes with Reds in Manchuria, Nanking continuing efforts to bring Fêng Yu-hsiang into line with the Nationalists
Venezuelan revolt complicated by rebel raid on island of Curacao
Council of Ambassadors warns against Austrian army organization, with southeastern European unrest heightened
Nationalist triumph in South African Union elections may lead to weakening of Imperial ties
Japanese ratification of Kellogg Peace Pact promised, allowing it to go fully into effect
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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THE GEOGRAPHY OF CURRENT EVENTS

SOME OF THE SUBJECTS indicated by the legends on the map are dealt with at greater length in 'The World Over.'

complacent to a degree, but instead of attacking Lord Cushendun he merely remarked in a gentle voice, 'This man has lost his wife and he can't get over it. I don't agree with him politically, but I know what that loss means.' The *Neue Freie Presse* points out that Mr. MacDonald is himself a widower and questions whether there is any other leader of an Opposition in any European country who could speak with such sympathy of a political opponent.

ADVOCATES OF NAVAL DISARMament are not alone in expressing dismay over the Turkish Government's scheme to add substantially to its fleet. Greece, in spite of her recent treaty of friendship, has begun sounding out French and British shipbuilders on the prospects of constructing some new craft herself. England, always alert to the distribution of sea power in the Mediterranean, is alarmed for fear the Turks may be able to close the Dardanelles. Only Italy seems to be satisfied. Not only did she land the contract for building the new vessels, but she may also be able to count on Turkish help in case of trouble. The French, who would normally have raised a great outcry against the possibility of Italian control of the Mediterranean, are apparently not greatly disturbed, as they have just settled up many outstanding differences with the Turks and look for no trouble from that quarter. The incident shows, however, that the problem of naval disarmament includes other countries besides Great Britain and the U. S. A.

THE EX-KAISER'S ACTIVITIES in behalf of restoring himself to his throne continue to add to the gaiety of nations. The latest episode began two years ago when Herr von Berg, William's business manager, was dismissed, supposedly because he opposed his employer's marriage to Princess Hermine. His successor, a certain Herr Nitz, promptly began distinguishing himself by promoting monarchist propaganda through an innocent-sounding organization known as the *Gardener*. But it seems that the new incumbent spent too much money, even though he tried to help matters along by conducting a soap business in his spare time and by financing an inventor of a perpetual motion machine; so he also has been discharged.

Simultaneously with Herr Nitz's fall from grace comes a trial at Cologne which ended with a thirteen months' sentence for a certain Karl Hartung who had solicited and raised money by proclaiming himself an illegitimate son of the Princess Hermine. The German Press comments upon the fact that it was shown, without adequate explanation, that the defendant had been brought up in the family of a baron, had received money from Doorn, and had had many interviews with the former Kaiser's wife.

KING ALEXANDER OF YUGOslavia, the latest thing in European dictators, is having a hard time bringing unity to his beleaguered country. Abroad, he has Mussolini to contend with; at home, he must keep the peace among three different nationalities — Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes — and their different religious groups — Roman Catholics, followers of the Greek Orthodox faith, and Mohammedans. Croatia's capital city of Zagreb has long been a sore spot, and the murder of the Croat peasant leader, Radić, over a year ago, has brought matters from bad to worse. Early last January Parliament was dissolved, and since then the King has been trying to run the nation his own way. Unhappily for him, however, the highly

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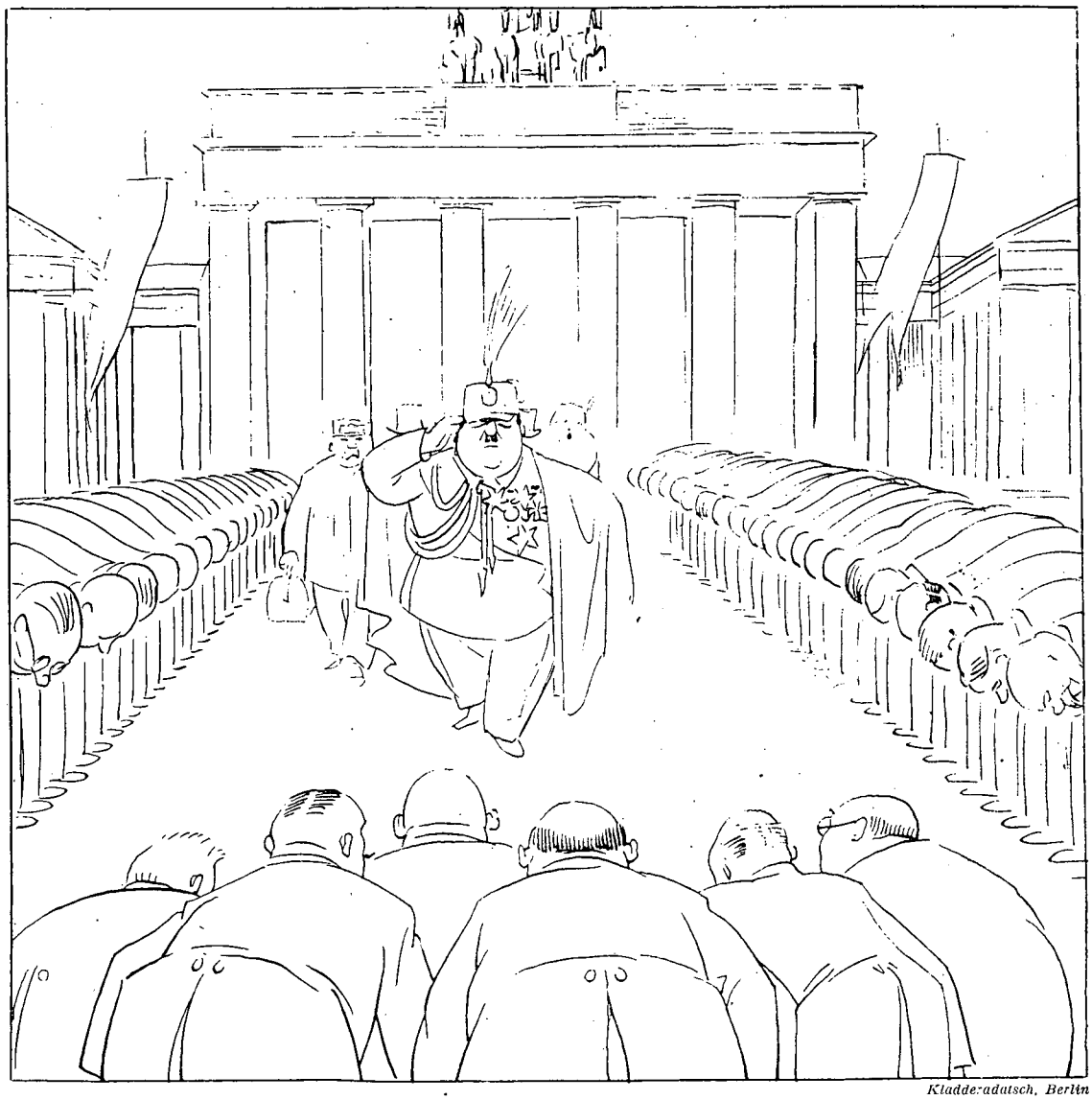
efficient methods of a Mussolini are not adapted to the character of his country. Yugoslavia is essentially an agricultural nation dominated by a powerful military clique. In this respect, as well as in its elaborate bureaucracy, it resembles Russia, where generals who played their cards successfully were able to survive their royal masters. But there is no question of Communism in Yugoslavia any more than there is of Fascism. What is happening now is that military bureaucrats are imposing on the country a system that will enable it to function as a unit. Press censorship and many other and more violent injustices are accompanying these efforts. For the moment, conditions in many places are probably worse than they were under Austrian rule, but a new unity may be achieved that will be better for all parties than the old Habsburg rule ever was or than a loose federation could ever be.

TO JUDGE FROM A recent murder trial held in Paris, rich Frenchmen enjoy comparative immunity from capital punishment. Accused of two murders, Charles Barataud, a French millionaire, was found guilty of both crimes, but the jury also reported 'extenuating circumstances.' When the judge asked them whether they meant those circumstances to apply to both crimes, the advocate for the defense protested that the jury could not be asked to reconsider their verdict, which, therefore, had to be applied to each offense. As a result, Barataud was sentenced to penal servitude for life on Devil's Island to the great indignation of ten thousand Parisians who swarmed outside his prison crying, 'To death, to death.' But it is an open question whether the guillotine is not preferable to permanent residence on the 'Island of the Damned.'

THE WIFE OF GENeral Ludendorff has just published a volume of reminiscences entitled *Als ich Ludendorffs Frau war* (When I Was Ludendorff's Wife) against which her husband, from whom she is now separated, promptly launched a protest. The book is unique in two respects. For one thing, this is the first instance of a lady of the old régime bursting into print for all the world as if she were a Margot Asquith. In the second place, the reminiscences themselves contain many extraordinary revelations of life behind the scenes in German military society. It appears, for instance, that the former Crown Prince objected to the way Ludendorff colored his reports from the front with false optimism. Later, Ludendorff is shown offering to help Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria seize the throne that the Hohenzollerns once held. The pre-War scenes are in a lighter vein and include an excellent story of a German governor of an African colony asking an Englishman whether he ought to address the head of a certain tribe as Majesty or Highness.

'I always address him as Dirty Pig,' replied the Englishman dryly, 'and he appears extremely satisfied.'

ONE NICE THING ABOUT ITALians is that whenever anything important happens, they speak right out. As soon as the results of the British elections were known, the Fascist Press promptly began crowing over the humiliations that are supposed to be in store for France, explaining at the same time that although a Labor Government might be excellent in England, Mussolini was still the man for Italy. When Labor was last in power, the Italian sovereigns visited England and Mr. MacDonald, after personally investigating Anglo-Italian relations, made certain concessions to Italy. Lately, of course, Sir Austen Chamberlain



Kladderadatsch, Berlin

'I Am Going to Berlin Because There They Understand Better Than Anywhere Else What a King Is Entitled to'

When Amanullah visited the capitals of Europe eighteen months ago as the reigning monarch of Afghanistan, he was more cordially received in Berlin than in any other city. Now that he is in exile he is represented as wishing to return to the scenes of his former triumph.

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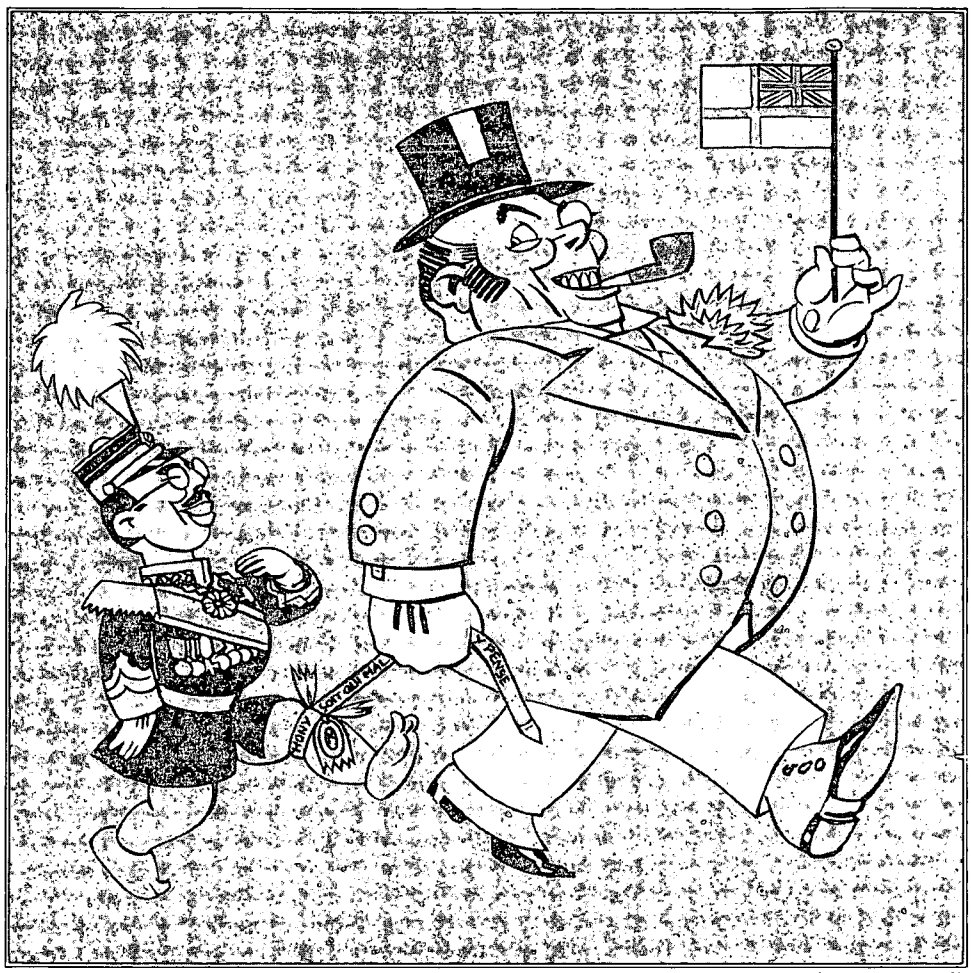


Kladderadatsch, Berlin

ENGLAND INVESTS THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER

DURING HIS RECENT VISIT to Japan, the Duke of Gloucester, third son of George V, bestowed the Order of the Garter upon the Japanese Emperor. Notice the British motto, 'Honi Soit Qui Mal Y Pense,' slightly misspelled.

and Mussolini have been getting together and many Italians are convinced that England is standing behind them in their programme of Balkan expansion. But these same Italians are probably premature in announcing that the *entente cordiale* between France and England is about to collapse, for, as soon as Britain and America have settled accounts on the sea, Mr. MacDonald will have to turn to France as the outstanding Continental power, and coöperate with her in evolving a consistent European policy.

WARSAW, LIKE WASHINGTON, is struggling with farm relief, but the grievances that agitate Polish and American farmers are as different as the orators who air them. Here, for instance, is a plea made by a peasant deputy named Sekeryk in the presence of August Zaleski, right-hand man to former Premier Pilsudski: —

'Up till now, your Excellency, we have been able to save our harvests from the ravages of bears by killing these cruel animals. But the Government has suddenly decided that humane considerations command us to spare any female suckling her young. What are we to do?

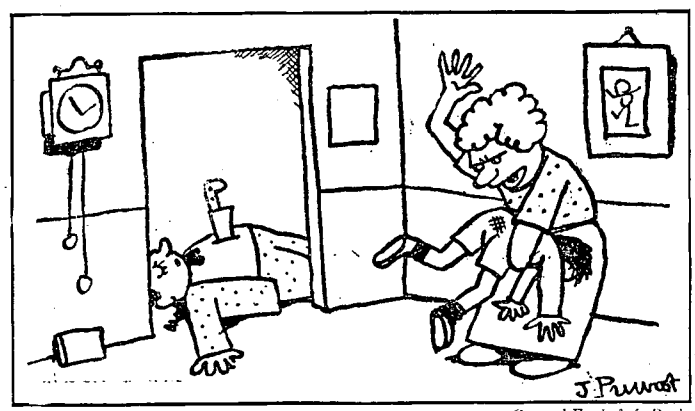
'I have thought that the simplest thing would be to send to the mother bears a delegation charged with the duty of arousing in these bears kinder sentiments toward our inoffensive harvest. The Government would surely be able to put this mission in the hands of some particularly well qualified negotiator. On the other hand, you may think it more expedient to organize a special conference at Warsaw and cordially invite the representatives of the bears to attend.'

This sarcastic utterance bore fruit and the Polish Government ordered a special investigation to discover just how much damage was being done by mother bears and their little cubs.

THE TOWN OF SAMARKAND IN Central Asia has been witnessing the trial of fifty-four men accused by the Russian Government of murdering a pro-Soviet, anti-religious poet named Hakim Sade. The victim of the killing had been dispatched by the Communist authorities to conduct anti-religious propaganda at a place of religious pilgrimage. His activities aroused the hostility of the sheiks and mollahs, who still enjoy considerable power in those parts, and he was consequently killed. No less than fifty-four suspects were promptly seized and the public prosecutor is demanding that all of them pay the death penalty.

Such matters are not, of course, everyday affairs, even in the wildest parts of the country, but the incident illustrates the ill feeling that prevails between the agricultural sections of Russia and the Soviet officials. The Moscow correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* mentions, for instance, that, on a single day, nine death sentences were passed on peasants in the districts surrounding Moscow and Kiev alone.

THE TWO GREAT EXHIBITIONS at Seville and Barcelona are primarily political affairs designed to convince Europeans and South Americans that Spain is a necessary link between the Old World and the New. In Seville the cultural appeal is emphasized; in Barcelona the accent is placed on industrial and scientific exhibits. André Citroën, a valued contributor to this issue of THE LIVING AGE, has been very much in evidence at Barcelona, not only as an exhibitor, but also as a companion of the King. But even Barcelona does not confine itself entirely to modern displays. Spain exerts a strong romantic appeal



Canard Enchaîné, Paris

'TAKE THAT, YOU LITTLE RASCAL, AND LET IT TEACH YOU NOT TO KILL YOUR GRANDFATHER!'

THIS CARTOON satirizes the recent failure of a French judge to sentence a millionaire convicted of murder to the guillotine.

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and both exhibitions are going in for historical relics and reproductions of historical scenes. The South American visitor is supposed to respond to this sentimental appeal from the country where his culture and language came from, while the more blasé European may come to feel that Spain is richer in tradition than any other country in the world.

But real conditions in Spain are not exactly what the exhibitions might lead one to believe. There is no doubt that the country is fast becoming modernized, but it is losing some of its romantic glamour in the process, if we are to judge by the success that English football has begun to enjoy. According to the British Press, which may well be biased on the subject, Spaniards are finding this imported pastime even more exciting than their own native game of fighting the bull. A recent contest in Madrid in which the Spanish team came from behind to defeat a team of Englishmen was accompanied by scenes of the wildest excitement. When the local players tied the score, hundreds of spectators rushed upon the field and endeavored to embrace the man who kicked the goal. It took a company of civic guards with drawn swords some minutes to disperse the mob. And when the victory at last was won, the audience acted as if the fate of the country had been hanging in the balance.

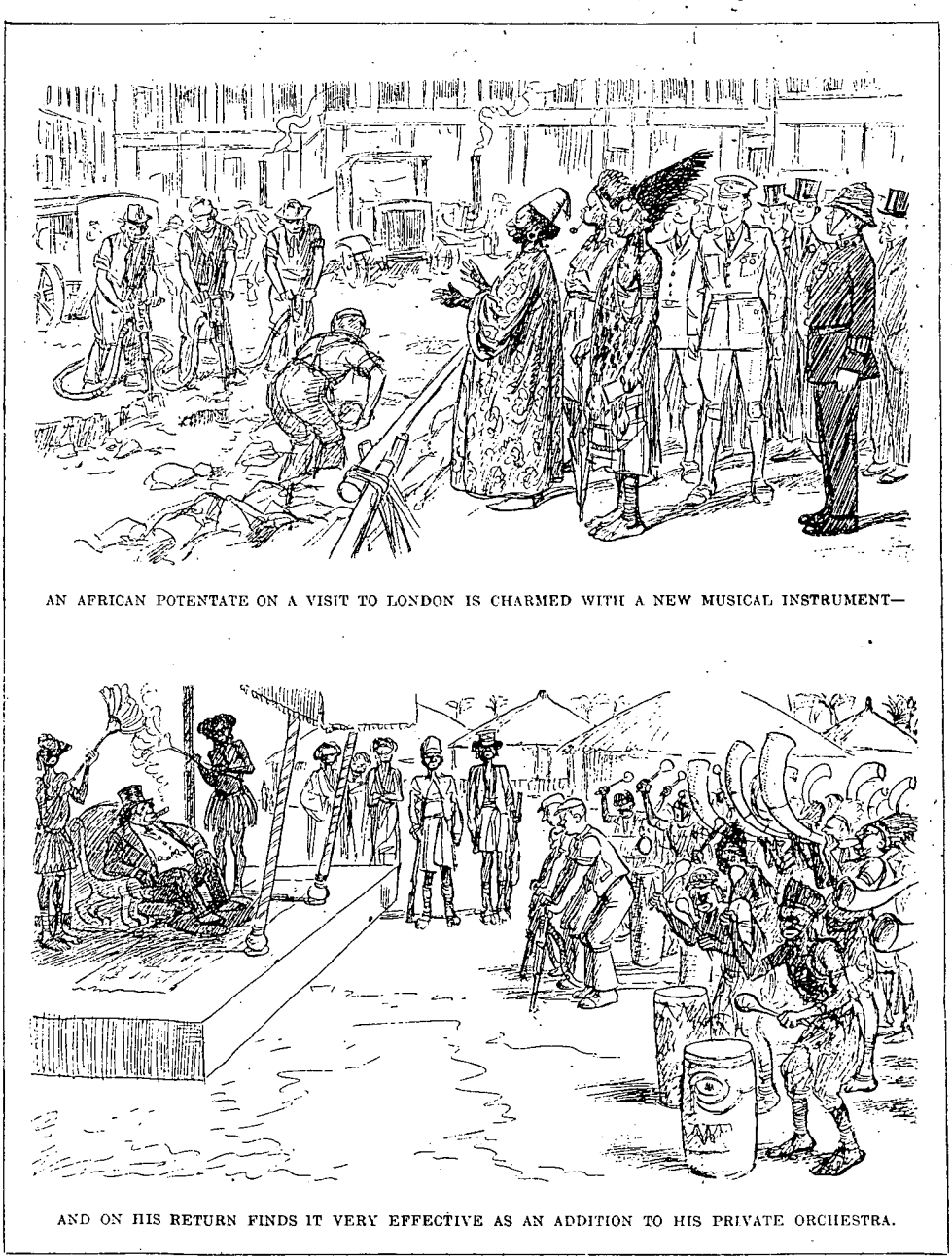
A GERMAN VAGABOND POET named Gregor Gog has been trying to organize a Congress of Tramps in Stuttgart. His purposes are twofold. In the first place, he is eager to revive the romantic glamour that used to surround all wanderers and thus to awaken the German love of outdoor life. Since the War the Youth Movement has made rapid progress in Germany by glorifying the joys of hiking about the country clad in as little as possible. But the professional hobo has found that living conditions are not what they should be and Herr Gog has taken it upon himself to make his country what an advertising man would call 'tramp conscious.' He urges private citizens to show greater hospitality to the stranger knocking at their gates and suggests that regular lodging houses be established for the benefit of indigent travelers.

But, in spite of the popular interest that the convention of tramps aroused, only twelve authentic sons of the road attended. Industrial Germany, like industrial America, evidently offers no career to the professional tramp, who only survives in the romantic heart of the German public.

MOSCOW AND LONDON HAVE followed with more than passing interest the civil war that has been upsetting Afghanistan for the past six months. It remains to be proved that the British have actually helped to encompass the ruin of King Amanullah and it is equally difficult to say just how much aid and comfort that exiled monarch received from Communist propaganda spread by Moscow just across the Indian frontier.

This much, however, can be said. The present condition of Afghanistan is far more satisfactory to the British than to the Russians. With Amanullah in exile and all his plans for modernizing the country definitely ended, Russia can no longer hope to penetrate India from this particular quarter. Afghanistan has always served as a buffer state between Russia and British India and the tribal warfare that is now blazing away there resembles an electrically charged barbed wire entanglement, as far as Moscow is concerned.

This state of affairs is hardly displeasing to the British and even the embattled Afghans are many of them glad to be fighting for their own tribe in primitive comfort rather than wearing hot, uncomfortable uniforms in the service of a king who tried to modernize them against their will.



AN AFRICAN POTENTATE ON A VISIT TO LONDON IS CHARMED WITH A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT—

AND ON HIS RETURN FINDS IT VERY EFFECTIVE AS AN ADDITION TO HIS PRIVATE ORCHESTRA.

Punch, London

BORROWING THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

THESE PICTURES are not inspired by King Amanullah of Afghanistan or by King Fuad of Egypt, both of whom have visited London. They refer, instead, to the Sultan of Zanzibar, a British subject, who has lately been staying in the capital of the British Empire.

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What Can Ramsay MacDonald Do?

British Policies at Home and Abroad Take a New Lease of Life

WILLIAM MARTIN, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, thus sums up the Labor victory in England: 'We are inclined to think that for England and the world the result is perhaps an ideal solution. In the House of Commons there is an anti-socialist majority in domestic matters and in international affairs a left-wing majority.' By no means everyone in Europe, or in England either, shares the optimism of this Swiss liberal, but there are few people anywhere better qualified than he to pass judgment on British affairs. Since M. Martin knows his London nearly as well as he knows his own city of Geneva, his views may therefore be taken as a constructive as well as a hopeful text.

It is only natural that the outer world should be a good deal more interested in Mr. MacDonald's foreign policy than in his domestic reforms. The efforts he made to consummate European peace during his first premiership in 1924 are still remembered, and his failure to remedy unemployment has been forgiven because, however sound his plans may have been, he had not time to put them through during his nine months of office.

But it is unlikely that such an excuse will again be available. The Labor Government will not, and, indeed, cannot rush the country into Socialism. All the reforms which can possibly be engineered during the next two years — road-building, electrification, raising the age for leaving school, and electing a National Economy Committee — will be supported by the Liberals. What Mr. MacDonald has most to fear at home is a break in his own followers, some of whom may demand swifter changes than he can bring about. Six months hence, for instance, many of the wage agreements that terminated the coal strike of 1926 come to an end. The employers claim that the pay must be cut and hours lengthened; the unions demand shorter hours and more money. Will the Liberals join the Laborites and support the unions?

From the point of view of foreign policy, significant comments on the Labor victory have come from France. The historian, Jacques Bainville, who contributes regularly to *Liberté*, and Pertinax, the leading political writer on the *Écho de Paris*, both warn England against adopting too readily America's naval views. They darkly prophesy that Mr. MacDonald is likely to strain Anglo-American relations by encouraging the United States to ask for too much. Pertinax puts it this way: 'An era of imprudence and folly is beginning in England which will not be without injury to France and will increase the instability of Europe.'

But the reasons that lead two of the most influential and representative journalists in France to take such gloomy views are not far to seek. Almost the entire French Press, except one or two organs of the Left, fears that England and America are conspiring to dominate the world, which would mean that England might withdraw the tacit support she has been giving France in European affairs. Furthermore, Philip Snowden's views on inter-Allied debts, and particularly his bitterness toward the Anglo-French settlement, are causing alarm. The rest of Europe, and Germany in particular, hesitates between hope and fear. The large Socialist elements everywhere are pleased with the results in Britain as a sign of the times, but the majority of well informed Europeans believe that the foreign policy of the British Empire has never entirely conformed to the rise and fall of party politicians and they are still reserving judgment.

In the domestic field, we can expect Ramsay MacDonald to inaugurate widespread reforms with the assistance of the Liberals. Englishmen have never been the slaves of formulas, and the present Premier is not likely to fall from power for the sake of adhering to certain Socialistic principles. Realistic Labor and Liberal leaders understand that a chance has at last come for them to institute many reforms that a Conservative government would never countenance. Only a serious industrial crisis is likely to shatter Liberal and Labor coöperation, for, in spite of the fact that Lloyd George theoretically holds the balance of power, he would stand to lose more from another general election than either of the other two parties. Furthermore, his command over the fifty Liberal M.P.'s in the present Parliament is by no means absolute, and the most he can hope for now is to witness the distress of his Conservative foes and the vindication of many principles which he has championed.

Punch, London

THE CONDUCTOR: 'NOW REMEMBER, PLEASE — MOLTO MODERATO; AT ANY RATE FOR THE FIRST MOVEMENT'

MR. MACDONALD tunes up his Labor Cabinet. Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, will be recognized on the extreme left with J. H. Thomas behind him and Foreign Secretary Henderson to the right. Miss Bondfield, head of the Ministry of Labor and first woman to hold a British Cabinet post, is appropriately seated at the harp.

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The Next Ten Years

Great Britain's Labor Premier Looks Ahead

By the Right Honorable J. Ramsay MacDonald

From the *Sunday Dispatch*, London Weekly Newspaper

I HAVE been asked what I think the world will be like ten years hence. It is a very fascinating speculation, but is full of pitfalls.

I have been long enough in public work to know that while there is the firmest ground for believing that progress will go on, events have a habit of cutting out unexpected channels down which they are to run.

In a good many respects, however, the tendencies of to-day are pretty clearly indicated.

On the industrial side I see the whole world being apportioned into vast economic fields controlled by powerful syndicates which recognize no boundary lines other than those of markets and which will hold in their keeping the lives of millions upon millions of human beings.

What may be called 'social materialism' is growing vigorously, and during the next ten years it will become increasingly a problem for those who care about individual liberty.

The self-determination of nations has been the great cry since 1914; it will be displaced by the still more important cry of self-determination for individuals.

Nationality, which in the practical work of the affairs of the world is precious but limited, will have to be supplemented by individuality and personality.

That is a big and complicated subject, however.

On the political side the outlook is equally interesting, and the first thing one thinks about is: 'What will the League of Nations be like in 1940?' It all depends upon the moral and political power which the smaller states of Europe are to acquire in the interval.

If they can make themselves really felt at Geneva, there is no reason why, within the next ten years, we should not have something corresponding to a United States of Europe.

If, on the other hand, they fail to do this and the Great Powers continue to dominate at Geneva, and use the machinery there primarily to transact their own business and carry out their own policies, the condition of affairs will be less hopeful and more confused.

The Powers will try to maintain peace because it will be a condition of their domination, but they will be inert, as an old generation is in relation to a younger. They will act as fathers, telling other nations how to behave and keeping them in order, but they will retain the powers of initiation and will impose their own will. That, in the long run, is not a condition of stability.

Round the League itself there will be considerable groups of international organizations conferring periodically together.

To these conferences will go representatives of states which will not be bound by the League of Nations' decisions but which will be free to reject, accept, or be indifferent to them.

So long as America remains aloof from the League the complete organization of Europe is difficult, almost impossible. The world is getting so small that no agreement can secure freedom and self-determination for Europe unless the agreement covers every important state in the world.

I think there is little chance of America joining the League within ten years. It will, however, be associated much more closely with League activities — the International Court and so on — than now.

Before ten years are up Great Britain and America will have come to an agreement upon the old irritating question of the 'Freedom of the Seas,' and that will lead to further American-European understanding.

An important factor in Europe will be the growth of the financial power of America, which will be considerable and may be influenced by whatever success the United States may meet in forming a Pan-American federation — not in name but in understanding.

Mexico will continue to be a hard problem in the development of that policy, and as the South American states grow in self-consciousness and prosperity they may also be unwilling partners to any agreement as full as the United States would like. But it will be hard to resist the United States propaganda and capital.

Before ten years are over the Western races will also have to face some very difficult problems in relation to the Eastern races.

One of the almost unobserved effects of the Russian Revolution and the very short-sighted policy we have pursued during the last four years has been to make Russia turn its face eastward. Its influence on the whole at present is mischievous, and we have made that unfortunate development of policy not only easy but inevitable.

The greatest problem that confronts us now is: How is the present period of transition between the days when the West dominated the East by force of arms and those when the East will be regarded as equal for the purposes of negotiation be bridged over?

Russian influence is trying to answer that question by means of revolution, or at least of a revolutionary mentality.

I mean by that that the East is assuming that the only way it can win freedom and assert its self-respect is to say to the West:

'We shall not negotiate with you. Your dominion over us has to be ended in accordance with our will. We do not trust you to make changes by reason and by your sense of fair play. *This* is what we want, and by boycott and force we shall compel you to accept it.'

In this attitude the question of democratic progress is involved. In days of revolution democracy is of no use. It is meant for days of peace and conditions determined by peace.

I do not believe that ten years from now dictatorship in Europe will have strengthened itself, nor do I believe that European dictatorships are in the end to damage European democracy.

It will probably be found that if European democracy is shattered the real blow will come from the failure of the West and the East to come to such friendly terms during the transition period to which I refer as to justify democracy both in the East and in the West.

That is how the outlook for the next ten years presents itself to me. It is full of dangers and the way is beset by innumerable possibilities of short-sighted mistakes.

But I remain a meliorist and firmly believe that ten years from now we shall really have advanced and that policies which will bear fruit in European stabilization and in international coöperation will be pursued.

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The Paris Accord

From Experts to Politics

TEN years after the Peace of Versailles, the liquidation of war problems promises to end with the settlement of German reparations. The scene has shifted from experts parleying in Paris for over four months to statesmen who are virtually obliged to meet the situation with four weeks of governmental interchanges. Ninety-nine folio pages of the high finance of peace have carried the world from the Dawes to the Young Plan; for the second time, the unofficial leadership of Americans, close though they be to Washington, has rendered decisive service in a European emergency which threatened post-War stabilization.

The intricacy of the negotiations is rivaled only by the complexity of the settlement. Human interest, however, abounds. The chairman of the conference himself assures us that the speed with which the Paris proceedings were concluded may be ascribed more to the friendly interest of the experts in everyday affairs of life than to diplomacy — for the eminent delegates learned that further delays would prevent Owen D. Young from attending the wedding of his son and from receiving an honorary degree in America. A notable news feat concluded the proceedings: after three hours of journalistic labor in Paris to prepare the 'takes' for transmission over three cables, the thirty thousand words and the accompanying tables passed under the ocean in thirteen hours. The Hôtel Georges V has returned to normalcy and the salon which served as the Paris setting of the parley for seventeen weeks has again become the scene of tea dances.

Nations, however, are mightily concerned with the staggering figures juggled by Allied and German delegations with the neutral aid of Americans. Put roughly, the war bill against the Reich has been cut from the 33 billions of dollars set by the London Conference of 1921, which, in turn, represented 58 per cent of the total war claims contemplated by the Versailles Treaty, to the sum of 9 billions, with the result that Germany is paying nine times the indemnity that she exacted from defeated France in the War of 1870. Approximately one half of this sum goes to France, but two-thirds of the gross receipts will ultimately find their way across the Atlantic to meet the Allied indebtedness to the United States, while one-third will remain available to pay war damages.

Apart from the major compromise over the total sum and the schedule of payments, the Young Plan represents efforts to meet the special problems of both creditors and debtor. If virtually nothing remains of the Dawes Plan, the Allied position nevertheless has been improved. Theirs no longer is the responsibility of supervision, which was hated by Germany even in its modified form after 1924, as being too reminiscent of the Reparations Commission. The Germans also know exactly what total payments they must make, an item that remained unsettled even under the Dawes Plan, which merely provided an annuity schedule. Although out of deference to the United States war debts and reparations were not formally linked, that practical effect, which the French so much desired, has been obtained. Moreover, the creditor nations can mobilize, through international bond issues, a considerable proportion of the payments, since only one-third of the payments must be met by the Germans irrespective of the budgetary situation.

Viewed from the standpoint of the Reich, the situation becomes bearable. The reparations incubus no longer weighs crushingly upon Teutonic initiative — the total is set forth within limits recognized by Germany as within her capacity to pay. The burden is her own obligation, with no further inquisitorial supervision of an alien agency making a bookkeeping analysis of the economic situation from month to month and year to year. The Great War's principal loser not only retains her protection against the transfer of payments when circumstances could make it prejudicial to her economic life; she also has the right of appealing, in emergencies, as to whether the payments shall continue at all.

Écho de Paris

'UNCLE SAM, NOUS VOICI!'

A SLY FRENCH commentary on the Mellon-Bérenger debt settlement, based on General Pershing's famous words on landing in France in 1917, 'Lafayette, nous voici.'

Now that the work of the Committee of Experts is complete, the Young Plan enters upon its political phase. The Fifty-Fifth Session of the Council of the League of Nations supplied a convenient meeting place for the spokesmen of the two nations most concerned, and Briand's conversations with Stresemann have assured Franco-German harmony. Subsequently, the two foreign ministers resumed discussion in Paris of the political aspects of the situation. Together they investigated such technical details as the complete evacuation of the Rhineland and the determination of the status of the Saar.

From the American point of view, all this is to be commended. Washington's war-debt programme promises now to be completed; France, having declined to ratify the Mellon-Bérenger agreement without a 'safeguarding clause' which would make her payments to us contingent upon the German reparations, has now been covered by the protective features of the Young Plan. True, this is tantamount to admitting the validity of the European thesis as to the inseparable character of reparations and war debts; but the Young Plan carefully avoided officially involving America along these lines, though it does contain a separate 'Out Payment Memorandum' which promises Germany two-thirds of the benefits that might accrue from any reduction of Allied debts to the United States.

Though the Hoover Administration has continued the no-entanglement policy of its predecessors, the 'Little Americans' have been alarmed over the obvious relation which is developing between our own interests and Europe's latest effort to liquidate war problems. Heedless of its practical benefit to American business, those who believe that the Old World should keep its troubles at home have disturbed Washington by charging that the Young Plan is part of a European debt-cancellation scheme, though President Hoover has stated that the United States will not sign the Paris Accord. The Administration is also seeking congressional approval of the slight

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reductions on payments due us from Germany on account of army-occupation costs and war claims which are still outstanding.

The larger possibilities of the Young Plan, however, bind us once more in a common destiny with Europe. While monetary conditions in the United States may restrict the volume of our share of the Young Plan bonds whose flotation is imminent, the commercialization of one and one-half billions of the new reparations total cannot but affect us. The sum now being discussed for 1930 operations is a four-hundred-million bond issue, of which the United States is not likely to be allotted more than one-fourth. The reason for this distribution is not wholly due to the high money rates now prevailing in Wall Street. Germany's creditors expect to be in a good fiscal position; they also intend to 'swap' the Reich reparations issue for their own internal obligations without actual cash being involved.

Behind all this, however, there is a more fundamental consideration. The Young Plan provides for a generation of annuities from Germany; but the Allied indebtedness to the United States extends over a second generation. The difficulty of making payments for so long a time has been obviated by the provision that the profits from the proposed Bank of International Payments, which may be considerable in view of the sums to be handled, will be used to complete the liquidation of Allied debts. Thus a transatlantic community of interest is established, and this fifty-eight-year perspective cannot be lost on Capitol Hill. Washington will have to face the fact that the first thirty-seven years of the Young Plan annuities bring us what might, on account of the Allied indebtedness, be called direct payments from Germany; for twenty-one years thereafter America will be paid out of the World Bank profits.

In all this picture of personalities, methods, and motives, the figure of Briand stands out supreme. This bushy-headed apostle of peace can look back over half a decade of diplomatic warfare with merited self-approbation. From the vantage points of the Dawes Plan of 1924 and the Locarno Pacts of 1926, he essayed the Herculean European task of reconciliation. The Thoiry conversations with Stresemann in September, 1926, launched the struggle to achieve a lasting understanding on both sides of the Rhine; the Paris Parley of 1929 promises the realization of a statesmanlike concept of the necessity of neighborliness in world life.

The League Session at Madrid

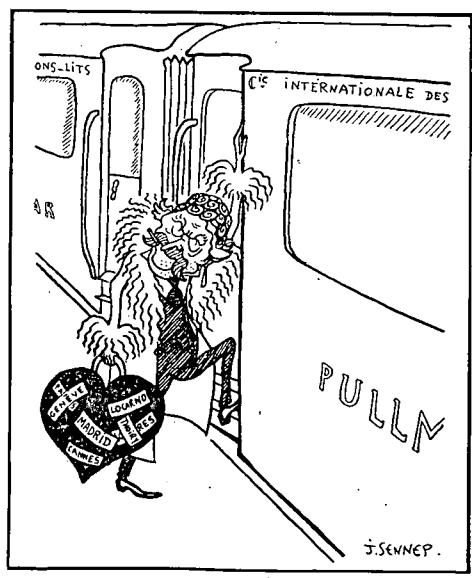
Treatment of Minorities and United States Entry into the World Court Are the Order of the Day

BOUQUETS, not bombs, accompanied the League Council sessions in Spain. Madrid provided every possible facility for effective work of the Council itself, of the transplanted Secretariat, which numbered 140 men and women from the Geneva headquarters, and of the ever-present journalists, who feared the heavy blue pencil of dictatorship.

The British elections delayed and complicated the Fifty-Fifth Session. Though the results were hailed in League circles as aiding Geneva, the passing of Sir Austen Chamberlain as foreign minister made itself felt on the eve of the consummation of the Young Plan settlement. Briand, Stresemann, and Chamberlain had worked intimately and effectively on European diplomacy and League affairs through the periodic meetings afforded by the Council and the two Continental foreign ministers, deprived of their British colleague, found themselves unable to expedite the parley of governments which was to approve the Young Plan.

The minority question, the most spectacular problem on the agenda, revealed once again the powerful drive of German diplomacy. But efforts to effect a radical change of procedure were frustrated. The Council supported the guarded recommendations of the Committee of Three, which had met in London last April and had reflected Chamberlain's conservatism, by referring all disputes to the sovereign states rather than to the wishes of minority groups. Thanks, however, to Canada's representative, Senator Dandurand, greater publicity seems promised in minority matters in the future.

The Council also carried forward the World Court problem. The Root Plan, together with other changes contemplated in the organization and regulations of the Permanent Court of International Justice, will be considered by a conference of member states on September 8th at the time of the Tenth Assembly. The first of a series of post-War conferences on the codification of international law will be held in March of 1930 and the United States has coöperated in the development of projects suitable for discussion and is invited to attend the actual parley which will be held under League auspices.



Echo de Paris

'THE MADONNA OF THE SLEEPING-CARS'

THE TITLE of a recent French best-selling novel is here made to apply to Aristide Briand, the French Foreign Minister, who spends so much of his time traveling from one international conference to another, bearing good will wherever he goes.

Two other aspects of the Council's work throw light on League methods. Though the League was given no greater responsibility in matters affecting dissatisfied minority groups, the meeting of statesmen facilitated friendly settlements of two problems. The German and Polish foreign ministers effected an adjustment of the minority issue involved in the Upper Silesian school difficulties and Hungary and Czechoslovakia also reported friendlier relations in their own minority dispute. The narcotic question, on the other hand, interrupted the smooth running of the Council — which was busily engaged in disposing of more than a dozen reports on other matters. Venezuela, one of the three Latin American countries elected to the Council, bitterly denounced the laggardly work in the suppression of the opium traffic and the newly established Permanent Central Opium Board in particular came under criticism. Since the Council took no action, the Venezuelan spokesman reserved the right to bring up the question at the Fall Assembly.

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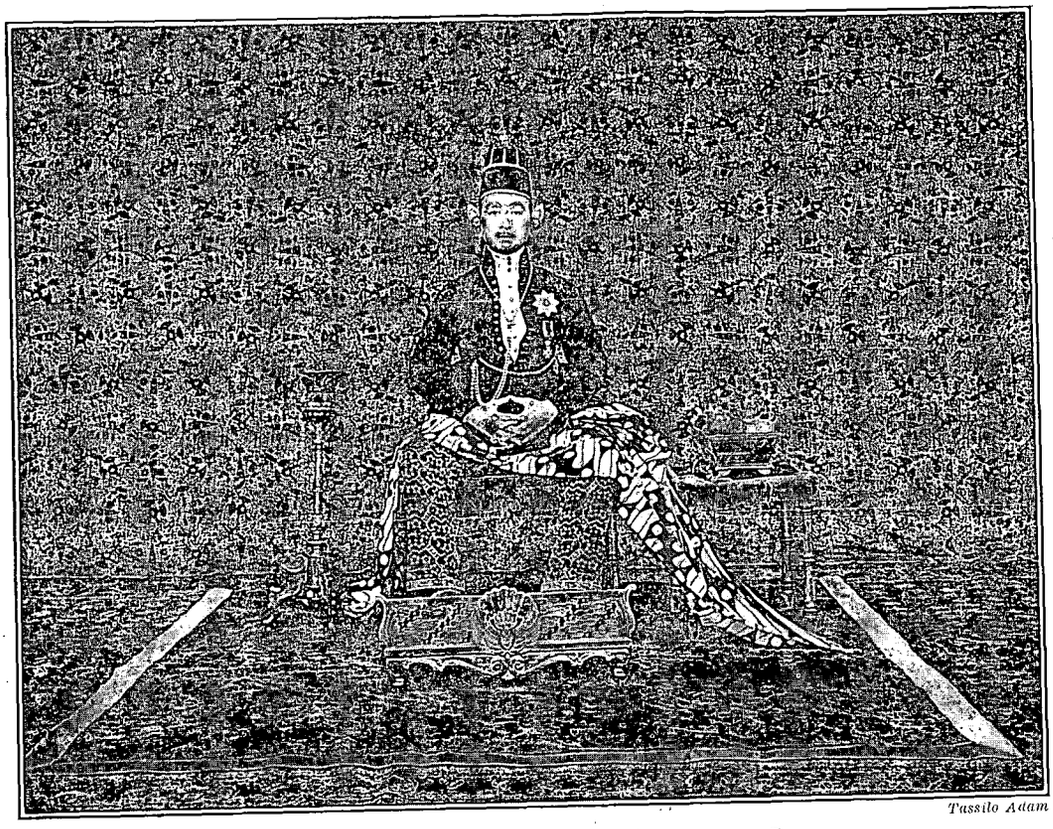


Tassilo Adam

HAMANGKU BUWONO VII, THE PRESENT SULTAN OF JOKYAKARTA

THE AUTHOR of the accompanying article visited the Sultan while witnessing the religious plays of Java. The batik in the background was owned by the third Sultan of Mataram in 1785 and was given to Mr. Adam by Sultan Hamangku.

Court Festivals of a Javanese Sultan

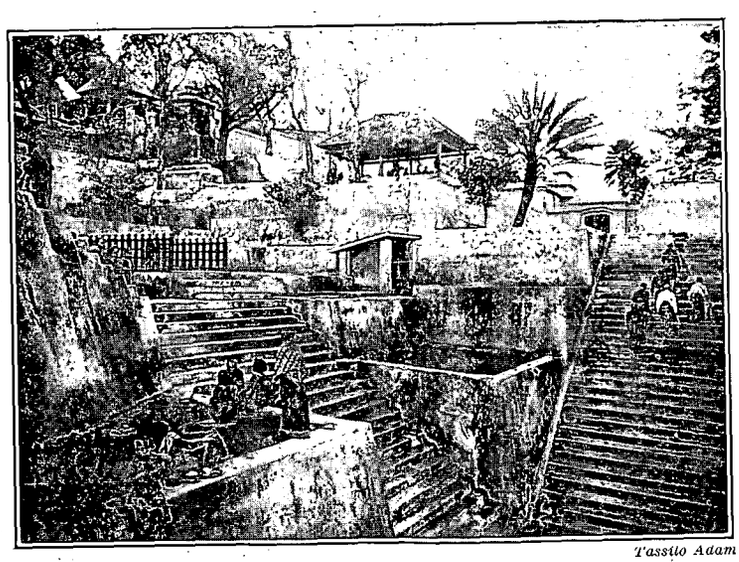
A Dutch Visitor to Java Depicts an Ancient Ceremony That Few Europeans Have Ever Witnessed

By Tassilo Adam

Written Especially for THE LIVING AGE

THE spread of European civilization to all parts of the world is not an unmixed benefit. Too often it crowds out ancient crafts and customs; too often the bustle and hurry of the Occident prove fatal to the quiet, patient labor of conscientious artists and workmen.

For four years it has been my privilege to live in one of the few communities whose culture has successfully withstood these assaults. To the sultans of Central Java high honor is due for their earnest support, and even revival, of the old-time craftsmanship. Thanks to the generosity of one of these sultans, Mangku Nogoro, I can describe and illustrate scenes and ceremonies that only a few white people have ever beheld. This sovereign is no stranger to European ways. He has traveled extensively, served as a Dutch official, and mastered several European languages. He has studied the history of Javanese art and craftsmanship and has kept alive the ancient dramatic traditions of his country. He is also one of the four native sultans who rule Java under the supervision of Holland.



Tassilo Adam

THE GRAVES OF HOLY MEN

ARE STILL HELD IN REVERENCE by the people of Java. This photograph of a Javan cemetery has just been brought back by Mr. Adam, who has spent many years in that part of the world.

THE dramatic festival which he most enjoys is known as the Wajang Wong and is the most characteristic and picturesque of all Javanese institutions. In it are embodied ancient Hindu

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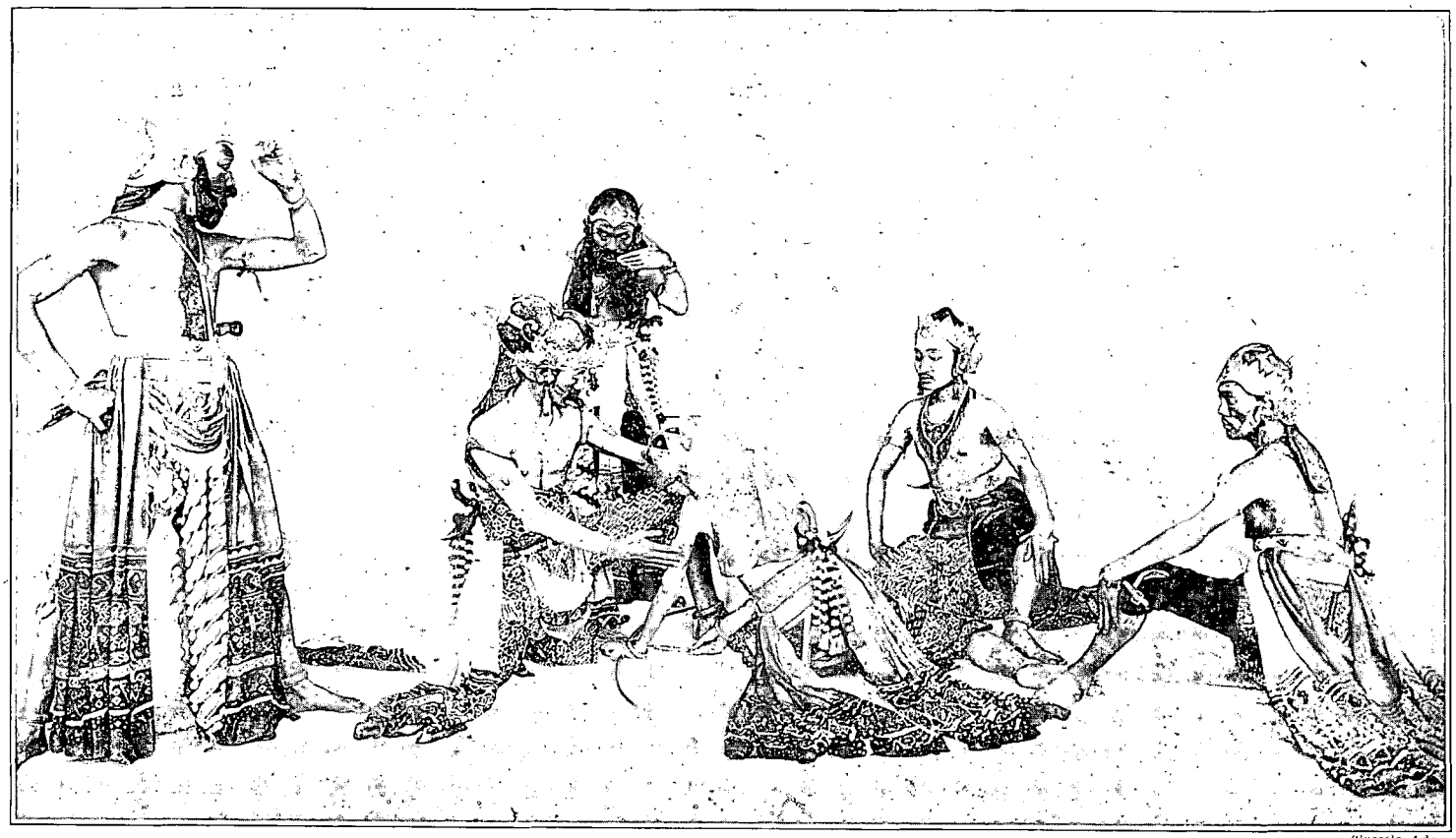

Tassilo Adam

A Characteristic Scene in the Wajang Wong, a Javan Dramatic Spectacle

This religious play used to be performed every ten years before one of the Sultans of Java. These actors were photographed by Mr. Adam in the Court of Prince Mangku Nogoro.

Tassilo Adam

Holy Birds in a Javan 'Mystery Play'

In the Hindu epics, which have been performed in the Javanese theatre since the sixteenth century, these holy birds play an important part as the companions of the animal-god, Vishnu.

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Tassilo Adam

PANGERAN ARIO DANUREDJA VII

CHANCELLOR OF JOKYAKARTA, and the uncle of the Sultan with whom Mr. Adam stayed. The Chancellor is also a very fine musician and an ardent patron of Javanese orchestras.

legends, grafted on to the present Mohammedan faith. The costumes are so elaborate and the enterprise so costly that performances used to occur only once in ten years. The last one was given in 1926 by Sultan Hamangku Buwono VII of Jokyakarta to celebrate the silver wedding of the Queen of Holland. I was present on this occasion as well as at a previous affair in 1923 which was the first performance of this type to be given in twenty-four years.

The preparations for these unique dramas last a year and a half. Every day except Friday three hundred and fifty people study their parts and go through rehearsals. The performances last four days, beginning at six every morning and running until ten in the evening, and the expenses, which amount to about a hundred thousand dollars, are borne by the Sultan, who also entertains some three hundred invited guests, as well as all the performers, with brilliant dinners cooked in the European style, and with cigars and choice liquors.

During the final performance the chief characters wear their costumes and make-up all day. They rise at three in the morning and rub themselves with yellow paint from head to foot and many of them dance for over an hour at a stretch. On the fourth day, exhausted troupers are frequently carried away from the vestibule hall where they have been performing.

A JAVANESE drama can hardly be compared to the European article. There is no stage, but only a covered court, without wings or back drop. To the European, the action of the players is almost incomprehensible, as the acting is symbolic, not realistic. Throughout the whole performance two leaderless orchestras play alternately, one in something like a minor key, the other in what corresponds roughly to our major key. The pace is set by a beaten instrument and the other players improvise as they go along.

The plots of Javanese drama are complicated and bristle with battle, murder, and sudden death. The protagonists are gods, beasts, princes, and religious figures from Hindu mythology, and in one cycle, founded on the Ramayana, an army of apes plays an important part. The shadow plays from which the present performances developed were originated by the priests, who would hang up a piece of cloth behind which they manipulated cut-out figures of leather representing departed spirits. Later, the popular legends were presented in the same way, and finally, in the eighteenth century, real people began enacting the different parts. But since the drama itself is still based on holy legends, written in the old Javanese language, it is, as was the ancient drama of India, incomprehensible to most of the audience. The actors indulge chiefly in pantomime, the story being read aloud as the action proceeds. The stage manager, who sits near the reader, directs all changes in scene or music by beating a small wooden box with a little hammer.

So well trained is the entire company that not one slip occurred during the whole four days of the last performance I witnessed. The devotion of the players is extraordinary. Six months before the final presentation, so severe a rain storm occurred during a rehearsal that water a foot deep flowed across the scene of action. The performers, who included a brother of the Sultan, several princes, and many humble servants, continued to play and dance with admirable composure.

The Sultan himself assigns the various parts and it is esteemed such an honor to be selected that no one receives any money, nor do the members of the audience pay for witnessing the show. Furthermore, the Javan theatre, like the Elizabethan, relies entirely upon boys to play the feminine parts.

Although the people of Java are Mohammedan, their customs and ceremonies include a strange mixture of Annamese, Hindu, and Moslem strains. They keep the fasts and feast days of Islam, but their habits and dress show unmistakable Hindu influence.

A judicious mixture of European authority and native responsibility, lodged in the hands of the nobility, has kept the old traditions alive.

Tassilo Adam

TWO SONS OF A JAVAN SULTAN

THE ONE ON THE RIGHT has recently returned from Holland where he served as lieutenant of cavalry for eleven years. Both these princes helped Mr. Adam secure his photographs.

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Persons and Personages

A British Labor Leader — A Russian Prince and Assassin — A French Mayor — An Hungarian Portrait Painter

James Henry Thomas

(Translated from the *Tagebuch*, Berlin Weekly)

In the hierarchy of the British Labor Party, Arthur Henderson, the secretary general, and J. H. Thomas, the railway labor leader, stand next in order to MacDonald and Snowden. Of all the older men, these two have proved the most powerful leaders of the Opposition in Parliament.

Jimmy Thomas, the more picturesque figure, is probably the strangest character in the whole field of international labor. He is British to his finger tips and is proud of his nationality to a degree that no labor leader on the Continent could be without laying himself open to charges of chauvinism. There is an aggressive, robust, hail-fellow-well-met atmosphere about him that seems characteristic of every Englishman except a few dozen Communists. He strikes an attitude of common sense, sound balance, and sound progress. He has raised being a universal good fellow to such a height that he almost reduces it to absurdity.

Unquestionably, Jimmy Thomas possesses the courage of his political convictions to a rare degree. This courage is the one redeeming feature of this painfully scrupulous man and it is all the more remarkable because the great labor leaders in England are more apt to feel themselves delegates than representatives of their unions and they are sometimes rather prone to let themselves be swayed by the desires of the masses. But Thomas on more than one occasion has risked his position rather than act against his better judgment. Without hesitation he turned down a seat in the War-time Cabinet and to his eternal honor be it said that he remained true to his friend, MacDonald, during the bitter years of the War in spite of the fact that the two men's opinions differed profoundly.

Great Britain is heaping extravagant praises upon his head. Whenever society wants to show its democratic sympathies this former locomotive engineer is always present. No public banquet is complete without a speech by J. H. Thomas, and Low, the clever political caricaturist, invariably depicts Thomas wearing a swallow-tailed coat and white tie. No pronouncement issued in the name of the British Commonwealth of Nations is complete without his signature and no nonpartisan organization opposed to class war is possible unless the Right Honorable J. H. Thomas, M.P., is one of its honorary members.

The foreign observer whose own country boasts no such type as Thomas can not help feeling a certain antipathy to him. It is not because Thomas seems to be a traitor, for politics are not quite so simple as the Bolshevist school of wisdom would have us believe. In his daily activities Thomas is no betrayer of his class. On the contrary, his ability has won for the railway employees of England the highest wages that any privileged group of workers has ever wrung from capitalistic society. The antipathy this man might arouse is due to his vulgarity — not the vulgarity of his proletarian background, but a certain lack of dignity, a degree of parvenu crudeness which makes one condemn him on æsthetic grounds alone.

The great rôle that J. H. Thomas has played in Great Britain is one of the strangest phenomena in contemporary politics. In any other country in the world, such a man would have fallen between two stools, despised alike by his working comrades and by his political opponents. Perhaps the fact that he has become a great national figure testifies to the political genius of the British nation and to its historical skill in assimilating new classes and new types. But the unprejudiced observer cannot help hoping that the rise of the British working class is not symbolized in the person of this man and that it will not continue along the lines he has pursued.

Keystone

James Henry Thomas

A member of Ramsay MacDonald's new Cabinet, especially charged with investigating unemployment in Great Britain. Mr. Thomas gained his influence in labor circles by his control of the English railway unions.

Prince Felix Yussupov

(Translated from the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, Vienna Daily)

The murder of Rasputin, which played a decisive part in the collapse of Tsarist Russia, stands out as one

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of the great episodes of the World War. Thirteen years have passed, but it still makes our hearts beat faster. Books have been written about it, movies have been filmed, and heated debates have been held.

Prince Felix Yussupov, the central figure of this historic drama, is sitting opposite me in Vienna. He does not look his forty-two years, for he is slender and well built. His eyes are soft and deep with long lashes and they appear rather sad, except when lit by an occasional glow of unquenchable fire. When I first saw him I said to myself, 'Is it possible that this gentle person, who looks hardly stronger than a woman, can have conceived and carried out such a murder?' But at that moment I detected such a steely look in his eye that I quickly changed my opinion.

PRINCE YUSSUPOV, with whom I passed many hours, is an extraordinarily interesting man. He speaks French perfectly and likewise English, for he has studied at Oxford. His conversation is shot through with a gentle humor, distant yet malicious. He adopts this tone whenever he mentions the innumerable lies that the newspapers have printed about him.

'In Paris,' he said, 'not a day goes by that the papers don't reveal some new sensation about me. Either I have abducted the child of some well-known French senator or I have been seen in some low dive. During an American lecture tour I tried to spike some of these false rumors, the latest of which is that I attempted to poison a distant relative of mine, Count Lareinty. There is really no crime of which I have not been accused during the past two or three years. I am made out to be a robber chieftain like Rinaldo Rinaldini with the cleverness of a Cagliostro thrown in for good measure.'

'I suppose that is all the work of Rasputin's supporters and of his daughter in particular?' I inquired.

Prince Yussupov gave an evasive answer. 'My enemies assert that I am the greatest criminal the world has ever seen, but unfortunately I am not a skillful advocate in my own defense. Furthermore, I have no desire to involve myself in a mass of lies and slanders. I have given up trying to contend against all this nonsense that is printed about me, as the task is altogether too tiresome.'

'I heard that you were recently in Rumania,' I suggested, turning the conversation into another channel.

'As the representative of Prince Carol?' asked the Prince with a laugh.

'So that is another newspaper lie?'

'It is indeed. Any number of papers have announced that I am a close relative and intimate friend of Prince Carol, though actually I don't know him. And since I haven't even so much as seen him, naturally I did not have the honor to represent his cause. My own affairs keep me much too busy, for I have become a merchant and an industrialist and everything else I can.'

THE Prince then described his business. It seems that he and his wife have opened a dressmaking establishment in Paris that is famous among all the best people in town. The name of their shop is 'Irfe,' the word being made up of the first two letters of the Princess's and Prince's names — Irina and Felix. He also owns a perfume shop and makes a perfume of his own that is well known in France. One of the purposes of his trip to Vienna was to advertise his perfume in Austria.

'Yes, and I am a restaurant keeper, too,' added the Prince cheerfully. 'If you come to Paris, you must visit my restaurant on the Boulevard Victor Hugo. I am sure you will be delighted. We have a splendid cook and the prices are comparatively low.'

WE WERE eating lunch when he said this, and the table at which we were sitting was exquisitely appointed. The waitress, dressed in a snow-white apron, was just passing the dessert.

'I feel my professional pride awakening,' said the Prince. 'This meal is not at all badly served, but I notice one little error. The spoons should not lie here, but here. In my restaurant such a mistake would not be tolerated.'

'Where did you learn all this?' I asked in astonishment.

'Partly in the Tsar's winter palace and partly in my own,' replied the Prince. 'We had a very fine *maître d'hôtel* who was an intolerable stickler. He almost fainted if a waiter set down one of the carafes so much as a hair's breadth from its proper place.'

'I am indeed amazed to hear this, Prince,' I replied. 'You must be extraordinarily adaptable.'

'But there is no other course for me,' he continued. 'One must forget the past and build up a new life. My wife is a cousin of the late Tsar and she was brought up in his palace surrounded by the most fabulous luxury. Now she gets up early every morning, measures her customers, puts up with all their whims, and comes home at night exhausted. I, too, work all day, visiting the dressmaking shop, the restaurant, and the perfume establishment. I have also founded an employment agency for Russians in Paris. Within a bare two years I have found work for more than 5,000 Russians. One must work. That is the essence of life. Right now I keep a restaurant, but if it were necessary I could work as a waiter or wash dishes. The Russian aristocracy lived on other people's work for far too long a time. That is their great historical sin. Perhaps that is why they have been so severely punished. The revengeful goddess of history has little use for parasites.'

'But how do the other members of the Russian aristocracy get along in Paris?' I inquired. 'Are they as adaptable as you?'

'I think they are,' replied the Prince. 'At least as far as my observations in Paris extend. The Russian aristocrats are no strangers to Paris. Before the War, droves of them would go there every year and scatter their money with a free hand. Naturally they spent most of their time in night clubs. Now, however, they must forswear Paris night life and work hard to eke out their existence. One of my friends, Count W., works as a waiter in the same Montmartre restaurant that he used to visit before the War, and the proprietor and the older members of the staff all remember him. "Only a slight change of scene has occurred," he said to me when I met him there. "Formerly I sat on this chair with a napkin on my knee. Now I stand behind it with a napkin on my arm."'

THE Prince picked up a guitar and struck a few chords before going on talking in a more quiet, serious tone. 'For all too long a time, for centuries in fact, a whole nation has been standing behind our chairs, bowing down to us like slaves, and we found this arrangement necessary and natural. Now we are standing as servants behind the chairs of newly rich Americans. Isn't that historical justice?

'But do you realize how enthusiastic this Russian blood is that flows in our veins?' the Prince suddenly asked me in quite a different voice. 'Torn up by our roots and cast adrift in the world, sunk in misery and uncertainty, we have within us the strength of the Russian people. Just look at all these counts and countesses, princes and princesses on whom fortune used to smile. Almost all of them had the strength to begin a new life. And none of them ever knew what work was. Their smallest wishes had always been executed by innumerable servants. Yet now in Paris they are all living by the work of their own hands, though they were the richest people in Tsarist Rus-

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sia, with vast estates and superb art galleries of their own.'

THE Prince plucked reflectively at the strings of the guitar.

'Think if the holy Tsarina could see them now,' he said.

'But they don't all work at manual labor,' I remarked.

'Of course not. No less than 5,000 Russian aristocrats are employed in restaurants, hotels, and night clubs. A few lucky ones are head waiters and *maître d'hôtels*. Many more earn their living by singing or playing in orchestras.'

'How about the women?'

'Many of them work in stores because they can speak French just as well as Russian. Others are mannequins and waitresses. A few have made a success on the variety stage, but many, a great many, have to earn their livings as household servants and washwomen.'

We had finished our coffee and the Prince began quietly singing Russian songs and accompanying himself on the guitar. His voice is soft and restful, and I recalled that Rasputin, half an hour before his death, had asked the Prince to sing him something. And as I listened to the soft, sad strains of this Russian melody, I realized how even such a bestial demon as Rasputin could have been lulled by this song.

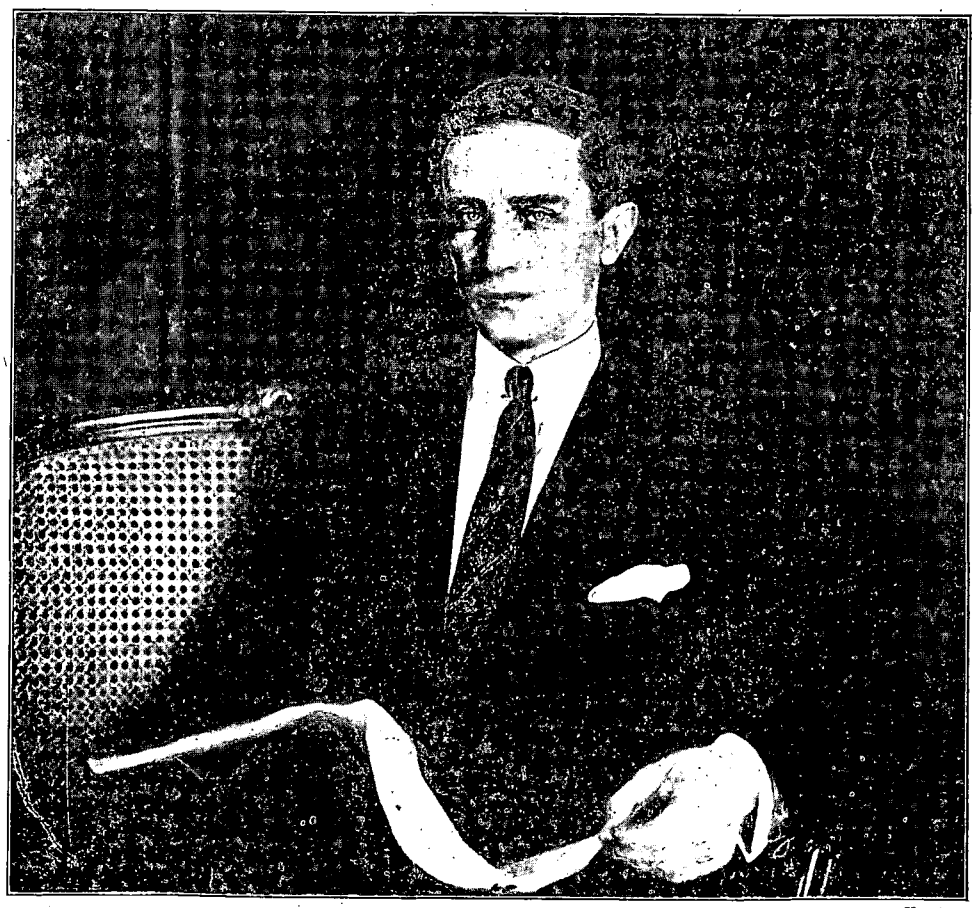
EDOUARD HERRIOT

(Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Zürich Daily)

IN the person of Edouard Herriot two men of approximately equal talents meet. One is a literary and artistic personality, while the other is a politician and a man of action. Ordinarily, in the make-up of a French statesman of a rhetorical and literary bent, the character of the politician is the dominating force to which æsthetic qualities are subordinated. But the two aspects of Herriot's nature stand in reciprocal relationship. They possess in common certain idealistic tendencies that often lead to conflicts and provoke criticism.

Edouard Herriot is the Lamartine of the Third Republic. Somewhere he has admitted: 'There is no one whom I admire and honor more than Lamartine.' The poet and statesman of the 'thirties once maintained that if he had a seat in the national legislature he would prefer to have a place on the ceiling so that he might soar over the heads of party members. It pains Herriot's sensitive soul deeply to have his activities misunderstood and to be condemned as an enemy of religion or a radical sectarian. If one looks through his book, *Dans la forêt normande*, written in the first leisure time of which he could avail himself, one discovers such devotion to the continuity of popular history, such affectionate description of the churches of Normandy — those Bibles in stone that always strike the lay observer with astonishment — that it seems as though only a tolerant, highly organized person could have written so sympathetically. The signal charm of his rare personality manifests itself in political life as well as in private gatherings, for Herriot is a brilliant conversationalist. It can be attributed to a broad cultural development which has produced a mind able to read and understand everything, and to the sincerity and modesty of a character which is responsive to everything true and beautiful and which knows only one passion — the progress of humanity.

IN ORDER to understand how a provincial professor of literature, mayor of the commercial city of Lyon, became head of the Radical Party and leader of French political life at a decisive moment in European history, one should read Herriot's autobiography, *Pourquoi je suis radical socialiste*, which appeared about a year ago. Edouard Herriot was born in 1872 in Troyes, in Champagne. His father was a professional military man who had to move frequently from one post to another. So it came about that the boy grew up in many different parts of France. This constant change of environment endowed him (as he has said about Marat) with a flexible spirit and a youthful enjoyment of travel. After living for a time in Algeria he was sent to school in La-Roche-sur-Yon, a town in the Vendée. He spent his holidays in Troyes with an old uncle who was a parish priest. Out of his modest savings the curé bought the lad his first books. Herriot has since remarked, 'I had so few books that I was compelled to read them all through and through!' One day his uncle, the curé, whose religion was tempered with a mild form of philosophy, led young Herriot to the Monseigneur, who clapped the boy on the shoulder and said, 'Get your Latin well in hand, young man, and we will make a prelate out of you.' Herriot learned his Latin assiduously but failed to become a prelate, or to take up a military career like his father. When he was fourteen, the school inspector announced, to his joyful surprise, that he had been chosen for a scholarship which would permit him to continue his studies.



Keystone

PRINCE FELIX YUSSUPOV

THE SELF-CONFESSED slayer of Rasputin; the claimant to two Rembrandt paintings in the possession of an American collector; the Russian nobleman who earns his living by being a Paris *couturier*.

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During the three years that he attended the *École Normale Supérieure* in Paris, the young man was thirsty for knowledge. The intellectual influences that played upon him were strong, proceeding from such men as Maurice Barrès and Paul Bourget before their conversion, Renan and Michelet, Hegel and Mommsen. At that time German scholarship was highly regarded in the normal schools of France. These influences guided him uncompromisingly in the direction of free thought and intellectualism. He was so deeply impressed by Hegel that he adopted for a watchword: Knowledge is a true divine revelation, teaching us not to remain inactive in the face of events but to endeavor to direct them; the mind prevails over material habit and sophistry; evolution in the past and progress in the future form the creed of a man of action.

HERRIOT became a teacher in the French *lycées* and was appointed first to a position in Nantes, then to one in Lyon. He had not yet affiliated himself with any political party, but was engaged on work of an historical and literary character, such as the dissertation on Madame Récamier and her circle, which later provided the framework for his well-known book. This preoccupation and his desire to qualify for a Sorbonne appointment made heavy demands upon his ambition. Then came the thunderbolt of the Dreyfus affair, which hurled him, along with many other intellectuals of the period, out of this tranquil round of creative activity into the vast fields of political action. As the son of a military man he was familiar with the summary methods and the rigidity of military justice. The word, 'traitor,' applied to a French officer sounded incomprehensible to him, and his last doubts vanished when Zola, with all the fire of his poetic intuition, condemned the real criminals and scourged the errors of patriotism. Herriot joined the ranks of those who were defending Dreyfus. He aligned himself with such men as Painlevé, Hyacinthe Loyson, Charles Richet, Anatole France, and Jaurès, all of whom had accepted the Nationalist challenge. There was more at stake than the fate of an innocent man wrongly sentenced. The France of the Revolution and the just rights of human beings were endangered.

Herriot's democratic faith shaped itself in opposition to the exaggerated mysticism, doctrines, interests, and intrigues of the Nationalist-Clerical reaction. Under the leadership of Waldeck-Rousseau, Socialists and Radicals in Paris as well as in the provinces united to defend the Republic. According to Herriot, this action assured France the possibility of development in political, social, educational, and international spheres.

Herriot's training as a politician was the fruit of experience in community government rather than in the national legislature. Lyon had elected him while he was still young to be a city councilor, and in 1906 he was chosen mayor. In this fortress of democracy whose gates stood open to ideas as well as to trade, renowned for its strict conscience about work and its tendency toward order and discipline, accessible to all reforms provided they were initiated with intelligence and method, Herriot was able to apply his genius for organization and expand his social consciousness. *Réfléchir, travailler, créer* became his stock phrases for use in all public activity. Law, handed down to the country by the legislature, would be an empty formality, he felt, if it were not given life by the collective deeds to which it inspired the citizens and by socially useful works of civic solidarity. A unity of thought which admitted no dividing walls between scientific, literary, and practical political thinking was characteristic of this professor who had suddenly become a man of deeds, and whose capacity for work bordered on the phenomenal. It is the first duty of administrative leadership, in Herriot's mind, to draw into its service the forces of scientific progress. The creation of a hospital or an athletic field means more to the general well being of the people than fine speeches. In order to govern a city one must concern one's self not only with distribution but with the production of wealth. The Mayor of Lyon, who was elected to the Senate in 1912, endeavored to carry over his ideas into the routine of a stagnant national life. He coined the byword of the Fourth Republic and pointed out in his two books, *Agir* and *Créer*, the best road for a realistic policy. He was considered one of the great hopes of French politics. In Herriot's activities in Lyon one may also trace the origin of that public European spirit that later made him the architect of structures to promote peace at Locarno and Geneva. In order to study modern city planning he visited Germany, and invited that country to participate in the Exhibition of 1914 at Lyon. At the Exhibition, the German pavilion, which was superior to all others, bore an inscription from Goethe, 'He is no foreigner who knows how to participate!' We can still remember in what a heartfelt way the Mayor of Lyon greeted the German-speaking Press at the opening of the Exhibition. He was serious about international understanding and did not need to have its necessity demonstrated to him by a hideous war. The first deed of international loyalty after the Armistice was the restitution of valuable German goods which had been in the Exhibition and which Herriot saved from confiscation and compulsory sale.

HERRIOT took his place in the parliamentary history of France as leader of the opposition to the National Bloc. He was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1919 and became head of the Radical Party. His unusual talents as an orator, the energy of his ideas, and, above all, the fact that his character was firmly rooted won him the sympathy and attention of the political world. Those who had expected to find him a practical politician, ready to subordinate the traditions of political parties to economic exigencies, were disappointed. The intellectual again assumed supremacy over the organizer. Without discussion there could be no clarity. Without a conflict of ideas there could be no development, or, as Herriot himself expressed it in a concise phrase: 'A Frenchman needs ideas more than he does bread.'

It is well known that Herriot was opposed to the occupation of the Ruhr, that he suggested a constructive plan of rehabilitation in which Germany should coöperate, that he had confidence in the young German democracy and labored for the revival of a spirit of peace in Europe. He has never confused his profound love of country — to which the best pages of his writings bear witness — with chauvinistic feeling, with narrow sentiments that are bounded by a river bank. His patriotism is not afraid to look across boundaries. He allows himself to be a good Frenchman and at the same time a good European. A worthy successor to the encyclopædists of the eighteenth century, Herriot wishes to reëstablish the true traditions of France.

The electoral victory in 1924 which put the parties of the Left in control proved that the French *bourgeois* had faith in Herriot. Even if the attempted policy of the Cartel of the Left crashed on the rocks of national finance, it did not detract in the least from the significance of Herriot's foreign policy. The educated classes of France have rejoiced because Herriot's mind has been the directing force of the Ministry of Education and Fine Arts. In that capacity he has made every speech a literary masterpiece, and the artistic world has been able to come to him not only for theoretical but for material encouragement. He has paid tribute to his political conscience by fostering the development of

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free education. Remembering how his own progress had been facilitated, he wished to make the universities accessible to deserving students from among the people. Herriot believes that the development of society proceeds, not from demagogical flattering of the masses, but from their spiritual elevation. It is a peculiarly French characteristic in Edouard Herriot that he is unwilling to separate restless mental activity and artistic conception from their practical application. His contemporaries welcome the vicissitudes of politics which permit him from time to time to be 'only' a writer and to fashion new works from the abundant springs of his life experience, his knowledge, and his æsthetic gifts.

Philip Alexius László de Lombo

(By Princess Elisabeth Gramont, Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre. Translated from *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest Daily)

MY father wished to have a family portrait painted, but he was uncertain to what artist he should turn for the execution of the work. Baron Berckheim recommended László to him. At that time the painter had two of his portraits in the Salon, those of Pope Leo XIII and of Prince Hohenlohe, the Chancellor of the German Empire. Shortly afterward László appeared at our home in Vallières. At the end of three months we possessed two new portraits and a firm friend into the bargain.

Except for the Imperial Court of China, there was no royal court anywhere that László had not visited. He rushed about constantly from one capital city to another and his work revealed all the qualities that characterize the true court painter. He bestowed upon his models the necessary atmosphere of dignity and *bon ton*, and his unrestrained brush work displayed all the verve of a gypsy playing his violin.

Philip László pursued his studies in Munich and Paris. At the age of twenty-five he was summoned to the summer palace of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria to paint the Archbishop Gregorious. There he also did portraits of the Prince and his wife. Ferdinand, incidentally, is an odd character, being himself an artist with an extremely complex nature. He loves to walk in his flower garden murmuring, 'Here I can at least recover peacefully from the unsavory odor of certain people.'

Since these European courts were not far apart, it required only a short time for the tidings to spread that an artist had produced a masterpiece for Ferdinand. Immediately various sovereigns, great and small, came clamoring to the painter, wishing to pose for him. As a result there emerges from the works of László a sort of hall of fame thronged by people who rule, dominate, and command, who bend under the burden of their aristocracy while behind them rise whole forests of ancient family trees.

LÁSZLÓ immortalized in color the entire *Almanach de Gotha:* Kaiser William II, with his triumphant moustache, his compelling gaze, and his gleaming helmet; the worthy Ex-Empress with the face of a good-natured German housewife, and little Louise of Saxony, who ran away with a French tutor. Besides these, László did a portrait of the well known Princess Metternich who, from the time of Napoleon III to her death in 1906, was renowned for her fertile wit.

I met the princess once at the home of Count Pourtalès and I can still recall clearly that her lips looked as if they were made of scarlet flannel. She was the daughter of Count Sandor, whose equestrian exploits have become legendary. My family has an album containing pictures of the Count on horseback, showing how he rode up flights of steps, sprang over hedges and cleared many dangerous barriers, all the time keeping his bowler hat securely on his head. When László did his portrait of the Countess Szechenyi, who was born a Caraman-Chimay, he began to familiarize himself with the culture of France. One of the best pictures of this stage of his development was a portrait of the Countess Greffulhe. No matter how beautiful she seemed on László's canvas she invariably professed herself dissatisfied. 'There are days,' she said, 'when one resembles a monster and unfortunately they are just the days when one poses for one's picture.'

In 1908, László crossed the Atlantic Ocean for the first time. He was slightly timid at the thought of his commission to paint President Roosevelt, but he emerged unscathed, having painted the victor of San Juan Hill in his picturesque costume as leader of the Rough Riders.

After Washington came Madrid, where Alphonso XIII sat for his portrait, and next László began his conquest of Paris, where he started the celebrated portrait of Count Montesquiou. On that occasion the artist's friends were obliged to drag the witty count from his haunts in Neuilly and transport him to the rue Visconti; and at the same time they had to compel László to devote all his time to the picture of the poet. Montesquiou was delighted with the result and later wrote a charming essay about the experience.

After the World War, László resumed his habitual scurrying back and forth. At present, since so many thrones have crumbled, he prefers to work in America. There he paints millionaire princes and their wives. He also has a predilection for painting queens of fashion from Buenos Aires and Montevideo, who come to him in Paris.

Keystone

EDOUARD HERRIOT

MAYOR OF LYON, member of the French Chamber of Deputies, student of Beethoven, Cabinet member, and Ex-Premier of France.

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A German View of the Peace Treaty of 1919

Simplicissimus, Munich, 1929

'The only proper foundation for the League of Nations — Upon these conditions, Germany may enter the League!'

Ten Years Later

Reflections of a German Newspaper Man Who Was Present at Versailles in 1919 and at the Paris Negotiations This Year

By Paul Block

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Independent Daily

It is cooler to-day than it was on that May morning in Versailles, ten years ago, when we were waiting in the Hôtel des Réservoirs for the officer who was going to take us through the park to the Trianon. The tops of the trees were waving fresh and green in the warm sunlight and the grass was dotted with bright clumps of spring flowers. On a balcony on the other side of the park fence that we were passing a brightly colored bird was chirping in a big cage. The world looked so young and lovely that it seemed as if we were going to a wedding and not to a funeral. But in spite of the politeness of our cheerful military attendant we were in the depths of despair, for we knew that in the next few hours Germany's freedom would be dead and buried.

'What will become of us?' one of us inquired in a low voice as we passed the singing bird in his cage, and someone else answered bitterly, 'We shall be like that bird.'

Punch, London, 1929

The English Attitude in 1919

German Criminal (to Allied Police): 'Here, I say, stop! You're hurting me! [Aside] If I only whine enough I may be able to wiggle out of this yet.'

None of us will ever forget the next hour we passed in the Trianon. Around a big horseshoe table sat the delegates, some gaily bedecked in glittering uniforms, others attired in elegant frock coats. Europe, Asia, and America were there; white faces and black and yellow heads, patriarchal beards, smoothly shaven profiles — it was an assembly representative of the entire world, the entire world ranged against Germany.

Polite greetings, cordial handshakes, and a victorious air of triumph, particularly among the representatives of the little nations, which hoped to increase their statures to-day. In the middle sat the Big Three — Wilson, Lloyd George, and Clemenceau. In the dim gray light they looked like the judges of the dead in Hades — Æacus, Minos, and Rhadamanthus. But they were not judges of the dead; they were presumptuous lawgivers to the living and the

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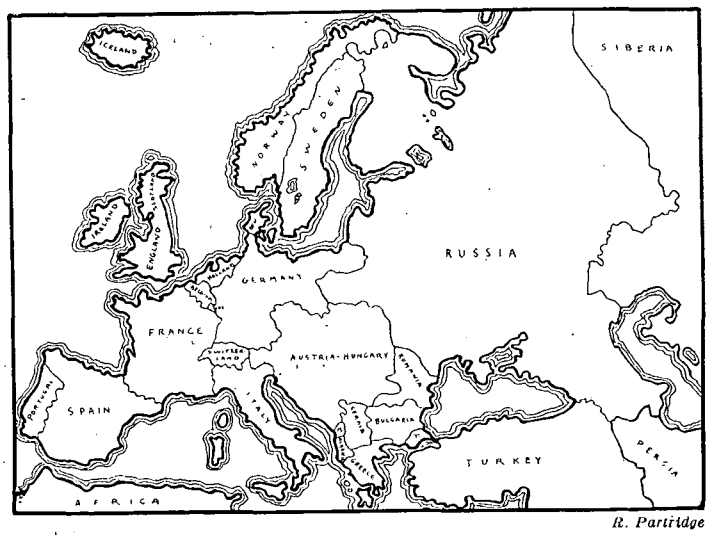
arbiters of a living nation's destiny. At that time the German world was not aware of the political discord that prevailed among these three men. To be sure, there were hints and rumors of the fact that we know so well to-day — that Clemenceau had to fight hard to get his demands and that the other Allied leaders bowed to his brutal will reluctantly, and that in spite of their apparent unity certain psychological differences could be recognized even on that fatal 7th of May. Lloyd George comported himself cheerfully and jovially; Wilson was stiff and uneasy, while Clemenceau sat in the middle looking stern and unbending. I shall always remember him sitting there with his hands, in heavy gray gloves, planted on the table as he said, 'The hour for the great reckoning is at hand.'

But, before he said this, the German delegates had been led into the room and the entire assembly rose to greet them as they took their appointed places at the horseshoe table. It was a superb show. Six Germans against the world and outside all the way from the sunny park of Versailles to the banks of the Rhine victorious armies and threatening cannon.

What happened in the bitter weeks that followed is history. And we kept remembering that, in spite of all the agonizing sorrow and burning shame that we few Germans were suffering in Versailles, we were far better off than the starving and miserable folk at home. Our daily labors occupied our minds entirely. We forgot the darkness that lay behind us and most of us were consoled by an optimistic hope that it was not possible for Germany to go under completely.

THE few opportunities that we had to talk unofficially with everyday people strengthened this hope. The Germans in Versailles were fenced off from the French population as if they were a tribe of cannibals being exhibited to civilized Europeans. Wherever we went, officers and police accompanied us, and only on rare occasions, when we walked through the park at Saint Cloud, were we able to see the promised land of Paris in the distance. Even so, they could not prevent us during our daily walks from meeting workers or members of the middle class who were not politicians or police, but simple men like ourselves. Much hatred, much misunderstanding, many tears and objurgations still separated France and Germany, but men of good will felt a desire to understand each other. Only when the French Press considered it necessary to inflame public opinion against the vanquished and to apply pressure did it seem as if the fury of the War still lived on. We had a taste of this one evening when the citizens of Paris were informed that negotiations had been broken off and that the German delegation was going home. On that occasion, the doors of our hotel had to be bolted in the face of a howling mob, while we were hurriedly escorted to another hotel reserved for us, bombarded on the way by beer-pads and accompanied by the threats and execrations of harmless waitresses.

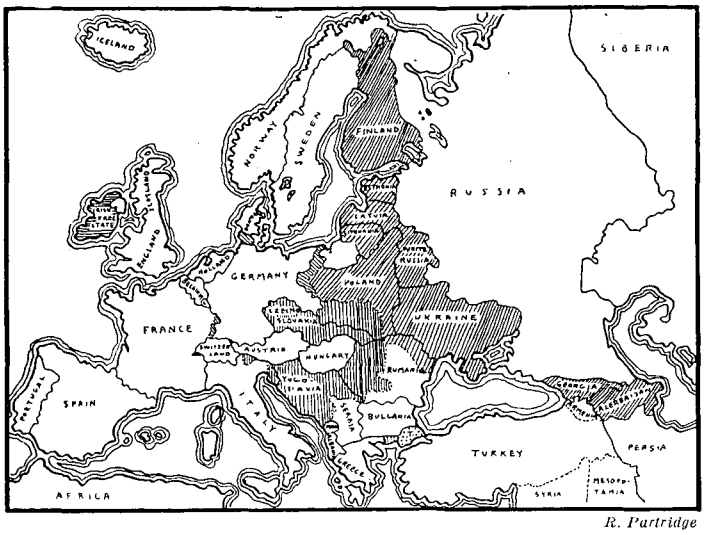
But that evening was an exception. There were also pleasant experiences which showed that our late enemies felt a spontaneous respect for us. I do not know whether it has already been related elsewhere, but it will do no harm to repeat once more the story of how half a dozen German journalists put the ribbon of the Iron Cross in their buttonholes just before the Peace Treaty was signed, under the very eyes of the Allied officers. They had been irritated and their nerves were on edge at having been surrounded so long by the uniforms of the victors and the trappings of war, for every military color from khaki to horizon blue



R. Partridge

EUROPE IN 1914

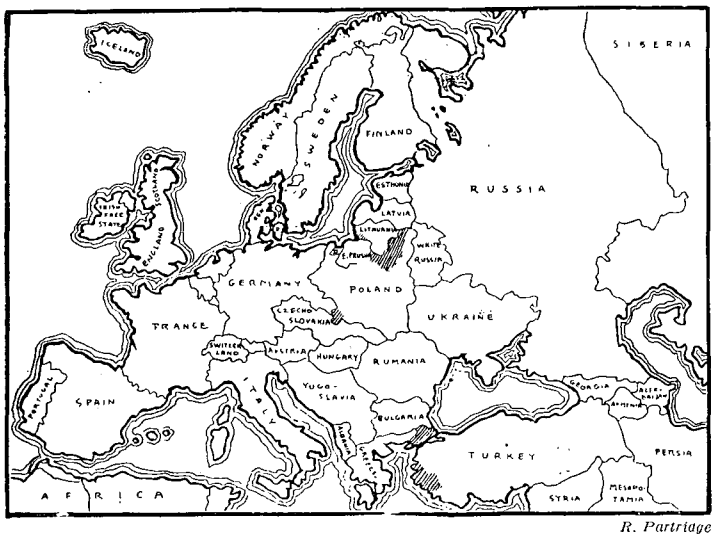
A MAP showing the main political divisions of the Continent before the World War.



R. Partridge

EUROPE IN 1919

AFTER THE Treaty of Versailles had finished dealing with the Central Powers.



R. Partridge

EUROPE IN 1929

SHOWING THE changes since the Treaty, especially in Eastern Europe.

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was being worn. Finally, one of the journalists, a Socialist, remarked that he regretted that he had left his Iron Cross in Germany. But another one of them had a black and white ribbon in his pocket which he cut into half a dozen pieces and distributed. The French officer in charge looked astonished. Everyone laughed at these decorations. The Germans, however, drew themselves up and, at a quiet word of command, stuck them in their buttonholes. The Frenchman raised his fingers to his head and saluted the enemy's insignia. Usually I lay small store by the bright trappings of war and, furthermore, I was long past the military age, but this scene at the signing of the Versailles Treaty pleased me enormously. At such a time it was more than a naïve demonstration.

TEN years have now passed and the once forbidden city of Paris is now swarming with a peaceful German invasion and the undelivered speech of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau is a leading article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. The speech is an historical document of lasting importance. It is the work of a great stateman and it expresses the opinions and desires that one of the best men in Germany felt ten years ago. It is a vain task now to inquire whether things would have been different if the government had followed Brockdorff-Rantzau's wishes and refused to ratify the Versailles Treaty. The entire German people now stands united behind this decision, but it was not united in 1919. In all the dire distress that followed the signing of the Treaty at least one thing was preserved that otherwise would have fallen asunder — the German nation. We have had to fight so hard in the past ten years and we still have so much to bear that our progress remains slow. The journey from the Trianon to the Hôtel Georges V in Paris has been a way of the Cross with many stations, but we live, we work, and we have the right to hope that through our work we can attain freedom once again, for time is working with us. In his preface to Tardieu's book, *La Paix*, Clemenceau describes an incident at the beginning of the peace negotiations that roused the choleric old man to a raging fury. Just as the negotiations had begun, a German delegate dared to say in the presence of the Allies that they must not allow the sickness of victory to infect any debate. 'The conference was not broken up!' thundered Clemenceau. 'The delirious brute was not even asked to apologize.'

Punch, London, 1919

ANOTHER ENGLISH VIEW OF THE 1919 TREATY

THE ALLIES are forcing a recalcitrant Germany to learn how to dive.

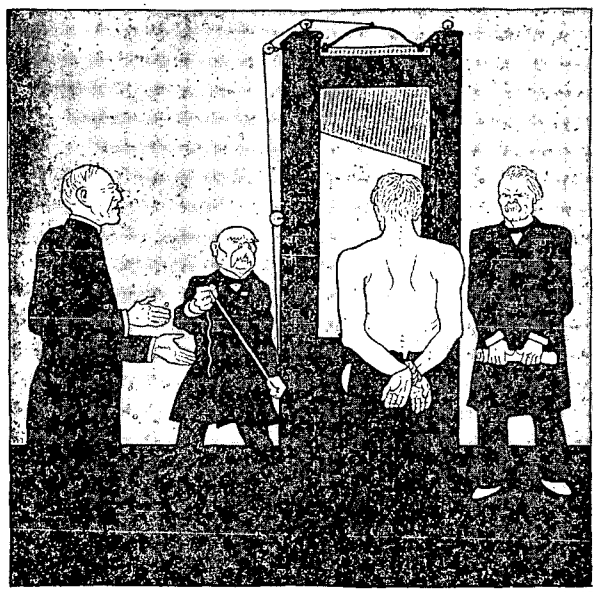
If a Frenchman were to address a German representative in such terms to-day, he would not only have the whole world against him, but almost all of France. 'Delirious brute' means a German who dares to speak for his people! Even Georges Clemenceau has become a wise man in the last ten years and desires no longer to be held accountable for this boorish outburst of hatred.

As for the Versailles Treaty, Brockdorff-Rantzau's description still holds good. 'It is the Magna Charta of a militaristic, capitalistic, and imperialistic system'; but the chains of this system have been considerably lightened by political and economical considerations. But Brockdorff-Rantzau's dream of 'the coöperation of all nations, without which a new Europe cannot be erected,' is still in the process of formation and even a number of Frenchmen are working toward it with intense energy. Senator Henri de Jouvenel's *Revue des Vivants* has offered a prize for the best article on the future constitution of the United States of Europe and half a dozen German ministers belong to the committee that will make the award.

The dream of Brockdorff-Rantzau is being realized only slowly and in different forms and colors from what he had intended, but it has made some progress, and it is no mere chance that ten years after the Versailles Treaty another international conference has had to be held in Paris to regulate the difficult problem of reparations.

ONCE again the victor powers are not united, because some of them have recovered from the sickness of victory. The position is by no means bad, and no one now would dare to call Dr. Schacht a delirious brute, even though he does irritate the French newspapermen. To-day Dr. Melchior, who was one of the Germans arraigned by the Allied judges ten years ago at Versailles, is occupying an honored place at the horseshoe table in the Hôtel Georges V. The German delegates are no longer fenced off. Paris society makes their acquaintance, and lovely ladies ask for their autographs. All the newspapers are eager to print their pictures and, although the captions are often inaccurate, there is no malice in them.

And we have made other progress in these last ten years. A great deal of what Brockdorff-Rantzau prophesied in his undelivered speech has become a certain reality, and fate has warded off the worst that might have happened — or should we substitute the word, 'strength,' for fate? One may argue about it and assert that senselessness of argument and illegal bloodshed are still sapping Germany's strength, but one thing remains certain — the German people lives and will go on living in spite of Versailles. May the people fulfill the testament of Brockdorff-Rantzau and no longer fight for military laurels, but for the victory of peaceful democracy throughout the world.



Simplicissimus, Munich, 1919

GERMAN DESPAIR AT THE 1919 TREATY

'YOU STILL HAVE full self-determination! Would you like to have your pockets picked before or after you die?'

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Mansell

NAPOLEON I AND HIS STAFF

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER

Joan of Arc

The Maid of Orléans Inspires an Austrian Noble to Plead for a New Spirit in Europe

By Count Richard N. Coudenhove-Kalergi

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

FIVE hundred years have passed since Joan of Arc fought, conquered, died. What Bismarck did for Germany, what Garibaldi did for Italy, this girl did for France whole centuries before their time. Her history is mystery; her mystery is history. It eludes the keenest poetic imagination. It is a symbol of all great historical development. It is a pattern of all great historical purpose. If the history of this Maid had not been written down in numberless documents and further substantiated by her own activities, historical science would have consigned her to the realm of myth and legend.

Two great miracles crown French history: Joan of Arc and Napoleon Bonaparte. The one was a country maiden and a saint who served France and laid the corner stone of her unity and freedom. The other was a youth from Corsica, a hero who conquered France, saved France, and attempted to create a united Europe. Both these heroic figures did not live to see their purposes fulfilled. Joan died before France was unified; Napoleon died before the unity of Europe was achieved. Both died prisoners and martyrs, but both survived in spirit, both conquered, and both will go on conquering. For France became a nation, Europe will become united.

Both Joan and Napoleon demonstrated to the world the wonderful power of personality and its ability to triumph over historic materialism. At decisive moments in history each served and fulfilled a great mission. For fulfilling this mission, both were burned, Joan by fire, Napoleon from within.

Both showed the world that the will and belief of a single person can achieve more than the dull fears and anxious doubts of millions. Both proved that at decisive periods in history fate lies in the hands of a single great figure; that it is ready to do his bidding and to be formed by his desires. Both made clear the fact that during dull periods history is statistical, but that in great periods it is biographical. And in spite of the objections of our pacifist friends, there they remain — the heroic Maid of Domrémy

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Keystone

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY CHARLES, BARON DE STEUBEN

and the heroic youth from Ajaccio, heroes both, and precursors and symbols of Europe.

LET us briefly recall the history of the Holy Maid. She was born on the 6th of January, 1412, the daughter of simple peasants, and in 1428, as a sixteen-year-old girl, she saved her country. She heard divine voices and divine commands. The voice of her own conscience was so strong and so insistent that she not only felt the voice of God speaking to her, as Socrates did, but she actually heard it. This knowledge enabled her to achieve what millions wanted done, but could not do. It made her free France, unify and save it, end the Hundred Years' War, and bring peace to her native land.

It was a period of universal doubt and hesitation. The young King doubted himself, doubted his kingdom, his victories, and even France. The Court, the courtiers, the Army, and the people shared his doubts. France was on the point of becoming a conglomeration of ducal estates like Germany and Italy. England was on the point of conquering France and subduing it.

At this moment a girl of sixteen entered world history. Unable to read or write, ignorant of politics and warfare, of court intrigue and the customs of the great, she made her way into the King's presence through sheer, unbending will power. Her belief was so strong that it carried everything before it — King, armies, and the common people. The King regained belief in himself and the faith of France recovered, simply because this Maid believed.

A light shone through the darkness; the will of a single individual penetrated the fog of indecision. She radiated light and brought light to all France.

FROM Joan's belief the French nation was reborn. This Maid with simple belief and a pure heart, this child and heroine had a better idea of what was happening than all the generals, ministers, priests, and scholars put together. How did she gain this wisdom? Because she was a genius in matters of the heart and matters of the will. Belief alone made her valorous. She owed her strength to her deep sympathy for her suffering countrymen.

Her purpose was peace: she wished to end the Hundred Years' War between the French and English. Her purpose was justice: she wanted to give the King back his crown and save it from the greedy hands of usurpers. Her purpose was unity: she wanted to make her shattered country into a single great nation. Her purpose was freedom: she wanted to return the soil of France to French rule and prevent France from becoming a colony of England. Her means of attaining this great purpose was fighting — warfare and politics. Her saintly heart was clad in the armor of a warrior and she had an unerring instinct for making her way to the seats of the mighty. She conquered with her faith; she conquered because everyone about her felt that she was the only person not fighting for herself, but for France. Thus she shattered the court intrigues, took control of the Army on the 29th of April, 1429, and redeemed the beleaguered city of Orléans.

With the aid of the armies which her own enthusiasm had united, she defeated the previously victorious troops of England and Burgundy. Through hostile cities and a hostile countryside she cleared the way for her King as far as Rheims — the way to the throne, the way to victory. And on the 17th of July, 1429, Charles VII, led by Joan of Arc, was crowned King of France in the cathedral of Rheims.

FRANCE had retrieved her centre of gravity. Once more her King wore a crown. Once more her King had a kingdom and France was born anew.

These miracles brought to Joan the honor and love of the people, but the jealousy of the great. She was at once entangled and confused in her decisions by the counsels of hostile experts and false friends who, in the hour of danger, left her in the lurch. In 1430, she was betrayed and imprisoned by enemies and fellow countrymen, by Englishmen and Frenchmen, and after unspeakable suffering she was burned at Rouen on the 30th of May, 1431. She died at the age of nineteen, as brave and full of faith as she had ever been.

But her spirit, her work, her purpose still lived on, and a few years after her death peace was signed. France was freed and united. A great epoch in French history began with Joan of Arc and continued steadily through Francis I, Henry IV, Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV, right down to Napoleon Bonaparte.

But here a new chapter in history commences. Here a new day dawned. Here Europe began.

MODERN skeptics regret that they cannot consign all this to the realm of fantasy, but they console themselves by putting it all in the past and asserting that the day of political miracles is over. What was possible five hundred years ago is no longer possible to-day. In this period of machines, they say, history is determined by statistics, not by personalities; by cleverness, not by courage; by money, not by belief.

These unimaginative historians and skeptical politicians overlook the fact that, in our own time, Germany would not have been unified without Bismarck. They forget the miracle of Garibaldi, who performed in Italy the same task that Joan achieved in France. They overlook the fact that two men of un-

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bending will power — Lloyd George and Clemenceau — directed the World War and determined the peace that followed. They ignore Lenin's rise to power, Mussolini's victory, the triumph of Sun Yat-sen's ideas and Gandhi's idealistic struggles. They are blind. They are blind to such phenomenal figures as Kemal, who in our own day suddenly redeemed Turkey from conditions of national despair to a free and independent nation, although he was vastly outnumbered by a world of heavily armed enemies. He, too, achieved victory and a new lease of life by belief, courage, and patriotism, just as Joan did five hundred years ago.

The epoch of great deeds, great decisions, and political miracles is not over. We are still living in it, for it will never pass away. Only purposes change as history develops.

THE present epoch makes great and difficult demands of humanity, not only of humanity in the abstract, but of individuals. We are living in a divided Europe, a skeptical Europe, a warlike Europe. The times cry out for peace, justice, and freedom, and we can either turn a deaf ear to these demands as the courtiers of Charles VII did, or we can fulfill them without regard to our personal destiny as Joan of Arc did — Joan, whose faith and saintliness were not confined to matters of the Church.

In her time, the political need of the hour was the erection and unification of the nation. John Huss had just attempted a similar task in Bohemia and had met with the same martyr's death in Constance that Joan suffered at Rouen. If Germany and Italy had produced similar personalities, they, too, might have been united and freed at the same time and the whole continent to-day might be able to speak German or Italian. France owes her great head start over these two neighbors to the fact that she achieved national unity four centuries before they did.

The ideals of freedom, peace, justice, and unity have not altered in the last five hundred years, but our objectives have changed and our horizons have broadened. We now think in terms of continents, rather than in terms of nations, for in these five hundred years new lands have been discovered. We now look upon the whole world as we once looked upon Western Europe and, just as principalities used to be parts of nations, so nations are now only parts of continents. The European issue to-day has the same inner significance that the national issue used to possess in France, England, Germany, and Italy.

YESTERDAY, politics functioned in terms of nations. To-day, politics function in terms of continents. To-morrow they will function in world-wide terms. The man who is fighting for Europe now would have fought for a national state at an earlier historical period, and in the future historical period he will fight for a world-state.

For every political purpose is determined by years and centuries, and alters with the passage of time. Political ideas come into being, grow, ripen, age, and die. The Crusade period went through these phases. The period of nationalist wars followed a similar curve. Nations, classes, creeds, and parties change and die, but there is a never-ending conflict between believers and doubters, between living people and people without emotions, between idealists and cynics, between heroes and cowards, between Joan of Arc and those who eternally betray her. Both types are eternal and the struggle between them never ends. Each of us must take sides, and whoever betrays the cause of humanity plays false to the future and to his own soul.

For that reason, Joan is the saint of all political effort, because she had the instinct to do the right thing at the right moment, because her sound understanding of human nature enabled her to

IN BONAM JANÆ VAUCOULORIÆ VIRAGINIS AURELIÆ
VIRGO REDIT GALLO MUTA VEL IMAGINE FOLIX
QUAM NUMEN QUONDAM PARIET NON MACHINA MISIT
SUBSIDIO AUGURIUM BONE REX HEARICI SALUTA
DE CŒLIS EXCITA TUIS VIRGO ALTERA NOTIS
FORTUNET REGNI AUSPICIUM LANCEM Q Z RETRACTET
UTRAQUE UT ANTIQUUM TUA SÆCLA RECUDAT INAURUM
C. V. C. PP. 1581

Metropolitan Museum

JOAN OF ARC

FROM AN OIL PAINTING OF THE FRENCH XVII CENTURY SCHOOL

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triumph over the diplomatic strategy of her rivals and opponents, because she did not ask the opinions of others but merely followed the voice of her own conscience, the voice of God.

Just as Christianity demands that Christians imitate the life of Christ, so political morality demands that everyone who works in terms of politics follow the precepts of Joan.

HERE was a woman who did what all men should have done. Here was a woman who did more than any man in France could do and amounted to more than any man in France. Her woman's instinct proved more profound than masculine intelligence. She became a great statesman and general through sheer strength of emotional power.

Centuries have passed and women are now swarming into the political arena. They will do well to bear in mind this great work wrought by a member of their sex and they will do well to understand its significance. Joan should be able to teach women a lesson in politics, to encourage them to follow their instincts, their feelings, and the dictates of their hearts, to mistrust all Cheap Jacks, Smart Alecks, and intriguers who are attempting to erect a barrier of masculine intellectuality between humanity and politics. For the woman of to-day must avoid opportunism and follow unconditionally what she recognizes as right at the right time. She must not let herself be deceived by catchwords, doubts, and systems, but must see through all these artifices.

Metropolitan Museum

JOAN OF ARC AT THE CORONATION OF CHARLES VII

FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY JEAN AUGUSTE DOMINIQUE INGRES

Joan wore masculine garb. Her will was masculine, but her spirit remained feminine and instinct governed all her acts. She had a feeling for what was necessary and for what was right. The women political leaders of our day have much that is new to learn and Joan has much to teach them. They must take many lessons before they are able to achieve what this girl achieved.

Joan is not only a precursor but a preceptor, who teaches them to eschew masculine political methods and to follow their own feminine understanding instead. They must not look on politics as a sport but as a religion. They must fight for peace and justice. Their feminine emotions must cut the Gordian knot that the masculine intellect has tied.

Joan was not the only woman who was a great statesman. There were also Elizabeth of England and Catherine of Russia, but these women acted with a masculine spirit. Joan alone was different, utterly different. She did not conquer in spite of being a woman, but because she was a woman. She conquered with the soul of a girl and the soul of a saint.

The Joan who fought, conquered, and died was always a child, and she is therefore a pattern for youth to follow when it confronts the great problems of politics. Hers was a triumph of that naïveté that underlies all genius and heroism.

IT IS in this spirit that youth should approach political matters. It should not imitate the out-moded behavior of its elders. It should not follow their outworn prejudices, their diplomatic intrigues and formulas, but should be filled with a sound knowledge and sound understanding of mankind. Youth should have no use for party politics but should fight for human progress with sanity, courage, enthusiasm, and the pure-heartedness that Joan displayed.

For Joan of Arc is to us a symbol of Pan-Europa in more senses than one. We must fight for Europe in the same spirit that she fought for France. The cult of Joan has long since spread beyond the boundaries of France. Schiller in Germany, Bernard Shaw in England, and Pope Benedict XV in Rome have all testified to her holiness. Thus Joan has become a European saint, at once a child and a woman, a victor and a martyr, the symbol of struggle, belief, heroism, faith. She is an eternally great and an eternally human figure in her devotion, in her solitude, in her defeat, and in her victory.

Sancta Johanna, ora pro nobis!

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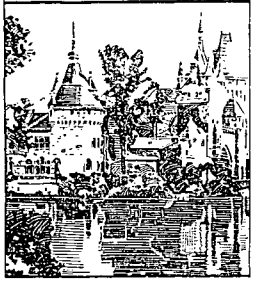
Metropolitana

The Brilliance of Budapest — Intrigue in Cairo — Buenos Aires, Metropolis of the Pioneer — War Plays on the London Stage — Restless Berlin

BUDAPEST



To go from Vienna to Budapest by one of the six-hour expresses is to experience a complete change of atmosphere, to pass from a state of lassitude into a state of turbulence, to exchange the petty proprieties of life for a state of picturesque disorder, to abandon polished skepticism for aggressive excitement. Merely visit the cafés of the two capitals and you will at once get this sensation and the rest of your stay will confirm this first impression.

In Vienna, the patrons of the cafés sit on heavily upholstered benches drinking coffee full of heavy cream. There are no high voices, no bright colors. The newspapers people read contain daily announcements of impending catastrophes, of revolutions, of the possibility that the League of Nations will be moved to the former Imperial Palace. But the account of the latest opera is printed in just as big type and everything will come out all right — just like the last act of a musical comedy. These people have found it incredibly easy to resign themselves to defeat, to Marxian Socialism, and particularly to unemployment, for all these things seem to be utterly appropriate to their natural state of mind. But what are these amiable and insipid members of the middle class living on as they spend whole afternoons seated behind two glasses of water that the waiter replenishes from time to time while they read the latest gossip and twist their waxed moustaches?

Go to Budapest and you are swept off your feet by a wave of gypsy music the moment you arrive. A violin whispers in your ear the notes of a popular song and from the other end of the room, clearly audible above the hubbub of conversation, comes the deep, passionate reply of the violincello. On the walls are prayers for the resurrection of Hungary and pictures of Lord Rothermere, and on every door the famous slogan, 'No, No, Never!' is displayed. Elegant officers clad all in black, lovely women with agreeably raucous voices. If you get up to follow one of them out of the café, have her stop with you as you look at a curious black and white placard. It represents Hungary as it used to be all white against a black background, with a black heart in the middle of the map on which is written, 'Do you know that three-quarters of our country has been taken away from us? No, no, never!'

The street is dirty because a wet snow has been falling and the thick ochre-colored mud makes you envy the women wearing galoshes. Pedestrians are swarming and they cross the thoroughfares at all times and in all directions, leaping out of the way of street cars whose bells clang furiously and skillfully avoiding the hordes of little red taxis that rush about the boulevards like swarms of bewildered insects. The low houses are covered from top to bottom with red and yellow advertisements and cascading inscriptions. The atmosphere is Oriental. Suddenly an enormous brownstone house appears, then a bank of the Hungarian variety, its façade a succession of great vertical lines painted blue, gold, and violet. Then a gray street full of pretentious Munich decorations. Then an 1880 Gothic palace — the Parliament buildings. And here, too, is the Danube, spanned by four enormous iron bridges that firmly link Buda to Pest. Against the supports of these bridges pieces of ice crack to pieces in winter with a dull crash, as they slowly float downstream.

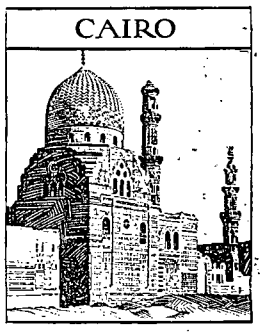
In the heart of Buda rises the rocky eminence of Saint Gellert. Its precipitous cliffs fall cold and bare into the Danube, but it has a gleaming grotto in its side and the Virgin is smiling out of it. The royal castle with its Admiral Regent and white guards with golden helmets stands on the summit of the hill and superbly dominates the disordered town. Behind it are silent provincial streets, flanked by one-story palaces, closed, secret, abandoned. And there are creameries, too, the scenes of many by-gone idyls.

Let us return to the city for an evening's amusement. You have eaten a dinner highly seasoned with paprika at the house of some people who received you as if you were a gift of God — indeed, that is the salutation with which they welcome you — and you discover that the profusion of light liquors with which they entertain you facilitates social intercourse to a singular degree. You are taken to the theatre and understand nothing, but the charming voices of Hungarian women are enough to make you happy and it is obvious that Mme. Varshany is a great artist. You get up as everybody else does when the Archdukes enter, for this is the only nation in Europe that is looking forward to a return to royalty. And finally you are whisked away to a costume ball, surrounded by people who are talking a totally incomprehensible language, who laugh and enjoy themselves as no Europeans are able to do, who keep dancing their wild *czardas* until they fall, exhausted and dizzy, upon divans covered with cushions depicting Lord Rothermere and Greater Hungary.

Drunkenness in the face of despair, passion in the face of poverty, an almost childish hopefulness and a yearning for the grandeur of days that have departed — all these elements go to make up a romantic, ardent picture that no traveler can help loving for the poetic if somewhat mad qualities of passion that it contains.

(Translated from the *Journal de Genève*)

CAIRO



THE day before I was to leave Cairo I called up the Pasha once more on the telephone. I had been privileged to visit his beautiful home with its congenial atmosphere, and I wished to bid him farewell.

Over the telephone the Pasha's voice sounded slightly hesitant: 'Oh, certainly, sir — it would be a great pleasure — but — oh, come along anyway! I will explain everything to you personally.'

Perceiving his hesitation and manifest embarrassment, I told him that I did not wish to disturb him. 'No, do come, I beg you,' replied the Pasha's voice in a firmer tone. It suddenly occurred to me that in this year of 1929 a member of the Egyptian Wafd party, to which the Pasha belonged, would not feel able to discuss over the telephone everything that he had on his mind. There is, it must be remembered, a secret police system. I called a cab and drove to the residential section where the Pasha lived.

In the Pasha's garden a servant was already waiting for me, a venerable

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Nubian in a long caftan. He led me into the great, splendid hall, strewn with English armchairs and benches of the ancient Egyptian type, like the throne of the blessed Tut-ankh-Amen. The Pasha, who appeared at once, seemed to be in a hurry. He wore a dark suit and a red fez. His face, no longer young and of a truly Oriental cast, wore a somewhat dismal expression. He broke abruptly through the ordinary formalities of greeting.

'I must tell you something right away — don't be afraid if anything happens while you are here, for no one can harm you. The Egyptian police have no right to annoy you. To be brief, the truth is that I expect this house to be searched to-day. Do you understand? This house is to be entered by force. They are looking for a document supposed to be in the possession of some member of the Wafd. As if we would hide the thing! Our dearest wish is to publish it openly. But anyway they will find nothing here in my house.' The Pasha was silent for a moment and adjusted his monocle. 'Do not be offended at me for drawing you into this, but it would help me to have a European journalist as witness.'

Changing the subject, he went on, 'Has anything peculiar struck you about Cairo during these last few days?' I confessed that nothing had astonished me. Knowing that I was going away, I had industriously visited the Egyptian Museum and had spent a day at the Pyramids. Political activities in Cairo had not encumbered my thoughts. Besides, I was in the habit of reading three newspapers every morning and I had noticed nothing sensational in them.

'That's a fine thing,' said the Pasha, 'you are living in the modern capital of a civilized country, you go out to walk, you read the papers, and yet you were entirely unaware that all the lawyers of Egypt are engaged in a political strike, that significant agitation is under way among the people, and that every day there are clashes which are potentially dangerous. Let me tell you, sir, that this country is dominated by a dictatorship. Naturally you will see nothing of it in the five or six French, English, or Italian newspapers that you are able to read. Can you imagine why there is nothing even in the newspapers printed in Arabic? The situation is this: all the lawyers of Egypt have joined in a strike demonstration that will last a week. All the courts of Egypt — that is to say, the native courts, not your powerful mixed consular courts — must suspend their activity. Imagine how many tens of thousands of people are affected by this and how many hundreds of thousands will learn about it indirectly. But in the newspapers there is not a word about it. The censor permits nothing to appear.'

'Your Excellency, why are the lawyers striking?' I asked.

'On account of an odd remark made by the Minister of Justice. The supreme guardian of our judicial system was insulted because the disciplinary court acquitted Nahas Pasha, the former Prime Minister, of a ridiculous charge. The Minister of Justice did not want the leader of the autonomist party to be acquitted, even though he was guiltless. Almost without exception, all the attorneys of Egypt sympathize with Nahas, but, of course, this must not appear in any newspaper because outsiders might suspect that the Egyptians are demanding their Constitution.'

The Pasha looked at me a trifle mockingly, 'So you prefer the Egyptian Museum in Bûlâq. If, instead of going there, you had visited the Arabian Museum in the old city, you might have had a chance to see how the police regulate public opinion. I must explain that within the last few days delegations from throughout the country have come to Cairo, thousands of respectable citizens of the provinces, mayors, property owners, beys, and pashas. They have all signed a petition which asks for the reinstallation of the Constitution and they want to present this petition to King Fuad.'

The Pasha lowered his eyes. He spoke slowly and with visible respect when he mentioned the king. 'His Majesty has continually proclaimed that his palace gate stands open to any of his subjects who wish to offer a plea or present a grievance. The difficulty is that the police will not let anyone go near that open palace gate. The delegations that wish to go to the King are forced to meet secretly somewhere. The police find out the place, surround them, make arrests, and even draw their swords. As yet nothing serious has happened, but at any moment there may be bloodshed. At any cost the police are determined to prevent petitions from reaching the King. There are too many and too important signatures on those petitions! This accounts also for the fact that houses of well-known leaders of the Wafd are being searched. The police are eager to find and burn those sheets of paper before they can make their way through the open door of the royal palace. Up to now I have not been bothered but, as I have said, at present I am anticipating the arrival of these guests.'

I realized that even in such a confidential conversation I must speak cautiously. An Oriental monarchy remains an Oriental monarchy. My host, although he was sincerely loyal to the royal house, was one of the leaders of the persecuted and defamed opposition party. I waited until the servant who brought the tea and cakes had left the hall. Then I said, 'The King of Egypt plans to travel in Europe this summer — ' and I went on a little haltingly, 'He will undoubtedly put his house in order before he leaves. Do you think he wants to leave everything in confusion behind him when he goes to Europe?'

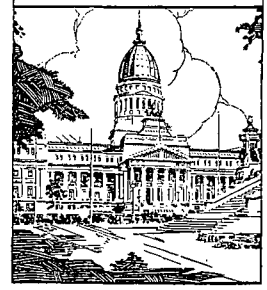
'The papers say that His Majesty is going to travel,' said the Pasha discreetly. 'I myself know nothing about it.'

The old servant came in, made a deep bow and handed the Pasha a letter. I could tell by the envelope that the letter had not been forwarded by the Post Office. The Pasha read it anxiously and smiled at me.

'No, my dear sir, to-day nothing will come of the visit that the police plan to make to my house. Forgive me for bothering you with this affair. By the way, did you notice in the Egyptian Museum among the relics of Tut-ankh-Amen's grave. . . ?'

(Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*)

BUENOS AIRES



IS IT a Latin New York? The skyscrapers and huge buildings of this great metropolis rise bright and imposing into the blue Argentine sky. Along the river bank extend warehouses, factories, refrigerating plants, and mills which supply the nations of the world with bread and meat. The Rio de la Plata is forty kilometres wide here and looks almost like an ocean. Vessels from Europe, North America, and Asia float in its dirty waters, their gigantic holds filled with the frozen meat of thousands of sheep and cattle.

All quarters of the Argentine capital give the same impression of great size. Automobiles dash through the streets four and six rows deep, and gray and yellow walls of buildings rise ten stories and higher into cupolas, four-cornered towers, pagodas, steep roofs, and cathedral spires. The façades of the buildings are Classical, Gothic, and Baroque except for the big flat-sided warehouses with their thousands of windows. Paris, Berlin, Versailles, Rome, Greece, the Gothic cathedrals, the Casino of Monte Carlo, Florence, and Babylon

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are all represented in Buenos Aires. But one receives the impression that the fresh earth of America has invested these old forms with a new strength which the culture of the weary Old World could no longer provide, for everything here is stronger, more powerful, and more brutal.

It is vain to search for simple beauty in Buenos Aires. Though a few of its best buildings are sober and simple, most of them are wild orgies of tasteless decoration, wrought in monumental marble. But the plan of the city with its straight streets and avenues brings a semblance of order to the confusion created by all the different styles of architecture and Buenos Aires seems to be more closely linked with nature than any other city of its size. Down the end of its broad avenues that run from the heart of the city out into the country, you can see the sun rising in the morning between skyscrapers that look like mountain peaks.

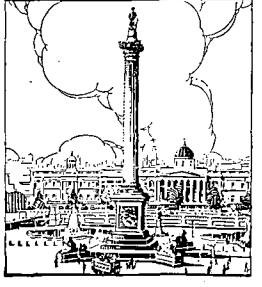
This kinship with nature is no superficial matter. Buenos Aires is not an industrial city, but the export centre of the entire Argentine countryside, which provides half the world with meat, corn, and wool. Every citizen, whether he is a worker, merchant, or banker, is vitally interested in the whims of nature. Cold weather, grasshoppers, and droughts not only mean heavy losses to the countryside, but they often prevent the merchant in the city from being able to sell his goods and they also throw the dockhands out of employment. Whereas in Europe the inhabitants of a big city pay hardly any attention to the weather, here in Buenos Aires weather reports are read with almost as great interest as the accounts of horse races and football games. Even the stock exchange reacts quickly to changes in the weather, for telegrams announcing rain in the south of the Buenos Aires province or bitter cold and frost in Patagonia may mean the gain or loss of millions.

People who knew the capital of the Argentine ten years ago would hardly recognize it to-day. There is probably no city in the world where so much building and so much tearing down is in progress. Because the main streets are too narrow for the rapidly increasing automobile traffic, whole blocks of houses are being relentlessly destroyed and set back farther. As for the new buildings, they all have to be of enormous size in order to earn enough in rentals to pay for the expensive sites they occupy. It is not surprising that, in this young city where material forces are all-important, where poor men can make a living and rich men can increase their wealth, there should be little interest in cultural matters. Its museums are miserable. They contain, of course, a few good pictures, but there are any number of inferior paintings as well. Yet this lack of culture has not prevented such people as Sarah Bernhardt, Anatole France, and Einstein from coming here. The season that is now opening will see Josephine Baker, that brown, slender goddess of the dance with the combined charms of Diana and Venus, as well as Count Keyserling, the P. T. Barnum of wisdom. Perhaps this materialistic city will finally awake to some form of intellectual life, but up to the present time it has not shown much progress along these lines. It prefers to have the great artists of the Old World dance, lecture, and act before it and it pays these artists higher prices than they receive in Paris, Berlin, or London and then thinks nothing more about them.

Life is just beginning here and the first generation, which has been in direct contact with reality, still lives. One divides one's time between business and the football field, between work, movies, and dancing. People who want anything else must go to Europe. It is therefore hardly astonishing that the great ancestral palaces of those Argentine families who have been rich for generations stand almost empty and that the last president, Marcelo T. de Alvear, the descendant of one of the most aristocratic families of the Argentine, had to go to Paris to get his professional training and then returned to Paris as soon as his presidential term expired. People in Buenos Aires still believe in the future. They work for the future and are inclined to neglect making the present worth living in. They are not working for their elders, but for their children.

(Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*)

LONDON



THE outstanding feature of the past London theatrical season was the decline of sex drama. Tragedies of married life, which once fascinated a generation only recently freed from Victorian prudery, seemed to lose their appeal, that is, if we accept the judgment of the public rather than the judgment of writers on such a matter. Londoners no longer get a kick out of cheap elopements and seductions. The present vogue is for something very good or very daring, and, since the latter type of play is held in check by the strict London censor, it has not been attempted so often as it used to be. Of course, plays dealing with love in some form or other have not entirely disappeared, but there are not so many of them as there were when Noel Coward was at the height of his popularity.

It is perhaps safe to say that history has taken the place of hysteria. At any rate such a tendency is noticeable. During the past theatrical season plays with an historical, realistic, or cultural background have been much more successful than plays of intrigue, and, even when intrigue entered into the plot, it had a real excuse for being there and did not exist in the imagination of the dramatist alone. A given fact or a given milieu was generally taken as the point of departure. One of these points of departure was the War, which served as a background for the most successful play of the season, R. C. Sherriff's *Journey's End*. The man who wrote this must himself have experienced the hell of warfare in order to have expressed it with such intensity and to have made each outcry, each joke, each burst of love or hatred seem so true to the real life in the trenches. From a loose succession of scenes the hero gradually emerges, a tragic, virile, one-hundred-per-cent man, but in spite of all his strength the War was too much for him. The nerves of the various characters cannot stand the tension. They curse friend and foe, collapse, drink, weep, and drink some more, until the curtain finally falls on these scenes of madness. To have seen this play is to have done one's duty, for one never forgets its lesson.

If *Journey's End* is a realistic war play, *Rumor* is an imaginary war play, or rather satire, exposing the unholy origins of a holy war, revealing the wire-pullers of a modern peace conference in their true light. We see a group of greedy financiers forcing two Balkan countries to fight. We are shown how war propaganda confuses right and wrong, how the dirty work of peace conferences is carried on behind the scenes while in public the delegates smother each other with kisses. All these elements and all the other hypocrisies of human beings at war are revealed with such a lack of prejudice and such a sure touch that the Versailles Treaty itself seems to be one hundred years behind us. But the popular success this play has won shows that even now such persiflage is possible.

Reginald Berkeley's *The Lady with the Lamp* takes us back to the Crimean

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War. Its interest, however, does not reside in murder, lying, and deception, but in the character of Florence Nightingale, who began her reforms of military hospitals in the miserable surroundings of English military barracks. Strachey has devoted a masterly essay to Florence Nightingale, and, if Berkeley's play is not as good as Strachey's essay, it remains a clever and convincing description of the life of this great philanthropist and apostle of women's rights.

If *Journey's End* was the one outstanding success of the past season, the next most sensational play was DuBose Heyward's *Porgy*, imported from America and acted by a troop of colored performers from the New York Theatre Guild. When the curtain rises, we find ourselves in an American negro colony. The characters in this play disport themselves with an enthusiasm of which white people are no longer capable. They fight, play, murder, and love with a wonderful jumble of all the highest and lowest human emotions. The action centres around the love of a negro cripple, Porgy, for a prostitute. It is never more than a step from heaven to hell. Elegantly dressed people applaud the performance. Are they embarrassed or transported by it? In any case no one is left cold.

It takes a real mental effort to shake one's self free of the tumultuous atmosphere in which these black people live and to return again to the cultivated atmosphere of Berkeley Square, which, by the way, is the title of a play by the journalist, John L. Balderston. The occupant of an eighteenth-century London house becomes impregnated by the spirit of his surroundings and suddenly finds himself back in the eighteenth century. These impressions of a modern man in the society of the ancient régime go to make up an excellent evening of sophisticated enjoyment. Walter Hackett's *77 Park Lane* also uses a London address for its title. This is an amusing play with constantly changing situations. It provides a pleasant interlude between dinner and a night club, but you forget it as soon as the curtain falls. Such productions, which pretend to be neither more nor less than they are, but all of which show a sure grasp of the time-honored theatrical technique, were by no means rare last season, and there are still half a dozen of them running. The declining popularity of erotic comedies referred to above is due to the fact that the French theatre exerts little influence in London. The German stage, on the other hand, has considerable prestige, as Bruno Walter's triumphs at Covent Garden testify. Plays by Klabund, Von Scholz, and Georg Kayser have also been performed. Ernst Toller's *Hoppla Wir Leben* was presented in a splendid translation by Hermon Ould. Mr. Ould's numerous friends outside of England will be pleased to hear that his new play, *When the Moon Rides High*, has just been produced. In it he gives the cult of table-tipping spiritualists a thorough scourging.

(Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*)

BERLIN

MY BEDROOM at Berlin looks out upon the elevated railway. It looks at it diagonally, across and aslant a triangle of loose-soiled garden. The garden contains a green bench, a long rectangle of red carpet which has hung for eight months upon a cord, a golden ball of glass on a green pole, and a large china statue of a bulldog. At night, when I tie my white tie for the evening (a symbol of bondage), the gold ball and the bulldog are no longer visible. There are no intermediaries between me and the *Reichsbahn*. The electric trains soar upward as they pass me. I look up at them, and see a blur of light, the mist upon the windows, a man leaning outward against the pane. The people look down at me and see an English diplomatist (stout and amiable) tying his white tie. They think, if they have time to think, 'That man is a foreigner and as we passed him he was tying a white tie.' They think, if they have time to think, 'What is it that prevents us Germans from being able to tie a white tie?' But I, for my part, who am by then putting on my waistcoat, I think only, 'What on earth is it that gives this town its charm?'

Movement in the first place. There is no city in the world so restless as Berlin. Everything moves. The traffic lights change restlessly from red to gold and then to green. The lighted advertisements flash with the pathetic iteration of coastal lighthouses. The trams swing and jingle. The jaguar in the zoo paces feverishly all night; the planetarium, when closed, flings revolving planets upon its ceiling; the directors of the museums pace their corridors alone at midnight. They are showing the Luca Signorelli by the light of an electric torch; they are explaining to a photographer from Holland the importance of the Turkestan frescos; they are merely unable to sleep. In the *Tiergarten* the little lamps flicker among the little trees, and the grass is starred with the fireflies of a thousand cigarettes. Trains dash through the entrails of the city and thread their way among the tiaras with which it is crowned. The jaguar at the zoo, who had thought it was really time to go to bed, rises again and paces in its cell. For in the night air, which makes even the spires of the *Gedächtniskirche* flicker with excitement, there is a throbbing sense of expectancy. Everybody knows that every night Berlin wakes to a new adventure. Everybody feels that it would be a pity to go to bed before the expected, or the unexpected, happens. Everybody knows that next morning, whatever happens, they will feel reborn.

This physical and luminous movement finds its parallel in the dynamics of the brain. At 3 A.M. the people of Berlin will light another cigar and embark afresh and refreshed upon discussions regarding Proust, or Rilke, or the new penal code, or whether human shyness comes from Narcissism, or whether it would be a wise or a foolish thing to turn the Pariser Platz into a stadium. The eyes that in London or in Paris would already have drooped in sleep are busy in Berlin, inquisitive, acquisitive, searching, even at 4 A.M., for some new experience or idea. The mouths that in Paris or London would next morning be parched for Bromo-Seltzer, in Berlin are already munching sandwiches on their way to the bank.

Second to movement comes frankness. London is an old lady in black lace and diamonds who guards her secrets with dignity and to whom one would not tell those secrets of which one is ashamed. Paris is a woman in the prime of life to whom one would only tell those secrets which one desires to have repeated. But Berlin is a girl in a pullover, not much powder on her face, Hölderlin in her pocket, thighs like those of Atalanta, an undigested education, a heart which is almost too ready to sympathize, and a breadth of view which charms one's repressions from their poison, and shames one's correctitude. One walks with her among the lights and in the shadows. And after an hour or so one is hand in hand.

Movement and frankness. The maximum irritant for the nerves corrected by the maximum sedative. Berlin stimulates like arsenic, and then, when one's nerves are all ajingle, she comes with her hot milk of human kindness; and, in the end, for an hour and a half, one is able, gratefully, to go to sleep.

(From *Querschnitt*, Berlin)

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Ambassador Dawes

Out of the American Middle West Came a Young Lawyer Who Was to Be Successively Industrialist, Banker, Financier, Statesman, Vice President, and Representative of His Country at the British Court

By Drew Pearson

Foreign Editor of the *United States Daily*

Written Especially for The Living Age

There were once Three Musketeers who came out of the Middle West where they had played and worked and grown famous together. One of them became a great industrialist and the governor of his state; another became the generalissimo of the army of his country; and the third became the vice president of the United States.

The last-named individual was a small, wiry person through whose character ran the true Dumas traits of intense loyalty, tempestuousness, and nerve—opportunism, contradictoriness, and love of the limelight. To the outside world, these last three characteristics appeared to dominate. To those who knew this man, however, it was the first quality—loyalty—which outweighed all the others.

The friendship of the three began when Charles G. Dawes, a young lawyer with nothing much to do but wait for clients in Lincoln, Nebraska, spent most of his time with John J. Pershing, then taking life very seriously as instructor of cadets at the state university.

The friendship was extended and ripened when young Dawes returned to Illinois to develop as his best friend and partner in storming Chicago society Frank O. Lowden, also struggling to launch a law practice. Both were enthusiastic members of the Illinois National Guard and Lieutenant Pershing frequently dropped in to visit them on the pretext of giving military advice, but actually with nothing more professional than friendship as his motive.

Wide World

Charles Gates Dawes

New American Ambassador to the Court of Saint James, whose career, from his youth spent with Pershing and Lowden in the Middle West to his present appointment in London, is sketched in the accompanying article.

One other character influenced this friendship. To the outsider he might appear the Cardinal Richelieu, the villain of the Dumas plot. He was William Jennings Bryan, high priest of Fundamentalism. But, aside from political bugaboos, he was anything but an enemy and at one time had a profound influence upon our youthful hero.

Dawes and Bryan spent a great deal of time together during their early legal days in Nebraska. They even fought out their first case against each other, Bryan representing the Missouri Pacific Railroad, despite his subsequent advocacy of government ownership, and Dawes, later champion of big business, representing the shipper of some horse collars who claimed that he had been overcharged. The amount was $1.27. It is not recorded who won the case.

But Dawes and Bryan did not often get cases of any kind, no matter what the sum at stake, and once, to kill time, Bryan suggested that they stage a public debate on the question of whether a man should be permitted to have more than $100,000.

Dawes dismissed the idea as absurd. Bryan, of course, later changed his own ideas and died a millionaire, but even at this early age young Dawes had very definite views regarding the necessity of wealth.

He was not the son of a poor man. His father, a brigadier general in the Civil War, was a prosperous lumber dealer in Marietta, Ohio. His brother Rufus was in the gas business. His brother Beman was in the gas and oil

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business. His brother Henry was president of the Southwestern Gas and Electric Company. It was not unnatural, therefore, that young Charles should follow them. He borrowed money, acquired a gas plant, and, while Bryan remained an obscure lawyer back in Lincoln, Dawes within a few short years had made what was, for that day and age, a comfortable fortune.

It was through Mark Hanna that Dawes got his first taste of politics. Hanna introduced him to McKinley and persuaded the latter to let the young man — then just turned thirty — manage his campaign in Illinois. This Dawes did with such efficiency and success that McKinley offered him the job of Comptroller of the Currency. Dawes, who had already won some reputation among his friends as an opportunist, jumped at the chance. His friend, Lowden, who was also offered a place in the McKinley administration, turned it down.

After five years in the Treasury, Dawes saw a chance to capitalize his knowledge of finance and the prestige of government office. He went back to Chicago and organized the Central Trust Company, of which he has been president ever since. Dawes first wanted Frank Lowden to become president, but Lowden by that time had married into the Pullman family and was busy organizing the American Radiator Company and becoming one of the great industrialists of the Middle West. However, Lowden lent Dawes much of the money with which he started his enterprise, persuaded several of his friends to come in on it, and became a director himself. His friendly help did not go unrewarded. The Central Trust Company is now one of the most powerful and profitable institutions in the Middle West.

BY THE time Dawes was forty-five years old he had accumulated as much money as he would ever need and was a respected citizen of Chicago. This was as far as he had gone. Aside from five years in what was not a very important office in Washington, he had satisfied none of his ambition for public office, and outside the state of Illinois he was relatively unknown.

Meanwhile, his old friend Bryan had jumped overnight from a musty law office in Nebraska to the Democratic nomination for the presidency — all because of an oration which took a jaded and deadlocked political convention by storm.

Bryan's sudden rise and the instrument of its achievement were not lost upon Dawes. He recognized that what appeared to most people as a spontaneous burst of oratory had probably been prepared by Bryan for weeks. The 'Cross of Gold' speech, Dawes' friends believe, marked a very real turning point in his life and was the inspiration for the 'Hell and Maria' outbursts and the Senate scolding which later put Dawes on the front pages throughout the country.

American entrance into the War found Dawes anxious to carry on the traditions of his Civil War father and of William Dawes, who accompanied Paul Revere. His manner of riding to war, however, was not that of his famous ancestor. Dawes rode to his first army post at Atlanta, Georgia, in a luxurious private car, and continued to live in it at his own expense while carrying out the duties of a major of engineers.

DAWES may have been a good soldier, but his friendship with Pershing robbed him of all credit for it. During the later months of the War, however, Dawes performed a service of which he may well be proud. Pershing wanted a man who could take over the buying of supplies for the entire Army. Each branch of the Army had been buying against the other. Their competition was boosting prices and, after they got the material, part of it would lie idle in warehouses. Pershing asked one of the 'Musketeers,' Lowden, to take the job. Lowden, however, urged the appointment of Dawes, and the latter, always the opportunist, jumped at the chance.

The job was one for which Dawes was peculiarly fitted. He stormed and he coaxed, he charmed and he bullied, and in the end he brought order out of chaos and saved millions for the country.

Returning to the United States, Dawes found a hostile Republican committee trying to pick holes in the Democratic management of the War. Dawes, a good Republican, was called to the witness stand to aid in the attack. No theatrical producer ever timed his climax more adroitly. Dawes let the committee members prod him and poke him with trivial questions until they had put themselves in the position of schoolboy inquisitors. Then he burst forth in his famous 'Hell and Maria' speech.

Walking up and down the room, waving his fists under the noses of the Committee, the returned Procurement Chief told them that the American Army had been winning a war, not keeping books. 'Can't you understand that men were dying under shot and shell?' he exploded. 'When we got a call for a carload of ether for the field hospitals, do you think we stopped to put it down in the right column of the proper ledger? Hell and Maria, no — we shot it along!'

It was a touch of the Bryan mixed with the explosive eloquence common only to Dawes. It withered the Committee and it trade-marked Dawes permanently for the American public. Henceforth he was 'Hell and Maria' Dawes.

IT WORKED so well that Dawes tried it again when Harding appointed him Director of the Budget. The plan of government expenditure by budget was an innovation, and in order to launch the idea propitiously Dawes called a meeting of all cabinet members. It turned out to be one of the historic events of the Washington year. Vehemently demanding economy, Dawes shook his fist under the chin of every cabinet member present, including the sedate and bewhiskered visage of Charles Evans Hughes. He pranced up and down before them with a broom, demonstrating the thesis that a Navy broom will sweep as well as a War Department broom and that broom-buying must be coördinated.

After all of which, he settled down to the routine of organizing a first-class system of regulating government expenditure, and did it so well that Calvin Coolidge used 'economy' as his campaign slogan.

Dawes probably looks back upon his part in the readjustment of reparations as the most constructive work of his career. Although he has given to Owen D. Young complete credit for the terms of what later became known as the Dawes Plan, it was the Dawes supersalesmanship that put the plan across. His speech upon becoming chairman of the Commission was described by Mr. Young as clarifying the atmosphere of Europe to such degree that without that picturesque salesmanship the plan would have been rejected.

Having worked out a breathing period for Europe, Dawes was obvious vice-presidential timber and his nomination surprised no one except Calvin Coolidge, whose resentment against his running mate increased with the vice-presidential scolding of the Senate and the nap which defeated the confirmation of Charles Beecher Warren, until the two were the most recognized rivals in the capital.

THIS Senate scolding was another piece of studied Dawes stage-play The vice-presidential inauguration is supposed to be a very whispered and surreptitious performance which will not detract from the main show outside. But the Dawes flair for publicity had dictated a speech against Senatorial sloth which he planned and showed to his friends long in advance and which he delivered in his high rasping voice to the

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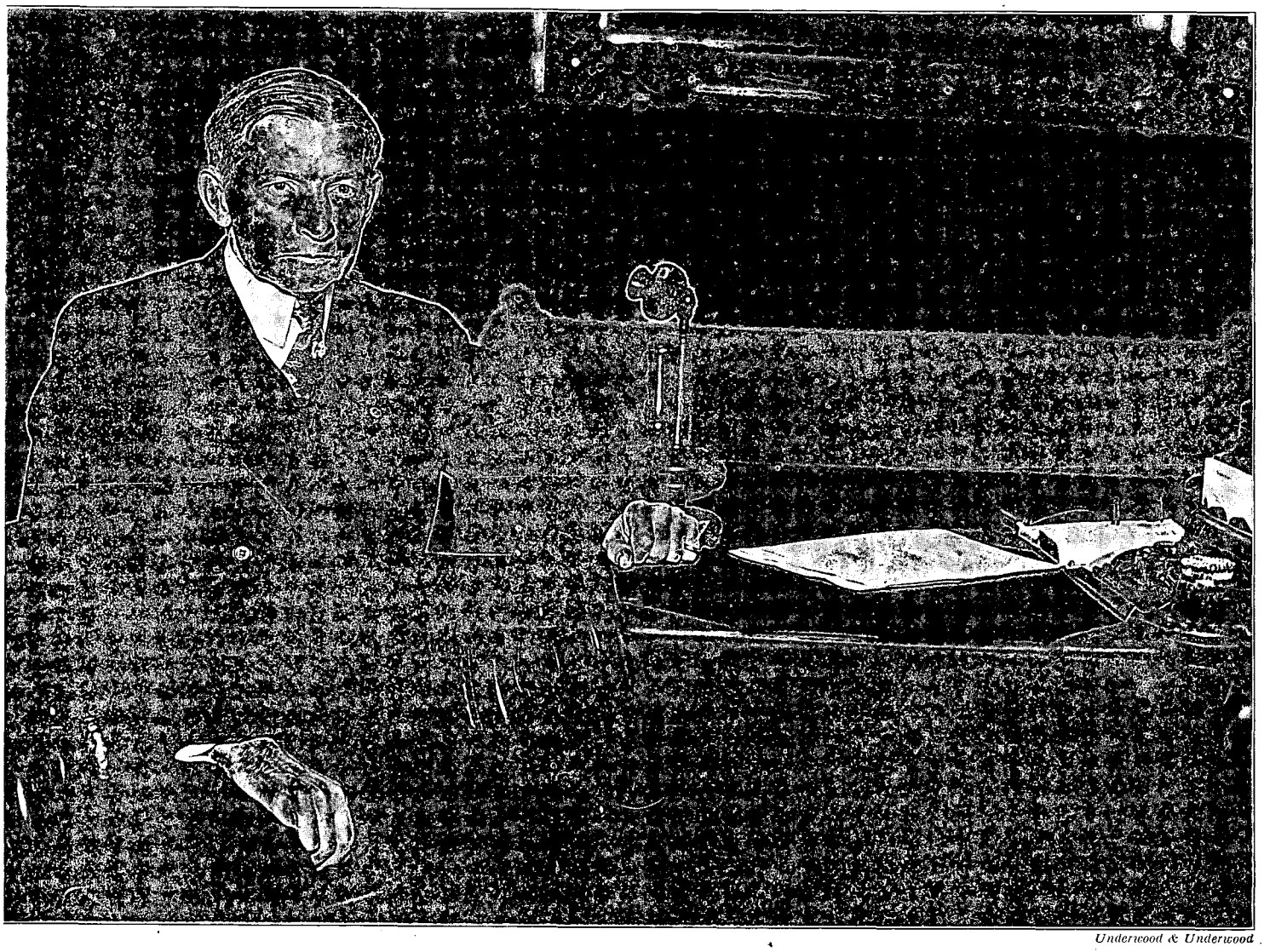

Underwood & Underwood

DAWES AS VICE PRESIDENT

A MAN OF EXPLOSIVE ELOQUENCE, great ability, and startling contradictions — at once charming and uncouth, vain and energetic, hard-headed and artistic of soul.

accompaniment of much arm-waving, gavel-pounding, and the mute amazement of Calvin Coolidge. The speech won him the acute and universal enmity of the Senate, whereupon he proceeded to settle down and become what no other vice president had been in years — a controlling factor in legislation who did not antagonize the Senators. His fairness, his vitality, and his charm made him, before he retired, the most popular man in the capital.

That Dawes was the logical man to defeat Hoover for the Republican nomination eighteen months ago was recognized by every political soothsayer in the country. That he raised not one finger to secure the nomination was due to what his friends consider the transcending quality of his character — loyalty.

Dawes was in a unique and most favorable position. He had the backing of the Middle West. He had voted for the McNary-Haugen Bill and the farmers believed in him. Strange as it may seem, he also had the support of the bankers. Finally, the politicians liked him, and all who did not like Hoover — and there were many — rallied to his support.

BUT they could not budge Dawes. He knew that Frank O. Lowden wanted the nomination. Frank Lowden was the man with whom he had soldiered in the Illinois National Guard. He was the man who had loaned him the money to start his bank. He was the man who had declined Pershing's War-time offer in favor of Dawes. Dawes knew that Lowden wanted the presidential nomination more than he wanted anything else in life, and Dawes stood pat. If he had permitted his friends to begin organizing for him one year before the nomination, his chances would have been as good as Hoover's.

All of which brings our hero up to the present except for the most striking characteristic of all — the contradiction that runs through his entire life.

Here is a man charming and well-bred, and yet homely and uncouth. Here is a man who plays the hurrah-boy, who demands the limelight and gets it by acting, — sometimes by ham-acting, — yet who has the soul of an artist.

Here is a man whose hard-headedness is proverbial, but who has written a play for his two adopted children, who plays the flute and piano, and who has composed music that is performed by Kreisler.

Here is a man who reads Greek literature and *Nize Baby*, the history of the Maya civilization and Snowshoe Al, who is an expert on P. G. Wodehouse and the lost continent of Atlantis.

Here is a man who denounced La Follette as a Red and a menace, who organized the Minute Men of the Constitution to wage war on Union labor, yet who established a chain of charitable hotels for unemployed men.

This is the man who is to amaze and amuse, startle and charm, repel and win Great Britain as the new American Ambassador to the Court of Saint James.

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GOLDSMITH, BOSWELL, AND JOHNSON AT THE CHESHIRE CHEESE
FROM A COPPER ENGRAVING IN THE 'ECLECTIC MAGAZINE'

New Light on Dr. Samuel Johnson

Mrs. Le Noir, Daughter of Christopher Smart, Whose Published Recollections of the Dictator of English Letters Have Long Been Forgotten but Are Now Rediscovered

By Edmund Blunden

Former Professor of English Literature at the University of Tokio

From the *Times*, London Daily

'I OBSERVED,' says Boswell, 'he must have been a bold laugher who would have ventured to tell Dr. Johnson of any of his particularities.' But there is a footnote in modification of this, and few of Boswell's afterthoughts were more attractive: 'I am happy, however, to mention a pleasing instance of his enduring with great gentleness to hear one of his most striking particularities pointed out: — Miss Hunter, a niece of his friend Christopher Smart, when a very young girl, struck by his extraordinary motions, said to him "Pray, Dr. Johnson, why do you make such strange gestures?" — "From bad habit (he replied). Do you, my dear, take care to guard against bad habits." This I was told by the young lady's brother at Margate.'

The immortality of a footnote in Boswell is not an honor to be mislaid without inquiry or foregone in silence, and when he gave the world this sweet picture of innocence prevailing over the great Cham of Literature himself, the circumstantial Boswell fell into a mistake. He named the wrong girl. The real heroine lived long enough to challenge his confusion and to add her other memories of Johnson, but no one (I think) has paid much attention to so deserving a claimant. She was Elizabeth, the younger daughter of Christopher Smart, and later on the wife of a French refugee Captain Le Noir, then teaching his native language at Reading. It was as Mrs Le Noir that she published several books of prose and poetry, containing some allusions to her father's eminent literary companions. Her writings are almost unobtainable, for which reason the lucky owner of some of them should not keep her Johnsoniana to himself.

CHRISTOPHER SMART
FROM AN OLD COPPER ENGRAVING

And first let us clear up the punctilious confusion of Boswell's footnote replying in Mrs. Le Noir's words in her *Miscellaneous Poems*, 1826: —

May the authoress be forgiven the little vanity of correcting a mis-statement of Mr

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Boswell, as it relates wholly to herself? She begs leave to claim the honour of having been the little girl so kindly admonished by Dr. Samuel Johnson, when she took the liberty of asking him the meaning of some of his peculiar gesticulations. There was no such person as the Miss Hunter whom Mr. Boswell substitutes in her place. Mrs. Margaret Hunter, Mr. Smart's eldest sister, had four sons, but never any daughter.

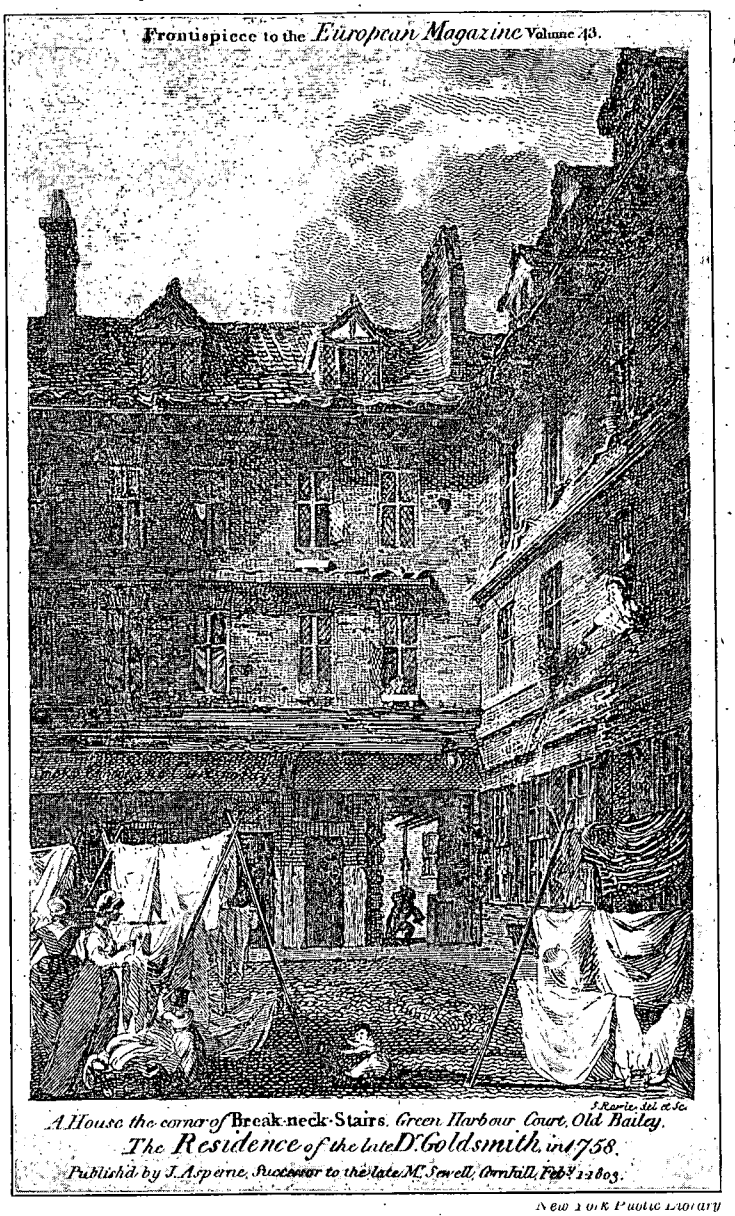
THAT sounds invincible, and gives us a heartiness toward Mrs. Le Noir and anything else she has to say of her early recollections, of which that part alluding to Johnson is hidden away in her novel, *Village Anecdotes*. Therein, describing an unconversational couple, she writes that they were, 'as Dr. S. Johnson used to say, good for nothing in company but to take away the confidence one might have had in their chairs'; in another comparison she recalls that 'Dr. S. Johnson once asked a great man, who complained of his obscurity, "Is it your fault or the author's?"' and in fine she eventually produces a page or two of small talk about Johnson quite worthy of transcription: —

The conversation took another turn, and Mrs. Bosworth, whose memory is well stored with anecdotes of distinguished persons of the last age, entertained us very agreeably. Dr. S. Johnson was upon a footing of intimacy with a lady, a very particular friend of hers, and as every anecdote relative to this extraordinary genius is read with avidity, I shall relate what I can remember.

He once said to this lady, 'My dear, we say of you that you are clever, but that you are a coxcomb.' 'Well,' returned she, 'I think it is a good thing to be a coxcomb.' 'Why, yes, madam, it enlivens insipidity.' 'Well,' she returned, 'and what enlivens insipidity is surely a good thing.'

The Doctor was far from being at all times an agreeable companion; he was subject to long fits of absence and silence, for which the lady above-mentioned would sometimes take the liberty of rallying him: 'Now,' said she, 'instead of studying some abstruse important question, as you would have people believe, you are building foolish castles in the air, and musing to no one purpose; and there is no such thing as getting a word out of you, without quarrelling with you.' 'Everybody quarrels with me, Madam,' was the reply; 'I am a general quarrelling stock.'

Upon the talents of Richardson, they had frequent disputes; Dr. Johnson thought very highly of his merit as an author, and his female friend, either from opposition or taste, had the presumption to dispute it. When *Clarissa Harlowe* first appeared, it was so much the fashion, Mrs. B. says, that you might almost as well have acknowledged your ignorance of the Bible as of that. Her friend used to delight to pull it to pieces to the Doctor. She once told him that no man who was not nervous could ever have written it. 'No, Madam,' he replied, 'nor any man that was so either, except Richardson.' 'Were I to take Clarissa for a rule of conduct,' said the lady, 'it should be to act in every respect directly contrary to what Richardson makes her. Not litigate with my papa, indeed! I would have litigated with him under such circumstances.' 'Well, Madam,' returned he, 'and if you had had such a father as Clarissa, I don't know but you might have been right.'


Frontispiece to the European Magazine Volume 43.
A House the corner of Break-neck-Stairs, Green Harbour Court, Old Bailey.
The Residence of the late D.r Goldsmith, in 1758.
Published by J. Asperne, Successor to the late M.r Sewell, Cornhill, Feb.y 1.st 1803.
New York Public Library

ONE OF THE HOUSES WHERE OLIVER GOLDSMITH LIVED

FROM A COPPER ENGRAVING IN THE 'EUROPEAN MAGAZINE'

THE children of Christopher Smart had better opportunities for knowing the ways of Goldsmith than those of Johnson, since both Smart and Goldsmith were at one time lodging in neighboring rooms of Canonbury House at Islington.

This celebrated piece of antiquity, with its memories of Bacon and Raleigh, appears in the writings of Mrs. Le Noir, attired in the kindly hues of early intimacy; indeed, it is one of her principal themes for poetry. She revisits it as it had been, and complains of the alterations so frequent even before our devastating period; but let us rather share her retrospect than her lament: —

There Goldsmith thought and wrote at ease,
And there *we* play'd about his knees:
Ah! still in fancy's eyes are seen
The stately elms that form'd its screen;
Where my good grandsire, lov'd, caress'd,
Watch'd the old magpye build her nest,
Or mark'd, in distance just described;
The small, white vessels smoothly glide,
As hills half veiled in æther blue
Pointed old Thames's course to view.

The good grandsire was John Newbery, the beloved philanthropic bookseller. And the mention of Goldsmith calls forth from the poetess a note so gracefully clear and affectionate that it would be mere barbarity to attempt any paraphrase.

TAKING up the popular notion that Goldsmith once lived 'at the Tower of Canbury House, which they dignify with the title of Canonbury Castle,' Mrs. Le Noir, in her valuable, plain fashion proceeds: —

He never lodged there; but in part of the main building to which this tower in Sir John Spencer's time was porter's lodge. These apartments were for many years tenanted by a Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, to whom their daughter succeeded and continued to let it out in lodgings. Of her, Mr. John Newbery, of benevolent memory, the original *Ami Des Enfants*, and well known for his liberal patronage of indigent authors, for many years rented apartments; Christopher Smart, who married his daughter-in-law, occasionally occupied them, and here his two daughters, of whom the writer of this note is the youngest, were born and spent their infancy under the care of Mrs. Fleming. Dr. Goldsmith was then employed as an author by Mr. Newbery, and lodged and boarded with Mrs. Fleming. The authoress well remembers his room, which was on the same floor with that where she and her sister had their play-place; his notice of them, and amusing himself with putting them questions and riddles; her own pertinacious insisting that a pound of lead was heavier than a pound of feathers, and so on. She is inclined to think the doctor was then writing the *Citizen of the World*, as a Chinese novel, whence he probably took his ideas of the manners of that people, remained a relic in the hands of his landlady. . . .

Mrs. Fleming often used to say that it was Dr. Goldsmith who for reasons not very clear to her, had added Canon to the name of the house, which in the lease she held of the noble family of Northampton, was written Canbury, and previously so called. The doctor was of temperate

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habits; he usually laid late in bed, pen and ink by his side, in readiness for the effusions of his fancy. His slight dinner with Mrs. Fleming was speedily dispatched, when he would rise from table, saying that he left her like an Eastern Princess to eat by herself. He sometimes in the evening would play with her at cribbage or piquet, and be very impatient if beaten. Once after losing 15 games running he rose in a pet, crying out that with his knowledge of the game to be beaten by a fool was insupportable. She was, however, no fool, but a woman of good sense and some reading. When risen to eminence he did not forget her; he would call upon her occasionally, and has sometimes met there the authoress, who was very fond of spending now and then a little time with her old friend at her birthplace. He would lend her books. At the time that he had chambers in the Temple, and that his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* had been successful, he came to his old lodgings with an order to admit the party he found there, to the representation, which was thankfully accepted. The authoress was of the number; she recalls it with pleasure, as, likewise, his skipping across the large old-fashioned oaken wainscoted parlour to snatch up a book that lay on the window seat: it was a quarto edition of her father's poems. Opening it at the poem of the 'Mowers,' he read aloud: —

'Strong labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale,'

adding, 'There is not a man now living who could write such a line.'

MRS. LE NOIR was not lacking in proud recollection of her father, as her title-pages with the honorable expressiveness of a departed time indicate, that of the *Village Anecdotes* announcing the work as 'respectfully inscribed to Dr. Charles Burney, Sen. The steady, affectionate, and much esteemed Friend of her late Father, Christopher Smart, A.M., of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.' But she would have recoiled in astonishment from Browning's resplendent parleying with Smart on the miracle of *The Song to David*, and, though her taste would have rejoiced in the facsimile reprint of that triumph-song lately executed by the Clarendon Press, she could hardly have refrained from disbelief on hearing that a copy of the original edition of the poem was sold at public auction for almost £900. In her *Miscellaneous Poems* of 1826, by way of introducing a brief selection from her father's religious verses in company with some of her own she says what she thinks of Smart's *Psalms*, published in 1765, and of the *Song to David*, which was there naturally printed as the grand chorus to the work. 'These Psalms are far from being among the best of Smart's works, and it is probable that few readers would labour through their thick shade to the flowers they precede and conceal. The authoress, though his daughter, had not been induced to do so, but for the interest excited concerning the *Song to David*, supposed to have been lost, and probably owing its celebrity to that idea, and to the marvellous story attached to it. It is the last poem in this quarto volume, and consists of 86 stanzas, of six lines each, regularly planned and connected; the notion that such a performance was indented with a key on the wainscot of a room is too absurd for a serious refutation.

'The Poem contains some fine lines, but all a daughter's partiality could not lead the writer of this to admire it, nor all her pains, after many perusals, discover the beauties with which, when supposed lost, it was so liberally endowed. Of the hymns here selected, she has a different opinion, conceiving that they possess so much originality, ardent piety, and true poetic fire, as cannot but render them acceptable to readers of taste and sentiment.' Eight of Smart's hymns are then reprinted, yet with the suppressions and modifications considered needful by this lady who could not find the beauties in the *Song to David*. This inability is a little strange, when we reflect that her own literary qualities are in their degree akin to those that characterize her father's attainments — a fresh delight in nature such as instantly fastens upon unusual objects and scenes, the poetic use of homely yet vital words, and both melody and fine rhythm. It is not intended by these terms that much shall be expected from her verse at every line. Her merits are quite occasional, a tint or tone here and there, the very violets of Parnassus' hedges: —

'And with true Virgin sweetness fraught,
Hid, like the violet, to be sought.'

Her narratives, for 'novels' seems scarcely the proper description, contain pastoral passages sweetly hung with woodbine and jessamine, haunted with the flute of the wayfarer and the song of the nightingale, such as might have won favor from the writer of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and equally they are stored with strongly conceived common-sense dialogue, portrayal of character, and antithesis in human affairs suggesting that Mrs. Le Noir had modeled her judgment on Dr. Johnson's in the early days when she sat musing on his 'shaking his head, and rolling himself about in a strange ridiculous manner.'

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DR. JOHNSON RESCUING OLIVER GOLDSMITH FROM HIS LANDLADY
FROM AN OLD COPPER ENGRAVING

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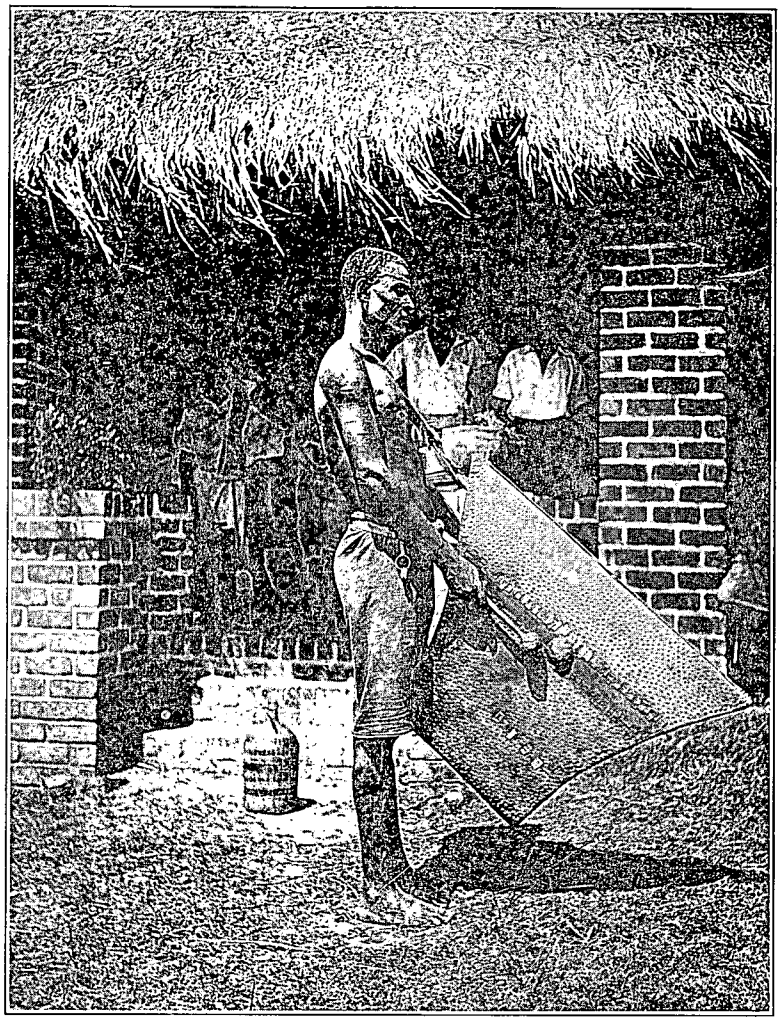

A Drummer in the Belgian Congo

The *madimba*, famous instrument of the African negroes, with which they communicate rapidly and at great distances through the forest.

Oroc

Africa's 'Heart of Darkness' To-day

A Trip North from Cape Town to the Headwaters of the Congo and Down Its Tortuous Course through the Belgian Congo to the Fever-Stricken West Coast at Matadi

By Lawrence G. Green

From the *Empire Review*, London Monthly

African travel is so easy nowadays that it is difficult to step beyond the influence of tourist agencies. The *safari* is giving way to motor cars. North Africa is fashionable. East Africa offers luxury in 'the blue.' Every corner of South Africa may be visited without hardship. Even the sinister West Coast and its hinterland may be explored in moderate comfort.

In my search for a route still primitive enough to be interesting, I turned to that dark purple mass on the map of Africa, the Belgian Congo. I was instantly rewarded. Pretty folders describing the exotic charm of the country which Conrad called 'Heart of Darkness' are not yet to be found in the offices of travel agents. One famous agency, indeed, warned me that a journey from Cape Town to the Congo mouth would be 'far from easy or comfortable.' No ordinary tourist, as far as they knew, had ever gone that way. They could not help me.

Letters from British vice consuls in the Congo now began to reach me. They advised me that, with luck, I should be able to get through without long delay anywhere if I started before the rainy season. There was a promise of adventure. A country in which you may or may not 'get through' must certainly lie far from the track of the globe-trotter. Late in June I boarded the train that leaves Cape Town twice a week on the longest railway journey in Africa.

For nearly three thousand miles this train carries you northward. Through the vines and orchards of the Paarl. Across the brown wastes of the Karroo and Bechuanaland. Past gray clouds against a crawling line of fire — the 'sounding smoke' of the Victoria Falls at dawn. Still northward through the bush of Northern Rhodesia. Beyond the last British outpost at Ndola. On the fifth evening you reach the Belgian frontier station of Sakania, where you must leave the clean Rhodesian train and take your seat in the grimy *Chemin de Fer du Katanga*.

Compartments in the Belgian train were furnished richly with curtains and tapestried walls. The wash basins were so small that a ham-fisted man could not have washed both hands at once. Above my seat I found a notice in French and Flemish: —

In this country the mosquito is the chief enemy. Have you taken your quinine to-day? If not, do so now. Beware of the tsetse fly!

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R. Partridge

AFRICA FROM THE EQUATOR SOUTH

SHOWING THE RICH interior through which the author of the accompanying article traveled.

Very soon I discovered a danger greater than mosquito or tsetse. All trains in the Congo are driven by fearless black maniacs. They rattle through the forest, taking steep descents and rickety bridges without slackening speed. Rocket-bursts of sparks from the wood-burning locomotives send the monkeys gibbering back to their trees. When the line was first opened, the engine drivers were white men. They drank so much that natives had to be found to take their places. I am not sure, however, that a whiskey-inspired European would not be safer than the sober demons who now control the trains of the Katanga. All night the nerve-shattering scream of the whistle was heard. The vanity of a black driver is such that he will not pass the smallest cluster of huts without this manifestation of the high estate to which he has risen.

In the morning, to my surprise, we reached Elizabethville safely. Here is a young Johannesburg, a copper-mining camp growing into a rich city. A few years before the War, untouched forest covered the plateau where Elizabethville now stands. To-day, the rough tin shacks of the pioneers are seen next to modern cement business houses and pretty villas. It is a town of contrasts and extremes. Bitter, healthy cold in winter. Malaria and blackwater fever in sweltering summer. The death rate among white children is pitifully heavy. Until they are five years old they are carried off by little ailments that would mean nothing in South Africa.

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There is a bewildering Continental flavor about this Belgian settlement in the heart of Africa. At sundown the basket chairs in the street outside my hotel were filled with people shouting *garçon!* and demanding *sirops*, cocktails, and beer. Magnificent Alsatians roamed among the drinkers. A Handley Page aëroplane, flying low, awoke the town with the droning of its three engines. This beautiful white machine had come from Boma with the European mails, thousands of miles over the rivers of the half-explored Kasai.

Black convicts, chained lightly neck to neck, marched past the hotel with their warders. White people rode in smart little motor cars or on bicycles. Here was a mother pedaling up the road with a baby in a basket on the handlebars. There was a young Belgian with a black and sinister beard, dressed like a hunter, in enormous helmet and riding breeches. The military officers in their white tropical uniforms were sturdy fellows. They are training a black army, just as the French are doing farther north. It may be unwise in the end; but there was no doubting the efficiency of the barefooted regiments which came tramping down the Avenue de l'Étoile in faultless column of route.

A diamond digger sat with me, talking of marvelous finds in the rivers of Angola. His hand trembled as he threw fifteen grains of quinine down his throat and chased the bitter tablets with whiskey. Two Mauritian half-castes and a Cape colored man were drinking wine. In the Congo, colored men are equal to the white man and may sit at table with him.

Like many mining centres, Elizabethville has to live largely out of tins and bottles. Fruit and vegetables do not thrive. We were sated with tough meat at every meal, but beyond that there was little fresh food. So the grocers keep good stocks of delicacies pleasing to Belgian palates — such things as Russian caviare, tinned trout, *pâté de foie gras*, and *petits pois*. Greatest of all luxuries were iced oysters sent from Cape Town.

Every mansion and villa in Elizabethville has an immense ant heap in the garden. These grotesque red mounds are put to all sorts of strange uses. Telegraph poles and electric light standards are planted in them. Some people burrow into their ant heaps and turn them into store rooms and garages. Others build summer houses on them. Ant heaps may be used as ovens. Sometimes the ants return. There is a story that a man lost most of his motor car in this way. The ant is Africa's most voracious insect.

Elizabethville may be reached from Europe by a variety of routes. Cases of goods outside the stores bear the marks of Cape Town, Dâr-es-Salaam, and Beira. A new railway, one of the most important in Africa, is crawling up very surely from Lobito Bay; already passengers are traveling to the railhead by motor lorry. I am taking the Congo route to Europe — four stretches of railway and three of river. Once more I am in the hands of the fearless negroes of the footplate, jolting over the Manhika tableland to Bukama. A night and half a day of this breathless travel, and the majestic scene that I have been picturing for weeks slides into view — the gleaming ribbon of the upper Congo. Here where the river moves slowly past the tin houses of Bukama it is called the Lualaba; but it is the same romantic river of Stanley, Burton, Livingstone, and Conrad. My steamer, the stern-wheeler *Prince Leopold*, lay moored to the bank.

THREE blasts of the siren brought me from my mosquito net at dawn. From Bukama the Lualaba runs almost due north through swamp and plain and palm forest for nearly four hundred miles to the rapids at Kongolo. I doubt whether there is another stretch of river in Africa so rich in life and color.

The last of our cargo of palm-oil casks was coming on board, natives rolling them down the steep river bank and up the gangway. They sang as they worked. A French doctor, bound for Lake Kivu and the Mountains of the Moon to inspect labor for the copper mines, chuckled as he listened to the artless Swahili song: —

> The white man is good!
> The white man is kind!
> The white man is generous!

As the white foreman moved away the words changed: —

> But the work is hard!
> And the pay is small!
> Ai brothers! All together!

The great paddle wheel thrashed the green water, and the *Prince Leopold* was twisting and turning and zigzagging down the river as though pursued by a submarine. There were so many sand banks that it was impossible to follow a straight course for a minute at a time. An hour after leaving Bukama I saw the first crocodile, waiting at a game path to grip its victim by the nose. A lion beating the ground with its tail before springing is a terrifying sight; but the lurking, half-hidden crocodile is one of Africa's sinister and revolting things.

Sometimes the engines stopped, and we groped cautiously round a corner, for there was seldom more than a fathom of water under the shallow hull. The captain was not a sailor, but a man trained on the inland water ways of Belgium. He was very much in the hands of his Ba-Luba quartermasters, who knew every intricate channel along hundreds of miles of river. When the steamer did lift and switchback sensationally over a sand bank it was usually because the channel had altered since the last voyage.

In the gaps between the trees the red backs of sable antelope were seen above the brown grass. There were hundreds of them, and they turned for a second to stare at the noisy steamer before scampering away. Captains of cargo boats on the river will always stop if you care to shoot for the pot; but the *Prince Leopold* was a mail boat, hurrying northward without delay.

OUR chief steward was a man of resource. At every stopping place he hurried down the gangway, accompanied by a kitchen boy. He bartered face powder for eggs with the wife of a trader. Where there were Englishmen he took a bundle of newspapers, and behold! the kitchen boy staggered on board with a fat buck over his shoulders. Months ago he distributed vegetable seeds at native villages, so that he received all the tomatoes and celery, onions and Brussels sprouts he needed. We enjoyed our meals in the breezy *salle à manger*. The pineapple and mango salads were excellent, and I had not yet learned to hate fried bananas and the Congo chicken.

Our first port of call was Kiabo. Just a hot cluster of huts where cargoes are unloaded when the papyrus grass fills the river and makes navigation impossible. Joseph Conrad, who once commanded a Congo river steamer, must have had just such a place as Kiabo in mind when he wrote his *Outpost of Progress*. The sound of our siren brought two pale Belgians out of their grass-roofed shelter. In Conrad's story the climax is reached with that same dramatic sound, but there were no white men alive to answer it.

North of Kiabo we passed the steam pinnace of an officer responsible for the charting of the ever-changing river. It was a narrow forty-foot boat, with a cabin on which the sun struck down pitilessly. There was a tiny deck aft, covered with an awning; but from the intolerable heat there could have been no escape. The officer was a Russian, formerly a captain in the Tsar's navy. His wife was with him in that little boat. Once these exiled aristocrats had a mansion in St. Petersburg.

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LAKE KISALI was crossed next day, a line of massive wooden stakes marking our course. During the rainy season the tributaries of the Lualaba bring floating islands of papyrus down to the lake, and stakes have to be driven into the river bed to check the encroaching masses of grass. But, in spite of all human effort, river steamers are sometimes held up for weeks. By fixing an anchor into the papyrus barrier and heaving in vigorously with the winch, it is sometimes possible to clear a channel and steam through. When the papyrus cannot be torn open, all trade along the river stops.

Each village and trading station offered something new. At one all the little children were paddling canoes as we passed. It was a superbly graceful picture. At another port of call the witch doctors had been busy. Some outbreak of tropical disease had given them the opportunity of plastering the faces of their patients with white mud, the cure for many ills.

Our deck hands seemed to have been recruited from among the most villainous blacks in the Congo. They mingled with the crowd on shore, stole eggs, fruit, anything they could snatch away from the children, and hurried back to the ship with their loot. Often there were pitched battles between our men and the men of the villages. The crew always won, for the security of the steamer was theirs whenever they were outnumbered. They took cover behind the stacks of wood fuel on the lower deck and hurled sticks at their enemies. There was nearly always an organized chorus of curses as we steamed away from a village.

ONE night we had tied up late at a Greek trading station. Out of the darkness of the river bank emerged a thin human column. The leader was a tall figure in khaki. Then a native carrying the white man's rifle. A *machila*, with the canvas awning folded back so that I could see an exhausted woman and a very young, very fragile little girl. Then the long stream of porters with their head burdens — tin boxes, suit cases, packages of food, camp beds, all the necessities of tropical travel. They sank down, utterly exhausted. Only the white man seemed unconscious of the forced marches they had made to reach the river in time to join the steamer. He was a mine manager, rushing a sick wife and a delicate child to the coast before the grip of malaria became a strangle hold.

Every day, in some part of tropical Africa, men and women who have been beaten by the climate are racing with death like that. It is a long-drawn struggle, decided by the stamina of panting blacks, the heat of the merciless sun, and the callous obstruction of the living bush.

Take away the risk of disease, and many of the river trading stations would not be unpleasant places in which to make a fortune. They all look very much alike. A thatched house with bamboo walls, packing cases as tables, canvas chairs, tattered newspapers, and a pet monkey on the veranda. Bananas as long as your forearm growing in huge bunches outside. Scales for weighing the small brown kernels which are crushed for oil. A store crammed with cloth of every gay pattern likely to appeal to the exacting native taste. Teeming huts of black people. Great dug-out canoes capable of carrying two tons of cargo.

FIVE days on the river, and soon after breakfast we were at Kongolo, with the train for Kindu waiting. There was a fettered native on the platform at the end of my coach on the train. Two black soldiers with fixed bayonets scowled down on him. He had shot two white men dead, wounded many natives, and escaped into the forests. For weeks there had been a reign of terror around Kindu. So five hundred black soldiers came up the river to hunt the murderer. They found him at last, and here he was, with the five hundred soldiers farther down the train in open trucks. A day and a night through the tall trees, and the train ran alongside another river steamer, the *Prince Charles*, at Kindu.

The soldiers marched on board, found room for themselves marvelously on the lower deck, and started singing *La Brabançonne* in perfect tune. The well-built houses of Kindu vanished behind the palms, and we were steaming away down the river to Ponthierville, two hundred miles away.

I had a moment of sadness at the first port of call, for there my friend the French doctor departed. Seventeen days' march through the bush, and few white men on the way. 'No shops, no cinemas, where I go,' he remarked with a grimace. 'And alas! no pretty ladies. I zink, when I return, I shall be negro. I shall sleep in ze trees.'

Well, his microscope and cases of instruments were stacked on the bank. As the steamer left I saw him standing beside them — a portly man in gray helmet and hot tweed suit. A brave spirit though, and one of a gallant company who may some day make tropical Africa fit for the white man.

American Museum of Natural History

BELGIAN CONGO VILLAGE LIFE

A GROUP OF WAX FIGURES and painted backgrounds designed for the American Museum of Natural History to illustrate the life of the natives of the Belgian Congo.

WHEN we arrived at Lokandu, where the troops disembarked, I saw one tall black private hand his pack and rifle to his wife while he returned to the steamer for less warlike belongings. She dropped the whole lot into the river. This carelessness did not escape the notice of the black sergeant major, who had the hawk eyes of his breed. I saw him seize the unfortunate private by the arm, and imagined him to be saying something like this: —

'Yus, you got yer bananas acrorst all right, and yer sugar cane, and the fowls wot yer pinched from them poor devils

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up the river. But here's yer missus gorn and dropped yer ruddy kit into the water. And if yer trust a rifle to a wumman yer're a fine blinking soljer and no damned good to this freezing army!'

Whereupon the private shivered in the hot sunshine, and stood on one leg after the manner of the black man ill at ease.

WAIKA, the next stopping place, was an English Protestant mission. White-clad natives crowded down the stone stairway leading to the river. As the *Prince Charles* slid cautiously alongside, an elderly white lady came down the steps to collect her letters. Her husband, the missionary, was away in the bush, finishing part of his life's work, a Kiswaheli dictionary. This old lady was alone at the mission, keeping things going, ruling all these savages by strong and kindly personality. I looked round the fruit gardens with their clipped hedges. The air was sharp with the scent of ripe lemons. A corner of England in Africa. Think what you will of missionary methods, you cannot but admire the courage of these old people, doing their duty as they see it, year after year, in this grim land.

At sundown on the second day we reached Ponthierville, with a journey in another of Africa's crazy railways ahead. There are eighty miles of rapids, the famous Stanley Falls, between Ponthierville and Stanleyville. A tiny train, so roughly finished that it appeared to have been made on the spot, covered the distance in eight hours. Some of the coaches had canvas pouches in which a naval seaman or music-hall gymnast might have slept. Others had narrow cane seats. There was no bedding, and jaded curtains divided male from female in the carelessly inadequate fashion of the country. An eccentric in search of a wash would have been disappointed. Though we crossed the Equator during the night, not even drinking water was provided.

So we clattered away into the darkness, and at six in the morning, unwashed and unrefreshed, reached Stanleyville and the great central water way of the Congo. Stanleyville is not the largest town in the Belgian Congo, but it is by far the most beautiful, and worthy of the explorer. A terrace of palms and mangoes lines the right bank of the river. Behind them are yellow houses and white houses, new brick and cement offices, and large stores. The water front is the busiest street. Great paddle-wheel steamers come up the river from Kinshasa on Stanley Pool, a thousand miles away. Lofty passenger boats with three decks and white-painted cabins—*Michelin*, *Tabora*, and the old *Kigoma* which was once in service on the Mississippi. Smaller and dirtier cargo boats with strings of barges astern. Hundreds of canoes, some with grass roofs under which black people are born, and live, and die.

ALONG the water front there is a double-storied house with a wide balcony looking down on a garden of oil palms. The British vice consul, who knew what the food at my hotel was like, took me to dinner there. It had been the residence of the King's representatives for many years. As we lounged on the balcony after dinner, smoking and looking at the moths and bats, the vice consul suddenly turned to me and said, 'Roger Casement lived in this house.'

Somehow I should not care to live in that old house at Stanleyville. I should be afraid that one night a phantom would come swinging up the garden pathway—a lean phantom man followed by two ghostly bulldogs and a shadowy native; Casement as Conrad saw him. 'There is a touch of the *conquistador* in him,' wrote Conrad. And *conquistadores* do not sleep easily. . . .

The *Michelin*, largest stern-wheeler on the Congo, started downstream in the morning. Flags dipped in farewell. Every veranda along the water front was crowded with wistful, waving people. The *Michelin* was the connecting link with the Belgian mail steamer at Matadi; many lucky ones returning to Antwerp were on board. She was a ship of bananas. On the bridge hung an enormous ripening bunch from which the captain plucked and devoured whenever the intricacies of Congo navigation allowed him a moment. There were bananas a foot long outside the steward's cabin. Every passenger had a bunch. We had raw bananas in the salad, fried bananas at lunch, and more plain and ungarnished bananas at dinner. Our passage down the Congo was marked by a trail of banana skins.

DURING the eight days' voyage the true width of the Congo was never seen. Thousands of islands and sand banks, with narrow shifting channels between, kept the captain on the bridge from dawn until we tied up late at night. Mile after mile of palm and creeper, vine and mangrove, fern and thick green bush, as the *Michelin* splashed down the river. Just before dinner one night we ran aground. Judging by the shudder and sudden stop, we were not merely resting on a sand bank. The *Michelin* was hard and fast. Violent efforts with the paddle wheel merely resulted in the stern swinging away from the shore a little. Our engines raced ahead, astern, ahead, astern. In the bows a searchlight had been placed so that the hard-worked engineer and his natives were seen at the winch in a smother of escaping steam. An anchor with a wire hawser had been laid out in the approved manner, according to all manuals of seamanship. Now our optimists were heaving in the taut wire and hoping that the ship would move before the anchor dragged. They were disappointed. We were still alongside a dark and ghostly island, and swarms of very real mosquitoes were singing round our lights. Canoes, unseen before the stranding, appeared from nowhere and carried on a feverish trade in fish, manioc, tobacco, and eggs with our lower-deck passengers. At midnight the captain gave his worn-out crew a rest until early morning. The heat of the forest reached out and covered us in humid waves.

An iron boat went over the side at the first crack of dawn. The paddlers took a thick wire hawser on shore and secured it round a huge tree trunk. The rattle of the winch was heard again. Slowly, very slowly, the wire came in. You can not heave a lightly built river steamer off the sand in a hurry or she may leave her thin keel plates behind. Gradually, the ship moved into the deep water of the channel. The captain ordered his breakfast and began to shave.

On the fifth day we were at Coquilhatville, capital of the Province Equatoriale and halfway house between Stanleyville and Kinshasa. 'Coq,' as everyone calls this pretty river town, lies on both sides of the Equator. There is one villa at least in which the dining room is in the northern hemisphere and the bedroom south of the line.

But it was a dull journey after the life and color of the narrow upper river. I was not sorry when the river widened into the large island-strewn lake known as Stanley Pool. Here was Kinshasa, fast becoming the most important town in West Africa. Here were the agents of ocean steamship companies. I was within a few days of the end of my journey through the Congo; utterly weary of incessant heat and bush and river; yearning for the smell of salt water and a ship that was outward bound.

KINSHASA might have been one of the great cities of Africa. The geographical misfortune which made the Congo impassable for ocean steamers

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above Matadi doomed Kinshasa to the position of a river port instead of the outlet for the trade of a country almost as large as Europe. So there is a narrow gauge railway climbing over the Crystal Mountains for two hundred and fifty miles instead of an inland water way. Kinshasa is growing in spite of the handicap. Many towns in West Africa give you the impression that the white man is a passing figure in a land unfit for white people. Kinshasa is a notable exception. With its three-storied steel hotel, its solid banks and business houses, large showrooms, and gay cafés, Kinshasa is much more than a hastily built outpost of the Tropics.

Sixteen of us in a toy coach on a toy railway — the last railway journey during my five-thousand-mile passage through the Congo. The friendliest train of all. There were officers of the French Colonial Infantry, with anchor badges on their khaki uniforms to show that they served the Republic overseas. Civilians with silver buttons on their white tunics, I found, were administrators of districts somewhere in the dark heart of the French Congo. There was a man with the moustache and pointed beard so valuable to comic artists in England. His girth was immense, and his friends pretended that he was in need of help whenever he moved, and pushed him from seat to seat. There was only one woman — the mother of a dark-eyed, well-behaved little boy who soon revealed himself as a tremendous eater.

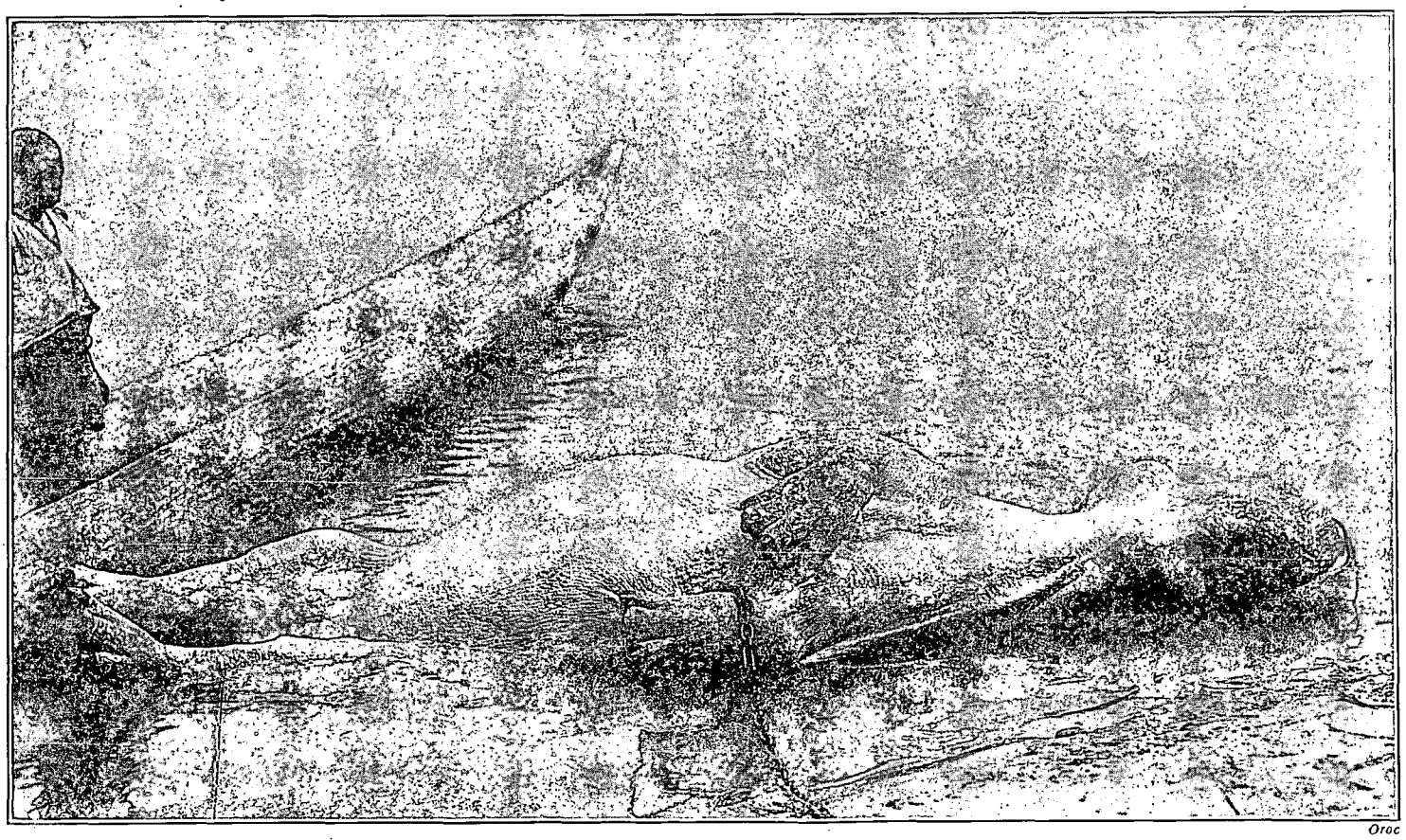
These travelers had good reason for their light-hearted laughter. For three years they had collected taxes, drilled black troops, garrisoned little frontier posts as far north as Lake Chad. They had seen enough sun and palms and sand and they were aching for a glimpse of Paris boulevards. It was early morning when we left Kinshasa.

THE train crawled up to the cool heights of Thysville in the evening. This is one of the health resorts of the Congo, and I slept without a mosquito net — a relief indeed after many nights of suffocation. But at dawn the shrieking of the train whistle awakened me. Coffee, cold sausage, and rolls, and we were all aboard again. Stocks of beer and ice had been replenished. We were in a mood to appreciate the superb scenery of the Crystal Mountains. This barrier of tawny stone runs all the way from the Cameroons to Angola, shutting off the coast from the vast central basin of the Congo. The railway follows the old caravan route which Joseph Conrad described in his own masterly way in *Heart of Darkness*, an almost faithful narrative of personal experience. Chinese laborers were imported to build the line up and down these steep gradients. They say that one Chinaman died for every sleeper laid, and one white engineer for every kilometre of metal.

Sometimes the country is like South Africa, rock-crowned *kopjes* rising out of brown veldt and the blue dome of the sky over everything. Then the train gathers speed, and a bush fire is crackling on each side of the track, filling the carriages with smoke. A moment later we are in the Tropics again, lush greenery of the forest darkening the windows, gaudy butterflies over the mangrove swamps.

It was dark when we reached the enormous gorge through which the Congo finally cuts its way to the sea. There were the lights of Matadi, and, with a sudden grip at my heart, I saw ocean steamers, too. Ocean steamers, with baths and white stewards, soft beds, wide decks where the menacing 'ping-ing-ing-zzz' of the mosquito is not heard. For weeks I had endured hotels without comfort, meals without nourishment, air so hot and clammy that it was without life. That row of porthole lights at Matadi was, to me, a promise of luxury which I was keen to taste after long African travel.

I paid off my black porters and stepped into civilization.



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A DEAD MONSTER FROM THE SWAMPS OF THE CONGO

A HUGE HIPPOPOTAMUS, killed by the natives, is dragged to shore by a huge iron chain; a familiar sight along the rivers of equatorial Africa.

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Letters and the Arts

How Tolstoi Died — Small Quiet on the German Front — French Love and Italian — A Church to Saint Joan in England — Spain's Oppressed Universities — Moscow's 'Red Professors' — Anatole France Speaks Again

How Tolstoi Died

Perhaps because Lenin said that *War and Peace* was the greatest novel ever written, the Soviet authorities have always displayed the utmost zeal in disclosing new episodes in Tolstoi's career. The latest of these efforts takes the form of a collection of all the telegraphic dispatches that were sent from the railway station in the little town of Astapovo where Tolstoi spent a week dying.

At the end of October, 1910, the aged Count had quit his family, fondly believing that his movements were unnoticed, but actually followed closely by the police, who kept his wife in touch with all his activities. He had purchased a ticket to Rostov on the Don River and was traveling there in the company of his friend, Dr. Makovich, when sickness suddenly assailed him during the late afternoon of October 31st, while their train was passing through the village of Astapovo.

The stricken writer was immediately bundled out and the local station master placed his own quarters at the disposal of his distinguished visitor. The police, the Tolstoi family, the Press, the clergy, and the doctors were at once notified, and they all came pouring into the little town. The Countess Tolstoi lived in a private car on a near-by siding and the governor of the province stayed in another. Troops were called out and guns and ammunition were rushed to the scene. The Church refused to pray for him unless he would agree to return to the fold. But, though all the authorities were nervous and hostile, the whole Russian nation was agog and overflowing with sympathy.

Meanwhile, a flood of telegrams was pouring in and out of the little station. These are what compose the bulk of this newly published book, and their laconic style gives a vivid picture of the various states of mind that prevailed in different circles of society. The collection opens with an exchange of messages between local police officials. 'Writer Count Tolstoi on Train 12 sick. Station Master Ozolin gives him room.' Next morning Tolstoi himself wired to a friend, 'Fell sick yesterday. Travelers saw me leaving train in distress. Fear indiscretions. Better to-day. Continuing trip. Take measures. Notify. Nikolaev.' But it soon became clear that 'Nikolaev,' as he signed himself, would never leave the station alive. Here is the way the telegrams describe the rest of his story: 'If aid needed to maintain order, can send police from Lebedyan' — signed by the governor of the neighboring province and sent to the local governor. 'Arrived to-day Astapovo. Count's family here. Another telegram to-morrow. Earnestly solicit prayers' — signed by Father Varsonofi. A journalist transmits this dispatch: 'Dark rainy autumn night harmonizes unpleasantly in souls of all present with anguishing thought, shall Russia's sun set?' The police are more noncommittal: 'Complete calm Astapovo. Population indifferent fate Count Tolstoi. Measures taken.'

As the end approached, messages became more agitated: 'Dangerous heart trouble. Serious.' 'Family awakened. Summoned. Terrible alarm.' 'Heart weakening. Family arriving station. Countess too. Doctors weep.' 'Be ready.' 'Sleeping. Pulse weak.' 'Two-thirty. No news.' 'Three. New alarms.' 'Morphine injections. Sleeping unchanged. Legs warm.' 'Five o'clock. Sudden weakening of heart. Condition extremely dangerous. Fog, wind, police on guard.'

Five minutes later the police official in charge sent a telegram to his chief: 'Tolstoi dead.' The first news of his death, like the first news of his illness, was communicated through the police.

Small Quiet on the German Front

It is a phenomenon characteristic of Germany and perhaps also of France that a mere bundle of printed pages has power to arouse lively popular excitement and spirited controversy. During the last several months, hundreds of thousands of Germans have been hungrily reading *All Quiet on the Western Front* by Erich Maria Remarque. Six printing presses, ten bookbinding machines and sixteen looms have been kept busy. Reviewers have treated the book with generosity. H. G. Wells praised it before the Reichstag, and a Norwegian has proposed that the Nobel peace award be bestowed upon its author.

Press Cliché

Tolstoi at Eighty

Painted in August, 1908, this picture shows the eighty-year-old Tolstoi and his daughter playing a piano duet.

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But in spite of all this deserved acclaim there are, as always, innumerable Lilliputians endeavoring to throttle the literary Gulliver with threads of fantastic gossip. The *Vossische Zeitung*, a liberal daily published by the same firm that brought out the book, discusses an amusing array of fairy tales that idle brains have spun. First comes the category of legends fostered by those who dare not deny that the book has achieved a reputation. This group attempts to prove that Remarque does not exist at all, that he is a mythical person appointed by the Ullstein publishing firm to be 'the Homer of the World War.' They make scathing anti-Semitic references to Ullstein propaganda and scent pernicious Ullstein influence in the tiniest details of the narrative. A contributor to an evangelical publication even attributes the lack of religious sentiment displayed by the soldiers in the book to the atheistic tendencies of the nefarious publishers.

The second group of detractors graciously concedes that the book has an author, but they claim that his name is really Kramer and that out of a capricious desire to Frenchify himself and conceal his Teutonic origin he reversed the letters and changed the ending to produce Remarque. The *Vossische Zeitung* defends Remarque neatly by mentioning a certain Frenchman named Henri Beyle, who deliberately changed his name to the German Stendhal without selling his soul thereby. In disposing of this school of critics, the *Vossische* states flatly that Remarque's name is his own and is that of his ancestors in the Rhineland.

The next bubble is in the nature of a scandal. Someone has announced that Remarque was guilty at one time of writing a book telling how to mix drinks of brandy. This reflection on his morals raised a hue and cry of horror, and a flutter of smug 'I told you so's.' The *Vossische Zeitung* comments ironically that the art of mixing tasty liquors is infinitely preferable to that of concocting poisonous rumors about an innocent individual. Besides, this particular bubble has been effectively pricked by the discovery that the maligned discourse on brandies consisted of a page-long article in a daily paper, written by Remarque in a whimsical mood during his teaching days.

The most preposterous stories of all are those created by persons of military or nationalistic leanings. They refuse to believe that a conscientious defender of the Fatherland could bring himself to describe war so frankly and tell of its devastating effects so accurately. A reader of this ilk has sent a letter to various editors in which he states that Remarque, being middle-aged at the time of the War, was assigned to menial labor such as digging, far behind the firing line. Placed in positions remote from action and from danger, this fictitious Remarque would, of course, have been out of touch with the valorous spirit of young men in the trenches and hence could have no conception of the dauntless devotion that animated them and the spiritual processes working within them. This interesting fable, incidentally, would fix Remarque's age, at the time he wrote the book, as fifty-five.

The last fabrication is indicative of the chauvinistic German reader's reaction to the book. In public meetings, in discussion groups, in clubs of predominantly female membership, supporters of the old order fling denunciations at Remarque, accusing him of 'sowing the dragon's teeth of pacifism,' of poisoning by a treacherous dagger thrust the sensitive soul of German youth.

The *Vossische Zeitung* replies by invoking Remarque himself, his thirty-one years of supple youth, his unimpeachable first-hand knowledge of the trenches and his sure grasp of the fighting man's psychology, which cannot be duplicated in a vacuum even by the most fertile imagination. Remarque's natural reserve and restraint have led him to ignore, wisely and quietly, the shrill accusations of his critics. He has done much to accentuate the difference between the 'peace-minded' section of German public opinion and the vociferous group that still pays lip service to war.

Press Cliché

TOLSTOI IN FOUR LANGUAGES

THE WORKS OF TOLSTOI have been translated into as many languages as the contents of THE LIVING AGE are drawn from. Here are four of them — Chinese and Danish above; Norwegian and Hindostani below.

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French Love and Italian

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY has made the point that the word for 'love' in each European language perfectly expresses the attitude of each nation toward that emotion. '*Amore*' burns with Italian fire; '*Liebe*' drips with German sentimentality; '*amour*' expresses the elegant sensuality of the French; and 'love' expresses nothing whatever. But an Italian editor named Vallecchi has gone into the subject much more deeply and has prepared a list of parallel definitions of '*amore*' and '*amour*,' each of which shows how much nobler a force love is among the hardy Fascists than among the effete boulevardiers of Paris. Since many of his definitions would be quite out of place in a 'family journal' such as this, we can only give a few of them here:

Amore: Sunlight, green fields, seaside. A source of gaiety, joy, energy, enthusiasm.

Amour: Shaded electric lights, dance halls, night clubs. A quest for vice, frenzy, and despair.

Amore: Two lovers kissing each other.

Amour: Two lovers taking cocaine.

Amore: Wine.

Amour: Champagne.

Amore: 'What a nice letter you wrote me.'

Amour: 'How well you dance.'

Amore: Flowers and serenades.

Amour: Thousand franc notes.

Amore: 'I love you.'

Amour: 'I like you.'

A Church to Saint Joan in England

FIVE hundred years after Joan of Arc entered the city of Orléans the British are erecting a church in her memory on English soil. The idea, to be sure, originated with a certain Father Robo who came to England from Brittany fifty years ago and is now parish priest in the Church of St. Polycarps near the village of Farnham in Surrey where the corner stone of the Church of Saint Joan has just been laid.

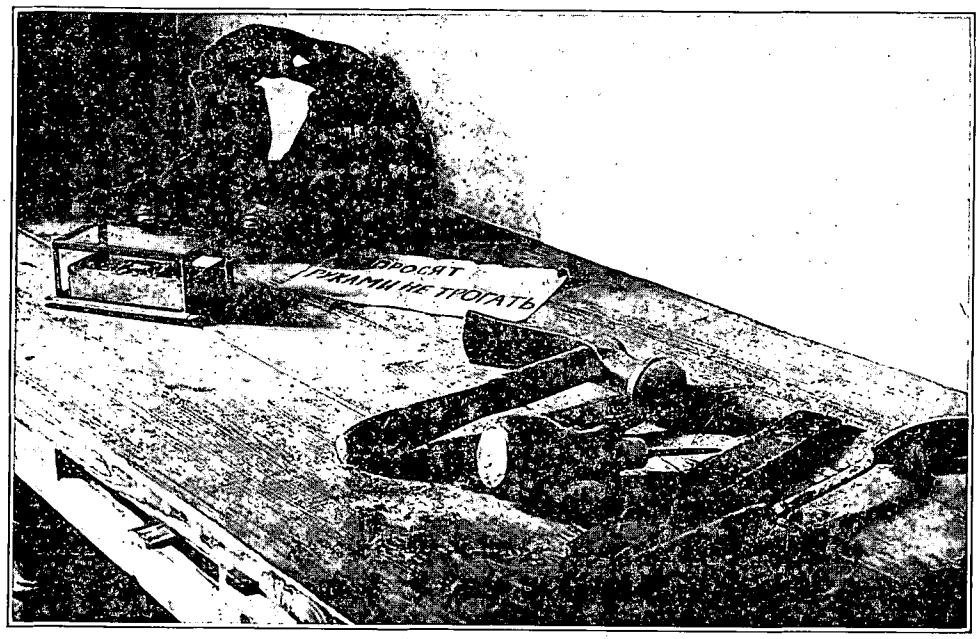
When Mr. Bernard Shaw was solicited for a contribution, he replied with the following characteristic letter: —

'Dear Father Robo: —

'I cannot pay both in meal and malt. I have done my duty to Saint Joan, and if it does not help you very materially to do yours I must have done it very badly. I have lectured on the subject for the benefit of a women's organization (I forget the name), but the publication of my preface put an end to that; I have no more to say. As to collecting boxes and benefits, that is the business of the proprietors and managers of the theatre; not mine. I am only the author.'

But a Quaker who later attempted to make the touch proved more successful. Mr. Shaw said that he was not a member of any denomination, but if he were he would belong to the Society of Friends. 'I cannot refuse,' Mr. Shaw concluded, 'to give an infinitesimal portion of the money I have made out of the Maid toward building a memorial church in her honor in England.' A check for ten guineas was inclosed.

Various descendants of Joan's leading contemporaries also contributed. They included the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Fitzalan, descendants of Lord Talbot who was captured by the Maid's forces near Torbay, and the Duke of Beaufort, who bears the same name as that Cardinal Beaufort who ordered the ashes of Joan to be cast into the Seine. All gave something and all attended the laying of the corner stone. From France came the Bishop of Beauvais, who holds the same position that 'the unjust Judge Cauchon' once occupied. There were also present representatives of all the monastic orders which helped condemn the Maid to the stake, and last but not least Mlle. Chantel de la Flechère, a collateral descendant of Saint Joan herself.



Press Cliché

Tolstoi's Tools and Workbench

The boots in the further left-hand corner were made by the novelist himself.

Spain's Oppressed Universities

THE intellectuals in Spain have begun to turn unanimously against the Dictatorship as the result of Primo de Rivera's suppression of the University of Madrid. Back in March, the Spanish Premier placed before the National Assembly a measure granting to the Catholic universities the privilege of holding examinations within their own walls instead of in the other universities, where official boards hold sway. The examiners were to include two Catholics and one outside professor, with one vote each. Although the Assembly rejected the measure as a reactionary move that threatened all liberal education in Spain, the Dictator promptly issued a decree embodying his plan. Trouble at once broke out and the University of Madrid was officially closed until October, 1930. As a result, students who had planned to take their examinations this spring had to go elsewhere and pay an extra fee.

With characteristic Spanish chivalry, however, the Government did not call upon the female students to expose themselves to the perils of a strange university and allowed them to take their examinations in Madrid. But the girls, with even greater gallantry, refused to take advantage of this dispensation. Several eminent professors resigned their posts and issued manifestoes, while provincial universities, joining the general clamor, were likewise suppressed. Students in Oviedo, Salamanca, and Barcelona have been clapped into jail.

The Government has now adopted a policy of ignoring all protests and suppressing all news bearing upon the university situation. The only information vouchsafed to the public consists of almost daily bulletins written in the Dictator's inimitable style. He has announced that, in his opinion, Spain will suffer no harm if her supply of lawyers and doctors is cut off at the source for a few years, that the universities are inefficient anyway, and that the professors

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are as ignorant as they are lazy. But the faithfulness of the students to their teachers speaks volumes for the popularity higher education enjoys in Spain, especially if one stops to imagine the contrast this country would present were President Hoover to insult our learned men in such terms as Primo de Rivera has employed.

The hostility of the intellectuals to Primo is due to the fact that his measures are bringing the education of the country back into the hands of the priests, where it was before the Board of Development of Studies was founded under the Ministry of Public Instruction in 1907. One of the most interesting creations of this board was the Residencia de Estudiantes in Madrid which aimed to give Spanish students some of the tutorial advantages that Oxford and Cambridge provide. For twenty years this organization has enjoyed the support of the leading scholars in Spain, and women, even more than men, have reaped its advantages, for it offered them a new outlet and did not force them into marriage, the convent, or dependence on their relatives. The recent activities of the Dictator, however, have done much to block the secularization that all Spanish education so conspicuously lacks.

Moscow's 'Red Professors'

NEVER, since its earliest days, has the Soviet Government faltered in its task of promoting a strictly Communist brand of education. It has organized an elaborate network of schools and devised an ingenious system of instruction that applies a touch of red to everything from Mother Goose to metaphysics. And our own authorities have shown as much zeal in exposing these dreadful teachings as the men of Moscow have in spreading them.

So far, however, most of our attention has been devoted to the simple propaganda methods employed in primary and secondary schools and we know less about the fields of higher education — partly, no doubt, because these fields have only recently been developed. Lately, however, three new institutions for advanced Communist research have been established: the Communist Academy, the Institute of Marx and Engels, and the Institute of Red Professors. The Academy runs through some 1,700,000 rubles a year and devotes itself to investigating just what happens when the theories of Marx are applied in the domain of the social sciences. It possesses a library of more than a million volumes and publishes several magazines. Its staff of 126 workers take their duties with a vast seriousness and devote themselves to exposing the sly operations of bourgeois art, science, and literature. A recent lecture, for instance, was entitled 'Bourgeois Tendencies in Architecture and How to Combat Them.'

The Institute of Marx and Engels confines itself to a narrower field and can roughly be compared to our own organizations which are devoted to perpetuating the memory of Roosevelt, Wilson, and Warren Gamaliel Harding. But they order these things better in Russia, where a forty-volume edition of the complete writings of Marx and Engels is now being issued in German. The collection includes many hitherto unpublished letters and unsigned newspaper articles.

The Institute of the Red Professors is really the most interesting group of all. Here five hundred aspiring Communists, all with at least five years of party membership behind them, are learning to instruct university students along approved Communist lines. Their course, which corresponds roughly to our own postgraduate work for a Ph.D. degree, lasts four years, and 194 students have so far survived it. Economics, history, and philosophy are the most popular subjects, for the Institute makes no attempt to turn out specialists in scientific lines. Even conscientious scholarship enjoys no particular distinction, for the aim of the Institute is to guarantee 100-per-cent Marxianism rather than mere exactitude. Some of the most promising scholars are allowed to expose themselves abroad to the perils of capitalistic education, and even in Russia it is hard to find learned men who are as thoroughly imbued with Communist principles as they should be. As a result, heresy has raised its horrid head and several victims of higher Russian education have been chided and even expelled for their perverse adherence to the principles of Mr. Trotski. All of which goes to prove that the more we learn the less we know.

Anatole France Speaks Again

ANATOLE FRANCE, dead now for nearly five years, writes, so to speak, from beyond the grave with at least a little of his old silky irony in a hitherto unpublished preface to a book of fables, *Des histoires pour grands et petits*, by Ariel, which is shortly to be published in France.

'Madame, you ask me to write a preface for these tales of yours . . . That would be neither fitting nor gracious. It would be like putting a classical façade on a flamboyant Gothic chapel. It would be stiff, clumsy, obscure . . . But I see that I protest in vain. You are not listening. You want a preface. You shall be obeyed. For you are not accustomed to taking "No" for an answer.

'First, however, I must know whether you mean these prefatory remarks to be addressed to the little children for whom your tales are written, or to the grown-up children, their fathers and mothers, and all the rest of the family. For really, one can hardly speak in the same terms to both.

'If I were writing for the children, I should say to them: "Little angels, the stories that you are about to hear are from lips from which only pearls and flowers come. She who tells them had the gift from a fairy whom her mother chose as her godmother."

'That is what I should say; not a word more. For children are always in a great hurry; they require simple truths. And the children who open this book will be too clever not to see for themselves the liveliness, the freshness of its pages. They need no announcement, I am sure, to help them understand and love these tales that you have given them.

'And now, madame, since you are accustomed to being blindly obeyed, if you commanded me to write a few lines for the benefit of parents who may read this little book and who will certainly find pleasure and profit in it, this is what I should say to them, in all sincerity: —

'"Mankind in its radiant youth created myths. Man then had a spontaneous love of all nature; he personified everything, put everything into human terms. He gave emotion, voice, intelligence to the drop of water, the feather, the leaf which, to our cold reason, seem inanimate.

'"The poets of those days translated into human speech all the voices of the universe, and composed what we call the fable, which is really the highest of all truths. In ages since, the mass of men have lost that happy faculty, until today it is to be found only in a few privileged beings who are growing steadily more rare. But she who has written this book has that happy faculty, and exercises it naturally, without effort.

'"The simple, clever tales in this collection certify to her gift for creating fables. Everything comes alive in them — the drop of water, the cloud, the sunbeam. They are fables in the full sense of the word; fables like those which arose when the world was young. The only difference between them and the fables of old is that in these there is a higher morality, a purer feeling. Truly naïve little tales, infinitely ingenuous, they contain the symbols of a gentle yet resolute wisdom."'

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The Future of the Automobile

The French Henry Ford Discusses Automobile Production in Its Larger International Aspects

By André Citroën

Translated from the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*, Paris Monthly

WE PRINT here a speech recently made before the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* in Paris by M. André Citroën, the Henry Ford of France. Space considerations have made it necessary for us to omit certain passages devoted to the technicalities of automobile manufacture.

IT WOULD be more appropriate to devote a whole course than a single lecture to the subject of making automobiles, and I have no doubt that M. Gabelle, the distinguished director of the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, will suggest that a chair in this subject be established. Furthermore, I am convinced that the professor who is chosen to conduct this course will have to give at least forty lectures, in the course of which he will examine in detail the entire cycle of automobile manufacture, beginning with the plan of the automobile and going on through the preparations for manufacture, the manufacturing process itself, and the location and organization of the factories. Then he should describe how the various parts are to be made, how the bodies and all the accessories should be constructed, and, finally, how all these units are to be assembled into a finished automobile. Our professor will then examine the sales problem, including foreign and domestic outlets and advertising schedules, as well as the organized service stations which mass production methods make necessary. He would also have to explain to his pupils the economic and social aspects of automobile construction and the influence of increased automobile production on our daily lives. He could draw a fruitful comparison between America, where one person in every four owns an automobile, and Russia, where there is only one automobile for every twenty-one thousand inhabitants.

I shall not attempt to go into the question in the way that I have outlined above, but shall merely indicate the outlines of the problem and give you a few figures, since I have a weakness for certain statistics that seem to me to bear directly on the automobile industry of the future.

We live in a period of extreme protectionism and most countries have erected almost insuperable tariff barriers. Many have established contingent regulations and nearly all nations are bending every effort to develop a national industry, sometimes for economic and social reasons and sometimes from the point of view of national defense. Yet, in spite of all the obstacles that automobile importers have to contend with, we can fairly state that, of the hundred and fifty countries now buying cars, only five are producing them.

International

ANDRÉ CITROËN

THE MAN who has developed the French automobile industry to one of his country's chief sources of revenue. In the accompanying article he discusses some interesting problems of automobile manufacture.

DURING 1927, the United States produced 3,500,000 automobiles, France and England each produced about 200,000, Germany produced 72,000, and Italy, 60,000. From memory I should say that five other countries put together produced 25,000.

Why are there no more countries making automobiles? A comparison of the automobile production of any country with the number of automobiles that that same country uses leads us to the conclusion that, in the five nations mentioned above, annual production varies between 20% and 25% of the number of automobiles in use, except in Italy, where the annual production is 35% or 40%, since Italy does a big exporting business to the East European countries and to South America.

Ever since the automobile was invented, these proportions have remained the same, and they held true twenty years ago in the United States as well as in France and Germany. As a result, it can now be affirmed that if there are only 100,000 automobiles being used in a given country, that country can not consume more than 20,000 automobiles a year. However, as I shall explain to you later, the cost of making only 20,000 automobiles in a single country becomes so high that it is physically impossible for the industrialists in such a country to manufacture their product at a price that will be able to meet foreign competition, even though tariff protection exists.

Furthermore, it is almost impossible to secure skilled labor in such countries. The automobile industry demands all kinds of factory workers. It must have specialists who have been trained for years and there must be technical schools such as can only exist in countries with a great number of factories.

We have already learned from experience what happens when such countries attempt to import foreign experts, whether they are English, French, or American. These experts function well enough in assembling plants where the work is very simple, but they do not succeed in highly specialized factories. The fundamental reason for this failure

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is psychological, for it is very difficult for foreigners to deal with a personnel whose language and mentality they do not understand.

SEVEN of the hundred and fifty consuming countries, besides the five producing countries I have already mentioned, own more than 100,000 automobiles. They are the Argentine, Australia, Brazil, British India, New Zealand, Spain, and Sweden. In all these countries automobile manufacture is out of the question because raw materials and skilled labor are both lacking. Only in Spain and Sweden will any experiments be made in the near future, but, since the former country possesses only 176,000 automobiles and the latter, 108,000, it is a sure thing that the 25,000 annual production we mentioned will be extremely difficult to attain, especially if it is divided among a number of different companies.

Coal and steel are the chief raw materials in automobile manufacture, and the tonnage of coal consumed by a given factory is slightly greater than the steel tonnage of that factory. Therefore, any country that possesses these raw materials, as well as a sufficient quantity of labor, and that wants to develop an automobile business of its own would do well to lower its tariffs as much as possible for a certain period of time in order to stimulate the sale of automobiles and to bring the number of machines in use up to 100,000 or 150,000; for, if this number is not attained, a national automobile industry is impossible. Moreover, there must be at least 100,000 or 150,000 automobiles in use before every city and village can support a service station, and not until such stations are well organized and people know that they can always find one do they decide to buy automobiles themselves.

NOW let us consider the chief factors at work in countries that are making automobiles economically. And at the very start I insist that the two chief requisites for success and for big production are maximum quality and minimum price — in other words, net costs reduced to the minimum.

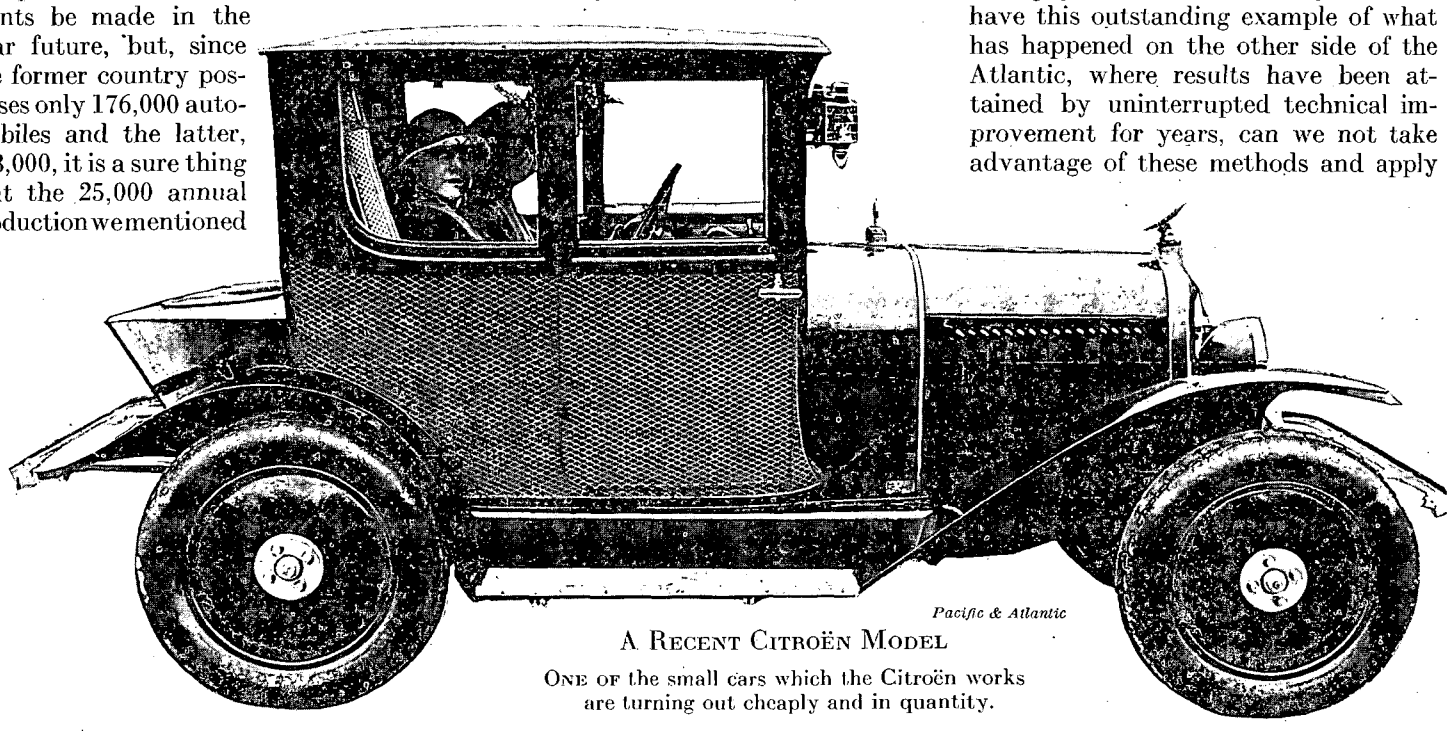
These two factors depend fundamentally on the number of automobiles made, for it is much easier to make a good product if it is being turned out in bulk. It is an exploded theory that anything produced in limited quantities is more carefully made and in consequence superior. Quite the contrary. Intensive mass production necessitates mathematical precision and ultramodern machinery, for all parts must be interchangeable and of standard quality. In fact, quality is a prime necessity if you are selling any product in bulk, for without quality you expose yourself to inevitable catastrophe. Take, for instance, a typical American factory that makes a hundred $5,000 cars a day. Such a factory does $500,000 worth of business a day, or more than $180,000,000 a year. If 3% or 4% of a year's business is put into experimental laboratories, such a factory would be able to spend about $5,500,000 a year.

Now take a typical European factory that makes only two or three hundred cars a year, also selling for $5,000 apiece. Such a factory does $1,500,000 worth of business every twelve months, but even if it put 10% of its gross receipts into experimenting, it would only have $150,000 for that purpose.

Or again, in the United States, it takes 850,000 workmen to produce 12,000 automobiles a day, which makes about seventy worker-days per automobile. Now take France in 1927, when 210,000 workmen made seven hundred automobiles a day, an average of three hundred worker-days per automobile. If we leave out the Citroën factories, the number is even greater, 175,000 workers making three hundred and fifty automobiles a day, an average of five hundred worker-days per automobile. If such methods were followed in the United States, its 850,000 automobile workers would have to be increased tenfold and 8,500,000 people in a country of 100,000,000 would be engaged in this one industry. Since we have this outstanding example of what has happened on the other side of the Atlantic, where results have been attained by uninterrupted technical improvement for years, can we not take advantage of these methods and apply them to the manufacture of automobiles which are much better adapted than American cars to the needs of Europe?

I have tried it successfully and I can also affirm, although many of my colleagues assert the contrary, that French engineers and French laboring men can adapt themselves admirably to American methods and are well able to apply them.

Before turning to the labor problem I should like to conclude my plea for mass production by discussing how we can improve the conditions in Europe, which are so inferior to those prevailing in America. On the other side of the Atlantic, fifteen factories make almost all the automobiles and are now turning out 15,000 cars a day with prospects of 20,000 a day in the near future. Few of these factories average less than four, six, or even eight hundred machines a day. But when we turn to Europe, whether to France, England, Germany, or Italy, we observe that in all these countries, except for one or two factories that go in for mass producton, each



Pacific & Atlantic

A RECENT CITROËN MODEL

ONE OF the small cars which the Citroën works are turning out cheaply and in quantity.

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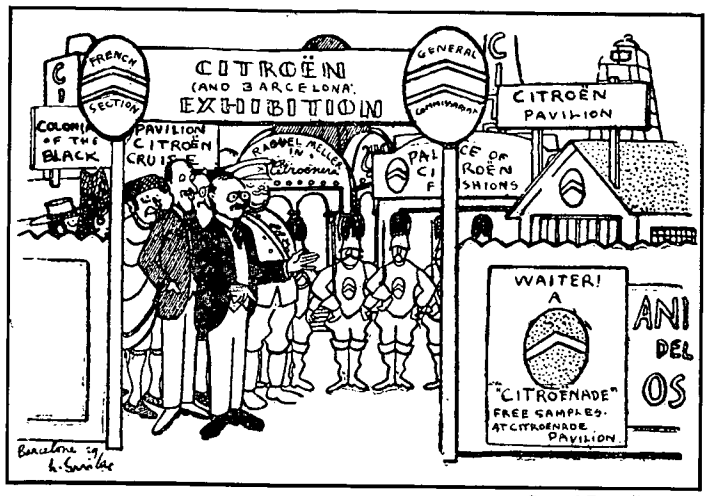
factory makes only one to ten automobiles a day, using archaic methods and selling at very high prices. In England, France, and Germany there are fifty such factories and in Italy about fifteen. I believe that results can be obtained only by intense specialization in each factory. In other words, each factory must not attempt to make too many different models. I even go so far as to add that a Ministry of National Industry should be created to oblige manufacturers to specialize and to assign a special field to each manufacturer in order to avoid wasteful competition. If such a course can not be pursued, I believe that agreements between individual automobile manufacturers must be arranged, but that they can only be fruitful if they are not solely financial or commercial, but industrial. If five or six little factories agreed to coöperate on making a single model, they would certainly lower net costs. But if they all continue to make a variety of models, no improvements will occur.



Canard Enchaîné, Paris

THE CITROËN EXHIBIT AT BARCELONA

PROVOKES THE JIBES of a Paris caricaturist. M. Citroën himself is hawking his wares at the entrance to the exhibit.

IN 1919, when I announced that my factories were going to make a hundred automobiles of the same model every day, whereas, before the War, the entire production of France had scarcely attained that figure, I found myself surrounded by skeptics. Some of these people said to me: 'Perhaps you will be able to make them, but you will never be able to sell them.' But my factories are now making five hundred automobiles a day, and soon expect to make a thousand.

How did we achieve such results? I have already said that the output of any country is about 20% to 25% of the number of automobiles in actual use. Everyone realizes that the automobile is absolutely indispensable to present living conditions. There are few ten-year-old children who cannot recognize the different makes of automobiles by their radiator caps or hoods. There are scarcely any boys of fifteen who are not dreaming of the day when they will possess automobiles of their own. There is scarcely a doctor, commercial traveler, or inhabitant of the countryside who is not aware of the importance of owning an automobile. I may also say that this change in public opinion, this desire for automobiles, this knowledge of the advantages an automobile brings are largely the result of ceaseless advertising and publicity.

In spreading this propaganda the automobile manufacturers have had to build up a vast organization. They have had to go in for electric-light signs, automobile advertising, billboards, methodical sales stimulation, and expositions and fairs that attract crowds and arouse interest. Some of this has cost us money, but we have also enjoyed free publicity. For example, the many hundred thousand automobiles on our roads in themselves create the desire to possess a car.

A GREAT many of our automobiles have been sold abroad, where we face a different problem, for there we have had to compete with American firms on an even footing. We are, however, happy to announce that in spite of the difference in production costs our sales efforts have succeeded. The French motor car makes an appeal by reason of its finish, its grace, and its low upkeep costs. The number of our automobiles sold abroad is constantly increasing, and, although we are far from equaling American sales, we are gaining all the time, and the day will come when a large percentage of all cars sold in foreign countries will be French.

How many cars can we eventually sell? Can we look forward to infinite increases as the United States is doing? Will the day come when there will be one automobile to every five people in France? We are indeed far from having attained that figure. But I should like to make one more point before I close, and bring out emphatically the relation between workmen's salaries and the price of automobiles. In the United States an automobile costs sixty days' pay, whereas, in France, the same machine costs three or four hundred days' pay. But by dint of improved mechanism, more intensified production, and the elimination of unproductive work, we shall lower our production costs and at the same time increase the pay of our workers so as to permit an even greater number of them to buy automobiles. The leading figures in the American automobile industry have understood this fact and so have the American workers who credit their employers with a professional conscience and, therefore, lend them their best efforts. And I believe that France can achieve the same results by raising salaries.

When I speak of higher salaries, I do not mean that an increase over present salaries alone would suffice. This would be an illusory gain. For instance, we should not for a moment be justified in thinking that, were salaries all over the country to be doubled overnight, the standard of living would thereby automatically be increased. On the contrary, the result would be simply that the cost of production of manufactured articles would be doubled also, so that the worker would be able to purchase no more than he now can. As a matter of actual fact, his purchasing power would be even less, for incidental expenses and taxes would increase proportionately, and he would therefore be worse off than he is at present.

A TRUE definition of a policy of high wages is a policy of scientific workmanship that does away with unproductive labor, a policy of close attention to one's job that eliminates the necessity for overseers. Although a lay visitor to the modern Citroën factories might get the impression that the work is highly efficient, it would be easy enough for the same number of workers to produce twice as many cars if they could be organized in the ways I have suggested. And under such conditions double wages would enable them to buy goods whose production costs would not be increased.

Contrary to what one might think, raised salaries would permit the workers to enjoy a better standard of living both for themselves and for their families and to increase their dignity and raise their moral values. In this way they would become more conscientious and, in the form of better work and closer coöperation, they would give their employer the reward for which he has so patiently labored.

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As Others See Us

American Policies, Politics, and People in the Searchlight of Foreign Criticism

A German Forerunner of the English-Speaking Union

The Hon. W. A. Holman, former Premier of New South Wales in Australia, has written an article in the Tory *National Review* in which he draws a comparison between the present efforts to effect a union of English-speaking nations and the evolution of the German-speaking countries in Europe. 'Much of the argument in favor of an English-speaking union,' he says, 'is based on the idea that it would be a good thing for a Briton if he were an American.'

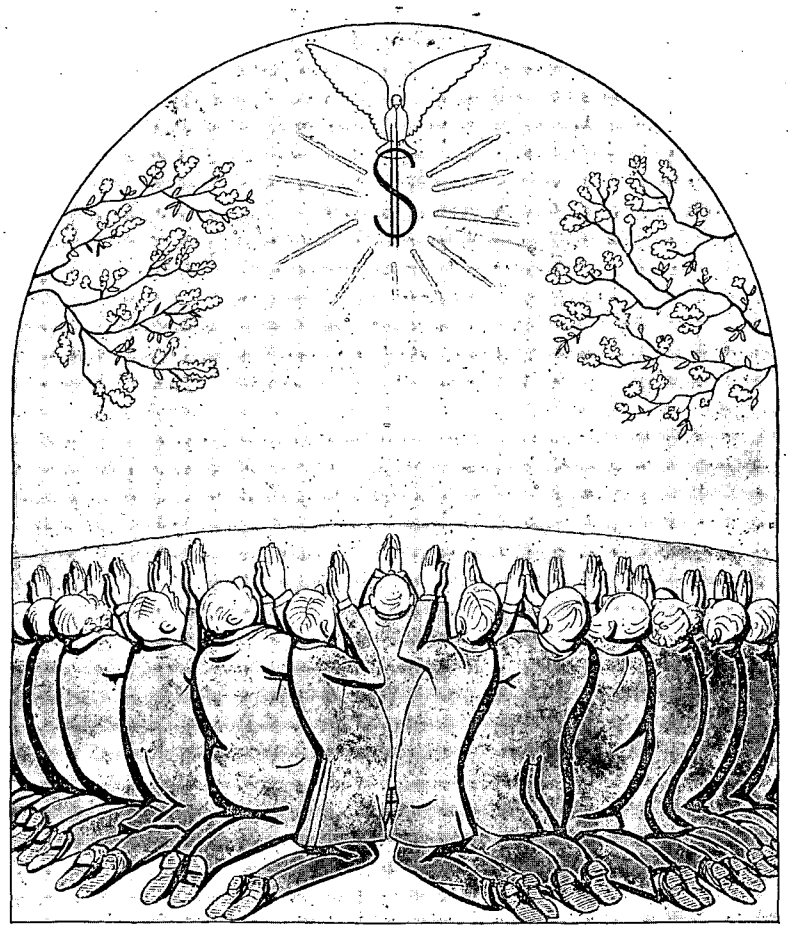
Armed with this premise, he proceeds to shock his readers still further by drawing their attention back to the close of the Thirty Years' War, when the Emperor of Austria was the unquestioned head of all the German peoples. At that time, the Electorate of Brandenburg was a dependency of the Empire and its capital city, Berlin, numbered less than 10,000 inhabitants. But the Elector of Brandenburg 'developed a policy. . . . Without erecting a statue of Liberty at any of his town gates he commenced the pose of protector of Protestantism.'

The rest is history. Out of Brandenburg came Prussia, out of Prussia came the German Empire, but the parallel between British-American and Austro-Prussian relations has not yet reached its final stage. The Anglo-American situation is now what the Austro-Prussian situation was in 1823: —

> And just as the aristocratic Austrian leaders, trained in diplomacy and war, but despising commerce, stood by wholly indifferent while this revolution was occurring under their eyes, so British statesmanship has seen this centrifugal movement of the daughter states gathering momentum, and has so far not raised a finger to check it. . . . British complacency has been quite equally ready to ignore realities.

Mr. Holman then speaks of the prestige America commands in Australia: —

> It must be realized that eighty per cent of the Australian population has never seen Britain, and of those who have a vast number saw it to very little advantage. They have come back with ideas of the incompetency of British leadership and the inefficiency of British methods, which do not tend to strengthen the tie. Our commercial bonds with Great Britain, too, are still far greater than those with any other nation. But we know far more about America. San Francisco is very much nearer to us than any British port. An Australian taking a holiday can, with an effort, get a week or two on the Pacific slope. He cannot, until the time comes for his retirement, visit Great Britain. The picture shows of town just the kind of town that he is accustomed to — with no history, with no past, but with an incalculable future. On the other hand, there is among genuine Australians no inferiority complex about America such as seems to pervade Ireland and England (I here distinguish Scotland). We like individual Americans, but don't find any special superiority in them.



Simplicissimus, Munich

The Coming of the Holy Spirit, 1929

'And the people of Europe awaited the coming of the Holy Ghost.'

> Australia are nearly all American. The language of Australia is rapidly becoming Americanized, and our newspapers talk shamelessly about 'graft' when they mean corruption. Thanks, too, to the real ineptitude of British commercial efforts, the car market of Australia is occupied by American makes, and every time he wants a spare part the Australian finds demonstrated to him the excellence of American organization and the superiority of her business methods. America, moreover, is a country like our own, newly settled and rapidly developing. The Australian finds in the Western American

How Prohibition Works against the Rich

Having spent last winter in New York as visiting dramatic critic on the *World*, Mr. St. John Ervine is in a position to discuss with authority the ravages of Prohibition. He comes to the conclusion that the real victims of the Eighteenth Amendment are not the sober poor who cannot afford a drink, but the dissolute rich who not only can but do: —

> The children of the rich, habituated to spirit-drinking, seem to me likely to sink in society, while the children of the poor, given average intelligence, are likely, because they are almost unacquainted with liquor, to rise in it. A generation or two may see a complete reversal of classes in the United States: the sober children of the poor taking the places of the drunken children of the rich.
>
> There are multitudes of young people in America who do not drink at all, or drink only in moderation, — their clear eyes and graceful, athletic bodies abundantly prove their abstemiousness, — but enough of them are addicted to excessive drinking to fill far-sighted persons with dismay. America must surely be the only country in the world where *children* of seemingly reputable parentage are sometimes found to be drunk. A clear-headed American must often wonder whether America can continue for long to pay the price of Prohibition.
>
> The children of the poor may take the place of the children of the rich, but will they, too, not take to drink when they acquire the means to buy it, feeling that this is a polite custom? The ability of America's youth, in brief, may be ruined by the obligation to drink as a protest against a bad law.
>
> It was President Hoover, sent to the White House largely by the Drys, who lately acknowledged that crime had increased in America since the passing of Prohibition. How queer that people, for the sake of a theoretic dryness, should calmly contemplate the disintegration of their young by drink!

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Hollywood, Where Beauty Dwells

ONE of the most agreeable failings of the French is their serene conviction that Beauty with a capital B cannot maintain life anywhere on this earth except within the city limits of Paris. There is therefore real cause for alarm in a recent comment in *Le Figaro* to the effect that Hollywood has succeeded Paris and ancient Greece as the home of loveliness. Here is the way that paper expresses it: —

Plastic idealism as the old Greek sculptors and Renaissance painters conceived it, or as it was lately practised and honored by Burne-Jones and Rodin, has been almost entirely ignored, if not actually scorned, by contemporary artists. But while Beauty has been despised or betrayed in modern painting and sculpture, have not its real mission and its real moral purposes been implicitly vindicated on the motion-picture screen? Realism has reconquered what art has lost. Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio and Greta Garbo, who fascinate audiences all over the world, are playing the same part that the Goddess of the Acropolis or the paintings of da Vinci or Giorgione used to play before museums came into being.

If the privilege of Beauty is to awaken in those who contemplate it an aspiration toward a state in which the material and the spiritual will be allied and blended, then this privilege is now the property of the cinema, with its half-real, half-fabulous actresses, who exercise on their admirers an attraction that is all the stronger because these admirers know that their idols really exist behind the screen and live in a mysterious kingdom that was once known as Thule, Eldorado, and Cytherea, but which is now called Hollywood.

Mad Hatter

THE following unexpurgated item from the Sunday *Times* of London requires no comment.

American pushfulness is proverbial, even to the extent of audacity. The latest example is represented by the arrival in London yesterday of the representative of an American firm of hat makers for the purpose of presenting to the King a hat which, with cool effrontery, has been named the 'Bognor.'

It is unnecessary to advertise the hat firm or its representative, but the announcement of the intention to present the hat to the King is given in a trade circular in the following terms: —

'New York. — A new model in men's hats, called the "Bognor," is being brought to Europe for presentation to H. M. the King by Mr. ———, an official of the ——— Hat Co., which has produced the model in conjunction with the ——— Co. The hat is a light-weight, snap-brim felt trimmed with a narrow black band, and this special model is a $40 line made from Canadian fur by British workmen. Mr. ——— left on S.S. *Leviathan* last Saturday, and is due in England on May 10th.

'The model has a 5½-inch crown, slightly tapered, and a 2⅜-inch brim, and is to be featured for wear in the mid-season between spring and summer.'

If the promoters of this enterprise were better informed on English tradition and custom they would be aware that members of the Royal Family do not accept personal gifts from tradesmen, or, indeed, from anyone outside the immediate Royal circle.

Cyrano, Paris

The Progress of Aviation

Byrd: 'Ah! At last a visitor!' A French jibe at American commercialization.

A Religious Paper Condemns Prohibition

THE *Church Times*, a British religious publication, describes the Eighteenth Amendment as 'a silly, evil law' that ought to warn all Englishmen away from attempting similar experiments. So far, American Prohibition has estranged the United States and Canada; it has brought liquor into the home; it 'curbs the hospitality of the poor'; and it is undemocratic.

After cautioning English Drys to study the costs of Prohibition in the United States, the *Church Times* goes on to say: —

In addition to this gigantic sum, the toll of human lives must also be considered, nor can America set off against this loss any great reduction in crime. Indeed, the fact remains that in spite of Prohibition the criminal statistics of the United States remain, as their President has recently observed, exceptionally high.

In the field of international relations the results are even more serious.

That a foolish law should threaten the friendly relations between two great countries is deplorable. While the American people insist on keeping this perverse legislation on their statute book, we consider that British subjects act wrongly in endangering lives by helping Americans to violate it; but no less blameworthy are the foolish people among ourselves who give any moral support to a silly and evil law.

Isolationist America Interferes Abroad

THE efforts of Mr. Owen D. Young and the support given him by Mr. Hoover led an editorial writer in *l'Ère Nouvelle*, the official organ of the left-wing coalition that now plays a decisive part in French politics, to point out that America is hopelessly entangled in European affairs in spite of herself.

Is the fate of Europe about to be determined at Washington and is Mr. Hoover going to direct Continental politics? We do not believe that the statesmen of the New World should make such an error. We think that, far from desiring to regulate our European problems, they prefer to look upon them as matters of secondary interest that present no obstacle to their desires. In the opinion of these practical people, our differences are mere schoolboy squabbles which they consider negligible and which they treat as if they did not exist.

We thus find ourselves in a paradoxical position. The nation with the least desire to interfere in our affairs, the nation which tore up the treaty its representatives signed now finds itself forced by circumstances and by its own egotistical interests to decide our destinies. The same people who had some mystical reason for wanting to steer clear of the Versailles Treaty now find themselves constrained to get together with us and work out a programme of solidarity that they themselves conceived.

'But that is not politics,' they say. We therefore await with curiosity an explanation of how the material rehabilitation of many countries, their free financial operations, and to a certain degree their relations with each other can be solved without recourse to politics.

The same paper has something similar to say about the American tariff: —

Being unable to sell any more goods in the United States and in consequence being unable to receive any more gold from that quarter, the producers in the Old World are incapable of reëstablishing pre-War economic conditions on a sound basis. The American tendency to raise tariffs in America is killing modern Europe economically. Will not our distant friends understand that, in raising their tariff wall indefinitely, they are perhaps consolidating themselves in a singularly paradoxical position of nationalism, and at the same time are making it impossible for millions of people to reorganize their material lives?

In Australia there is a dangerous weapon known as the boomerang which has the property of coming back and hitting the man who threw it if it fails to reach its mark. When we contemplate American protectionism, we think of this weapon.

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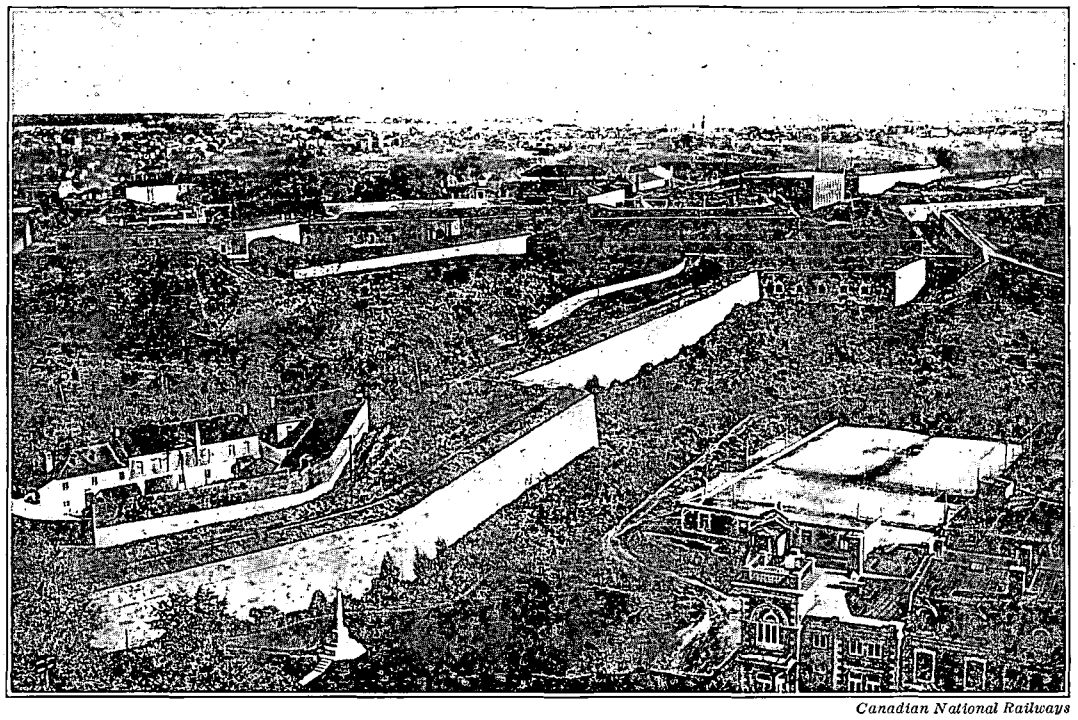


Canadian National Railways

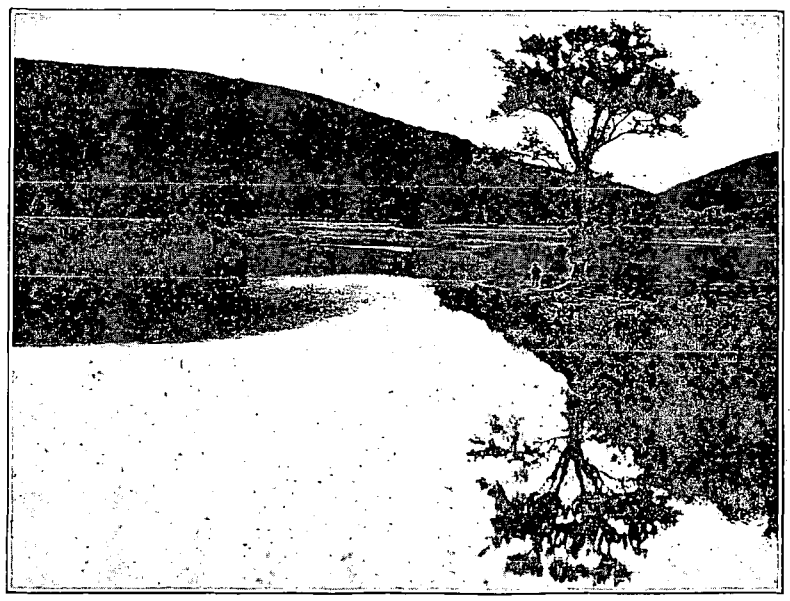
THE QUEBEC CITADEL

A MAZE OF SUPERANNUATED fortifications which will amply repay a visit. The buildings in the far background are across the Saint Lawrence River, which lies hidden in its gorge beyond the citadel.

World Travel Notes

Eastern Canada

ALTHOUGH more Americans than ever before are spending their vacations outside the limits of the American continent, there are an even greater number who are forced by circumstances to travel somewhere nearer home. For those who desire a spiritual as well as a climatic change, no better part of the American continent can be found than the eastern portion of the Dominion of Canada. Western Canada is beautiful and interesting and delightfully cool; there are many world-famous resorts in the Canadian Rockies — Banff, Lake Louise, Jasper Park. They are well worth protracted visits. But similar resorts can be found nearer home. Nothing similar to the eastern part of the Dominion exists within the borders of the United States. Nowhere closer at hand can the New Yorker or Chicagoan find such a complete spiritual change of climate as he will find if he boards an express for Montreal or Quebec.



Canadian National Railways

MARGAREE RIVER, CAPE BRETON, NOVA SCOTIA

THE QUIET CHARM of Cape Breton is each year attracting more visitors from all over the American continent.

The city of Montreal itself is a busy metropolis of about a million people; the standard of living is fully as high as, if not higher than, in an equivalent city on the more familiar side of the border. Naturally there is much here that looks like home — mills, trolley cars, apartment buildings. Indeed, one at first notices nothing radically different from one's own city, except that one can a little more openly procure one's self a glass of ale which is by no means 'near.' But closer inspection reveals another more far-reaching difference. Everyone seems able to speak two languages — French and English — with about equal fluency. It comes as a shock to have a saleswoman deal with some

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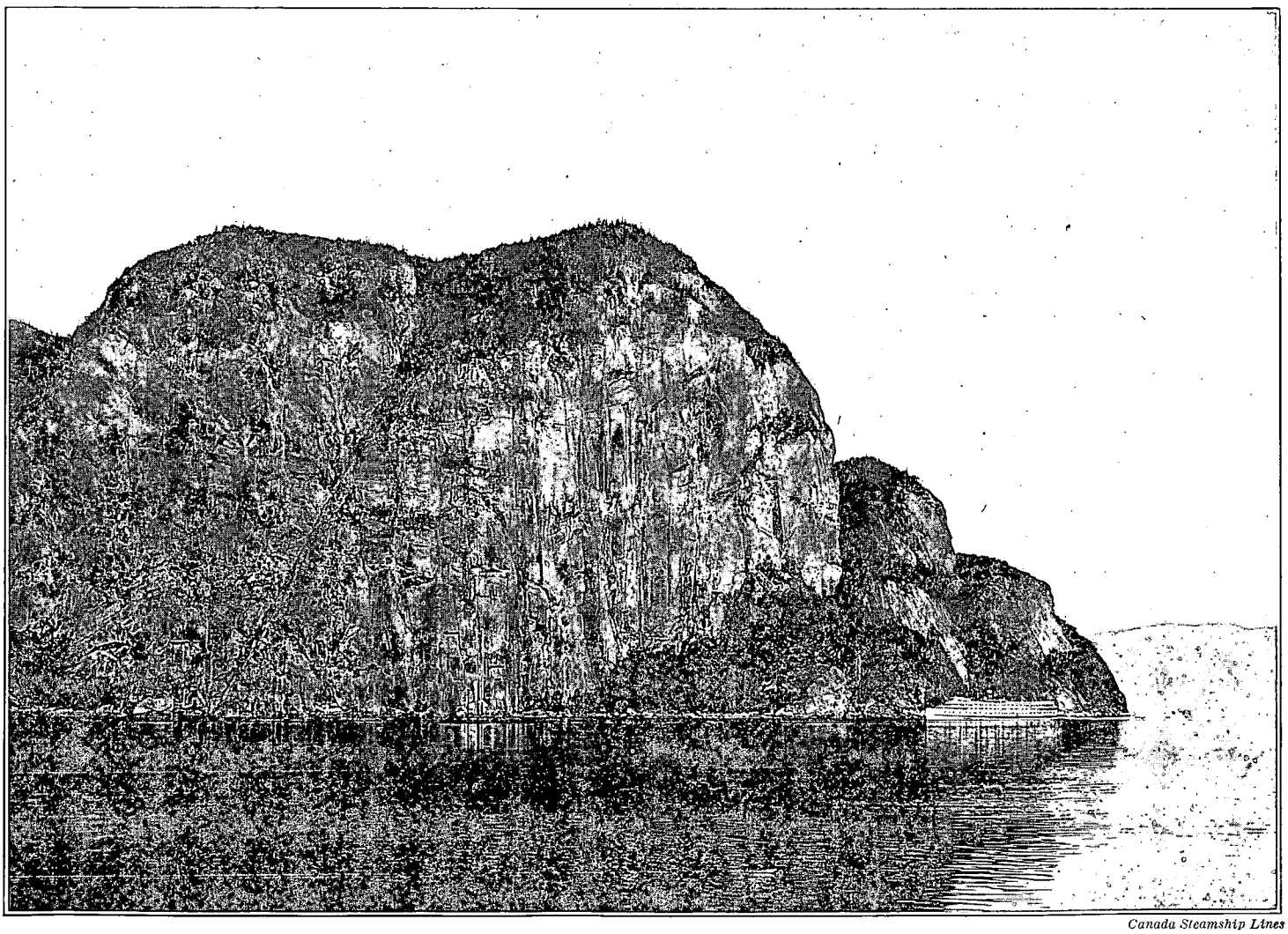
other customer in French after she has satisfied one's own wants in perfect English. This is the first sign of a new country. Perhaps the second is the appearance of a most outlandishly designed little vehicle, drawn by an excessively well groomed and smart little brown horse. One wonders whether this can be an advertising stunt; for no other reason would a similar outfit appear on the streets of a city in the United States. Yet the crowds on the sidewalks appear completely unconcerned. The vehicle, no larger than an inclosed push cart, clatters by, and one sees painted on its diminutive side door the royal arms of England with a large 'O. H. M. S.' traced below. It is a mail wagon; the initials mean 'On His Majesty's Service.' One is definitely outside the United States.

The city of Montreal contains a number of interesting sights, easily worth a few days' stay. At the very least there is the trip up the side of Mount Royal, best taken on the funicular railway, and there is the old French Quarter, now largely slums, but full of interesting and romantic old buildings about which one can dream endlessly, especially if one has been a reader of Sir Gilbert Parker's romances. Before paying these remains of vanished empire a visit the traveler should certainly have read a good history of Canada, especially of French Canada. As such a book is rather hard to get, it is perhaps in place to recommend one, recently published by the house of Macmillan — Mr. George M. Wrong's *Rise and Fall of New France*. The book is not unpleasantly discursive. It is by a man thoroughly familiar with the subject.

But if the visitor has only a few weeks at his disposal in Canada, he had best hurry on to Quebec. Here there is only one hotel, and that, one of the best in North America,— the Chateau Frontenac. There are other places in which to sleep and at which to eat if one is traveling on a 'shoe string,' but they are not like the out-of-the-way inns in Europe. The Chateau is incontestably better, and more fun in the bargain, though it is not so much fun as it used to be. No longer is the morning toast made by the waiter at a great open fireplace with an amazingly ingenious brass and wire toasting fork, on whose generous prongs the steaming morsel is presented to the breakfaster. No longer is there a beautifully varnished and polished horse van which meets guests at the train and drives them up the steep hill to the *Haute Ville* in solemn state under the highly expert management of a gorgeously cockaded footman and coachman. There are too many people visiting Quebec nowadays for those slow and old-fashioned methods. But one can still be placed with infinite grace by an amazingly expert head waiter at the 'Prince of Wales's table,' overlooking the Dufferin Terrace and the broad expanse of the Saint Lawrence lying five hundred feet below. A born cynic will suspect that all the tables in the dining room are the Prince of Wales's,



Canada Steamship Lines

CAPE TRINITY, SAGUENAY RIVER, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

THIS MAJESTIC HEADLAND, plunging sheer into the tremendous depths of the mysterious Saguenay River, gives but a faint impression of the awe-inspiring beauties of nature to be seen on a steamer trip through this region.

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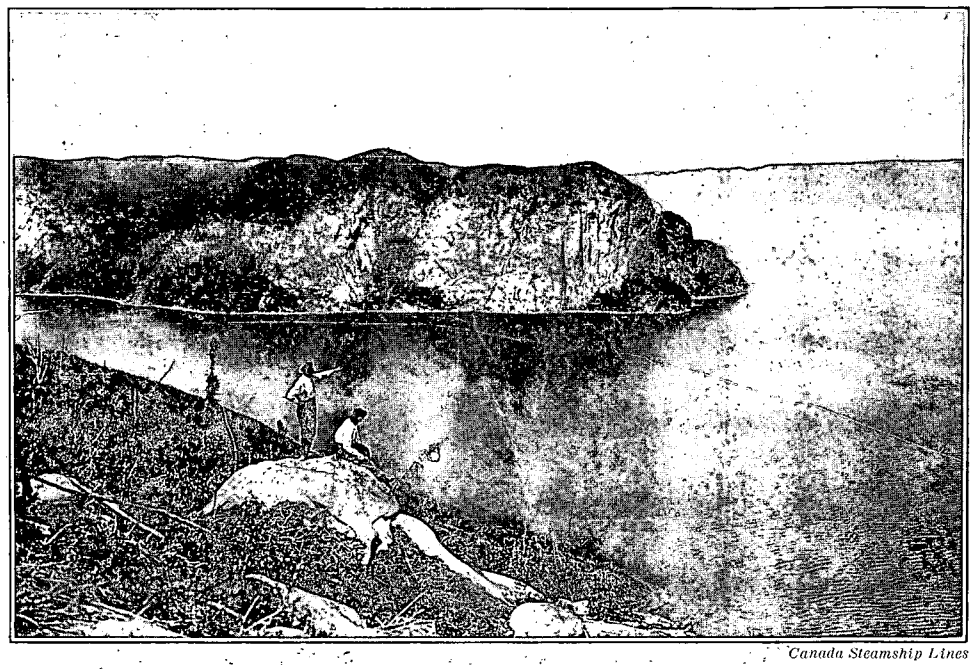


Canada Steamship Lines

A View of Cape Trinity from above the River

In the foreground lies Trinity Bay; in the background, the Saguenay.

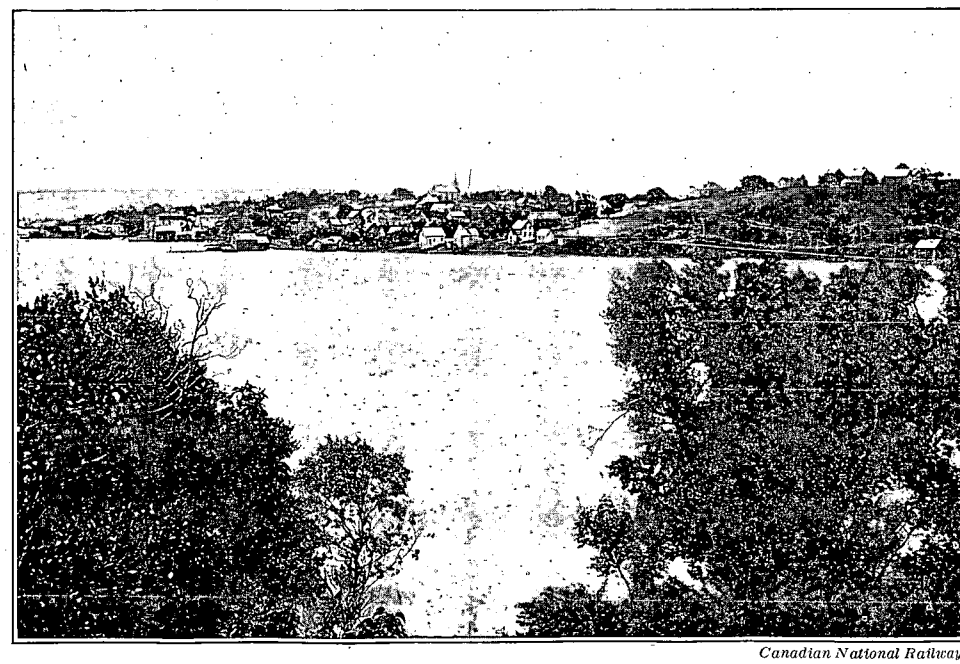
but then — cynicism is no fun on a vacation. It is so easy to believe the head waiter! And all the tables, especially those by the windows, are fit for princes.

The magnificence of the view is overwhelming. There is certainly none finer within the confines of any city on the American continent. Quebec is built all over the eastern end of an immense boulder, a boulder some six or seven miles long, which rises nearly six hundred feet from the surrounding plain. On one side is the Saint Lawrence, half as big again as the Hudson at New York; on the other side are the fertile fields of the Saint Charles valley, rising gradually to the foothills of the Laurentians. Just below the city, the Island of Orleans splits the river into two broad channels; beyond this island the river becomes a deep inlet from the ocean, gradually widening for some five hundred miles until it must more properly be called a gulf.

Atop the boulder on which Quebec City is built lies a huge and romantic fortress. This was first designed by the French, when France's American empire stretched from Hudson Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, excluding only the narrow Atlantic coastal strip which formed the thirteen British colonies. After the English conquest in 1759, the fort was kept up only in desultory fashion. Yet it was naturally strong enough to ward off easily the American attack during the Revolution. It assumed its present immense proportions during the War of 1812. One is told that the granite blocks of which this huge pile is built were carried all the way across the Atlantic from the north of Scotland; there was no stone hard enough for the purpose in Canada! One is likewise told that the undertaking cost His Majesty's Government £12,000,000 — a huge sum for those times. Tunnels, fit to thrill any romantic small boy, were built for hundreds of yards through the living rock, connecting the maze of walls above with the city a little farther down the hill. Powder magazines were chiseled out. In the midst of all the bastions and fosses there was already, near the highest spot in the citadel, a pure and steady spring of water, forced up naturally through some miraculously convenient geological formation. The citadel of Quebec was for a quarter of a century as impregnable as human ingenuity could make it. Of course to-day these defences are outmoded and would immediately be abandoned in time of war for positions better suited to modern strategy. The citadel is well worth a visit, especially if one is of a romantic turn of mind. There are soldiers in it who will act as guides at any reasonable time during daylight. The fortifications are open to the public except the living quarters, the tunnels, which are not considered safe, and a sacrosanct walled space known as the 'Prince of Wales's Garden' into which even the highest and mightiest are not admitted.

There are countless things to be seen in Quebec City itself; most of them require some knowledge of history for full appreciation. The Ursuline Convent, where Montcalm is buried, the old Gaol, which now houses the Literary and Historical Society, Laval University, oldest north of the Rio Grande, the Hôtel Dieu. For those with more modern tastes there are the Quebec Bridge, one of the world's largest grain elevators, one of the world's greatest paper mills, a magnificent municipal wharf for ocean steamers, the Parliament Buildings.

Near the city are Saint Anne de Beaupré, a shrine second only to Notre Dame de Lourdes, Montmorency Falls, the Indian village at Lorette, the old and picturesque farms on the Island of Orleans. The best way to see it all is to



Canadian National Railways

Guysborough, Nova Scotia

A quiet little coast town which might very well be in New England, except that there is no factory chimney anywhere in sight.

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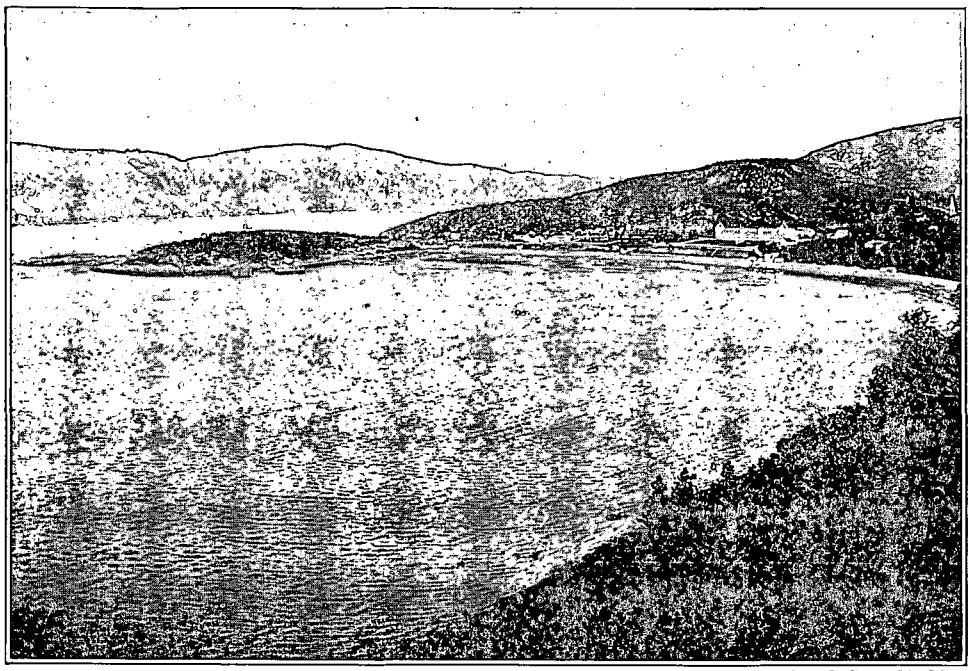
wander about, investigating for one's self, with a history of Canada in one hand and a map in the other.

From Quebec east there are many fascinating trips to be taken. One can go to the Maritime Provinces and see the home of Evangeline; one can go to Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island. One can sail with the Clark Steamship Company on a two weeks' trip to the southern tip of Labrador. But perhaps the best country to explore lies to the north and east of the old capital city. Here are the Laurentian Mountains, extremely old geological formations which have been worn down by the action of wind, water, and ice until they are but shadows of their former selves, but which retain the grandeur and magnificence of all old things. South of them runs the Saint Lawrence, so wide that the inhabitants of the country habitually call it the sea. To the north, serried foothills extend up to Hudson Bay and the vast, barren territory of Ungava. All along the Saint Lawrence up to the Saguenay River are little townships, many of them at the heads of shallow bays, each town nestling around its century-old stone church. Many of these villages were settled when Boston and New York were newly founded, log-cabin trading posts. The Laurentian Mountains themselves are interlaced by countless streams and lakes, nearly all filled with brook trout. The forests teem with game.

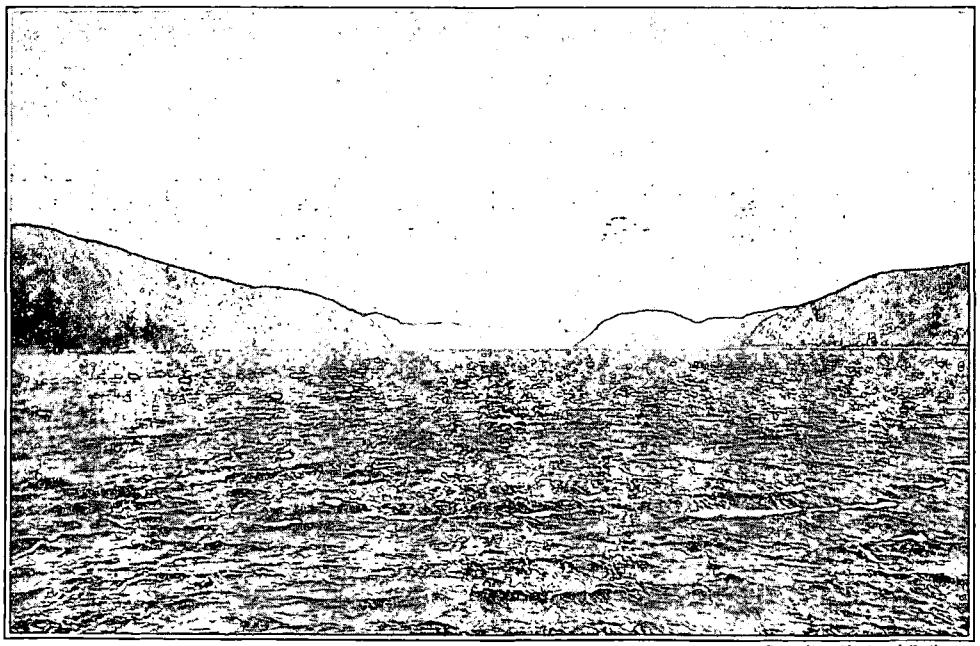
Then, some hundred and ten miles below Quebec, the mountains are cleanly bisected by an awe-impelling natural wonder, the Saguenay. This river, which is like no other river, extends for some eighty miles almost due east and west through the heart of the mountains, cutting ridges several thousand feet high clean through. It is as though the mountains had once been butter which had been severed with a gigantic hot knife blade. At the eastern end of this fiord is Tadoussac, a trading centre so old that no historian can say when white man first met red man there to barter furs.



Canada Steamship Lines

TADOUSSAC, ONE OF THE OLDEST SETTLEMENTS IN AMERICA

AT THE RIGHT OF the photograph can be seen the summer hotel; immediately in front of its right extremity is one of the oldest churches north of the Rio Grande. The hydroplane near the beach offers an interesting contrast with its historic surroundings.



Canadian National Railways

LOOKING UP THE SAGUENAY AT ITS MOUTH

IT WAS NEAR here that a naval battle took place between the British and the French in the eighteenth century.

At the head of navigation, eighty miles up, is Chicoutimi, modern industrial centre which may well in time rival Pittsburgh in its heavy industries as the incalculable hydro-electric resources of the country are rapidly developed. Already a few miles away a large town has sprung up, Arvida, where five years ago were only green fields. This is the great smelting works of the American Aluminum Company, whither ore is transported from West Virginia, and whence aluminum ingots speed to saucepan factories all over the world.

West of Chicoutimi lies Lake Saint John, a body of water some thirty by twenty miles, into which flow four rivers each as large as the Connecticut. This is the Maria Chapdelaine country. It is well worth a visit, for here continues and will continue one of America's last frontiers.

Here one can see how the Western plains were settled. Every year Indians still come down from the north to trade furs; every year new acres of woodland are converted into farms. And yet within a few miles of the most far-flung settler's hut can be found excellent automobile roads, railways, and up-to-the-minute hydro-electric plants. It is a land of contrast. Men battling with nature with their own unaided strength toil within sight, almost, of men who have harnessed nature's greatest forces.

No reflective traveler can see these things and feel that his time has been wasted.

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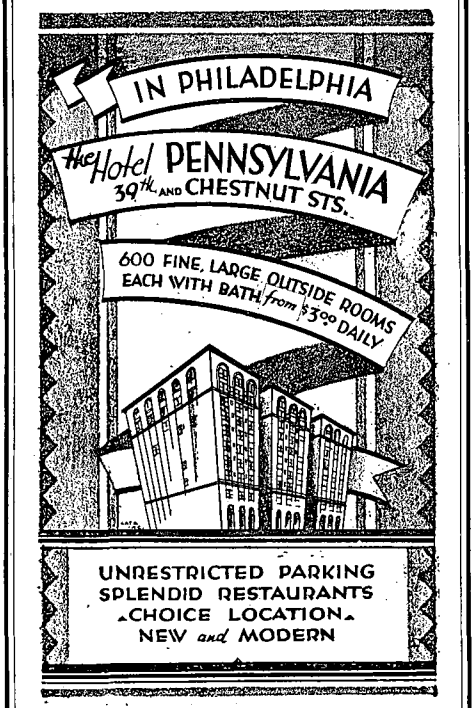

World Travel Calendar

(*Continued from page 404*)

COSTA RICA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *September* 15, Independence Day, celebrating the birth of Costa Rica as an independent republic.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

BRÜNN. *August* 3–*September* 15, International Exhibition of Modern Commerce; Exhibition of Modern Woman.

PRAGUE. *September–October*, 10th Anniversary of the Czechoslovakian Republic and 1,000th-Year Celebration and Exhibition in Commemoration of Wenceslaus; *September*, 21st International Automobile and Cycle Show; German Physicists' and Mathematicians' Congress; 1–8, 19th International Sample Fair; 26–29, 1,000th-Year Fête of Wenceslaus; 15–21, International Congress of Tanning Chemists; *October* 6–13, 1st Congress of Slavonian Philologists.

PRESSBURG. *August* 31–*September* 7, International Danube Fair.

DANZIG

INTERNATIONAL FAIR. *Autumn*, 11th International Sample Fair.

ZOPPOT. *September* 15, Horse Races; 22, Horse Races.

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN. *September* 3, Trotting Races of the Danish Jockey Club at Eremitagen; 5, opening of the National Theatre for Grand Opera and Ballet; 15–22, International Meteorological Congress; *October* 9, opening of National Art Exhibition; 20, Old Folks' Day, Concerts and Fêtes.

RANDERS. *September* 21, Horse Fair.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

NATIONAL HOLIDAY. *October* 12, Celebration of the Discovery of America.

ECUADOR

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *October* 9, Commemoration of the Independence of Guayaquil; 12, Discovery of America.

EGYPT

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 9, Celebrations in honor of the accession of King Fuad I.

ENGLAND

BROOKLANDS. *October* 12, Five-Hundred-Mile Motor Race.

DONCASTER. *September* 10–13, Race Meeting; 11, St. Ledger Stakes Races; *October* 9, Autumn Race Meeting.

HULL. *October* 10, Fair.

LEICESTER. *October–November*, 9th Textile Machinery, Accessories, and Yarns Exhibition.

LONDON. *September* 7–11, 30th International Shoe and Leather Fair; 8–12, Congress of the World League for Scientific Sexual Reform; 14–21, International Tobacco Exhibition and Congress; *September*, 10th International Exhibition of Shipbuilding and Engineering; 33rd International Grocers', Provision Dealers', and Allied Traders' Exhibition; 33rd International Confectioners' and Bakers' Exhibition; *October* 7–11, International Savings Congress; 9–17, 5th International Exhibition of Inventions; 17–26, 23rd International Automobile Exhibition.

NEWMARKET. *October* 16, Cesarewitch Stakes Races; 30, The Cambridgeshire Stakes.

OXFORD. *September* 2–5, St. Giles Fair.

PONTEFRACT. *October* 2, Races.

RIPON. *September* 14, Races.

SCARBOROUGH. *September* 4–13, Cricket Festival.

SOLENT, THE. *September* 6–7, Schneider Cup Race.

The Travel Society

A Club for Travel-Minded Men and Women

THE Travel Society's choice of the best travel book of the month is *Travels in the Congo* (Alfred A. Knopf, New York; price, $5). Translated from the French, it is an exceedingly graphic and interesting account of a trip to the Congo. The 374 pages pulsate with vitality, and the life and customs of African savages are realistically described. It is written in a closely personal vein, snapshotting all the curious happenings on shipboard, and the border towns and the jungle are so vividly depicted that the reader feels as if he were actually making the trip with the author. Other books received, worthy of mention, are: *The Japanese Enthronement Ceremonies*, printed by the Kyo Bun Wan, at Tokio (12 shillings, sixpence); and *Sweden*, the A & C. Black book, beautifully illustrated in color, and splendidly written. Any of these books may be ordered through us.

Fifth Annual International Festival of Lights was held at Niagara Falls June 13–15, and the cataracts illuminated by a gigantic battery of searchlights. This coincided with the 'Golden Jubilee' of the electric lamp, invented by Edison.

The Passion Play at Nancy, France, founded 1904, and presented on certain days during summer, is said to rival that at Oberammergau.

'The Flying Scotsman' of the London & Northeastern Ry. now makes the 393-mile trip from London to Edinburgh without a stop. A corridor through the tender of the locomotive permits the engineer and fireman to be changed en route, without halting.

Pan American Airways now has regular passenger service from Brownsville, Texas, to Mexico City, via Tampico, in 5 hours, and from Miami to Havana in 2¼ hours, thence to Camaguey, Santiago, and San Juan.

Automobiles are not permitted in Bermuda. There is only one car on the island, used by officials. What a paradise for pedestrians!

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STRATFORD-ON-AVON. *July* 1–*September* 7, Shakespeare Summer Festival; *October* 12, Mop Fair.
WITNEY (OXFORDSHIRE). *September* 11, Festival.
WORCESTER. *September*, Three Choirs Festival.
YARMOUTH. *September* 18–19, Races.

ESTHONIA

REVEL. *Mid-September–October*. Exhibition of Esthonian Art.

FRANCE

AUDIERNE. *September* 25, Pardon.
CAMARET. *September* 1, Pardons.
CHÂTEAULIN. *September* 1, Pardons.
CHEVREUSE. *September* 14–15, International Youth Camp and Conference.
DAOULAS. *September* 1, Pardons.
DEAUVILLE. *September* 7, Horse Race, *Grand Prix d'Apollon*.
ÉLISE-SAINT-REINE. *September* 7–8, Procession and Representation of the Mystery.
LILLE. *September* (beginning), 4th Congress on the History of Dutch Art.
MONBRAU EN PREBOULE. *September* 14, Picturesque Breton Fair.
NANCY. *July* 7–*September* 28, Summer Courses for Foreigners at the University of Nancy.
PARAY-LE-MONIAL. *October* 17, Pilgrimage and Religious Ceremonies.
PARIS. *Autumn*, 4th International Nautical Show; *September*, 1st International Congress on Microbiology; *October*, International Shoe and Leather Fair; 3–13, 23rd International Automobile Exhibition; 15–18, 2nd International Congress of Jewelers; 22–29, 6th International Congress on Stomatology and Exhibition; 25–26, International Foundry Congress.
PONT-L'ABBÉ. *September* 22, Pardon.
ROUEN. *September*, Congress of the International League on Homes and Housing.
SAINTES-MARIES-DE-LA-MER. *October* 21, Pilgrimage and Religious Fête.
TOURS. *October*, French University Courses.

GEORGIA

TIFLIS. *Autumn*, Congress of Mineralogists; *September*, Transcaucasian Congress on Surgery; *October*, Georgian Venereal Conference.

GERMANY

BADEN-BADEN. *September* 2–7, Classical Chamber Music Festival; 2–7, Golf Tournament; 7, Dancing Tournaments.
BAD NAUHEIM. *September* 5, Symphony Concert.
BERLIN. *August* 8–*September* 10, World Advertising Exhibition (World Congress, *August* 12–15); *August* 30–*September* 9, Berlin Autumn Yachting Week; *September* 2–*October* 26, German Language Courses of the Institute for Foreigners at the University; *September* 9–*October* 3, Congress of the Union for New Education; *September* (2nd half), 15th Parliamentary International Commerce Conference; *September* 21, First German Advertising Exposition opens; *September* 21–*October* 20, World Advertising Exhibition; *September* 29–*October* 3, People's Union for New Education; *October*, Great German Social Welfare Week; 4–5, German Gymnastic Day; 7–12, 12th Post and Telegraph Week, 6th Railroad Scientific Management Week; *October–March, 1930*, Lectures on the Carnegie Chair of the German Academy of Politics.
BRESLAU. *September* (beginning), 24th International Sample Fair; 16–19, Meeting of the Gustavus Adolphus Union.
COLOGNE. *September* 1–14, 14–28, Motor Tour to the Rhineland, Bavarian Alps, and the Black Forest; *September* 15–20, Autumn Fair; 10–15, German Judges' Congress.
DARMSTADT. *Mid-October*, Meeting of the School of Wisdom (Count Keyserling).
DRESDEN. *September* 20–*October* 10, German and Austrian Meteorologists' Congress; 5–6, Jugendherberge Day.
DÜRKHEIM. *September* 10, Sausage-Market Folk Festival.
DÜSSELDORF. *September* 2–10, International Flower Show; 4–7, Foundry Association and German Society for Metallurgy together with the English Institute of Metals.
EISENACH. *September* 1–9, Continuation of the Stockholm World Conference for Practical Christianity.
ESSEN. *July* 25–*October* 15, Ruhr Gardening Exhibition and Meetings of Expert Gardeners.
FRANKFURT-AM-MAIN. *September* 8, German Ski Association Meeting; 22–*October* 2, 21st International Sample Fair; *September* 26–29, 2nd International Congress of Modern Architecture; 29, Fall Fair opens; *October* 26–*November* 6, International Cookery and Hotel Industries Exhibition.
GIESSEN. *September* 30–*October* 12, Foreigners' Vacation Courses at the University.
HAMBURG. *September* 10–14, German Lawyers' Congress.
HANOVER. *October* 14–20, Congress for School Music.
HEIDELBERG. *September* 8–12, Apothecaries' Fair and Exhibition.
LEIPZIG. *September*, International Congress of Museum Directors; *October* 1, Celebration of the 50th Anniversary of the German Supreme Court.
MAINZ. *September* 15, Aviation Week opens.
MARBURG. *September* 10–14, International Protestant Meeting.
MUNICH. *Autumn*, Bulgarian Week.
MÜNSTER. *September* 25, German Pharmacological Society.
STUTTGART. *September* 4–7, Association of German Medical Officials.
TÜBINGEN. *September* 16–19, German Society for the Science of Heredity.
WEIMAR. End of *September*, Meeting of the German Dante Society.

GREECE

ATHENS. *September* 9–*October* 2, 27th Congress of the International Peace League.
SALONIKA. *September* 15–30, 4th International Sample Fair.

GUATEMALA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *September* 15, Anniversary of the Independence of Central America; *October* 12, Holiday in Celebration of the Discovery of America.

HAWAII

HONOLULU. *September*, Championship Polo Matches; 2, Round-the-island Bicycle Race in celebration of Honolulu's Labor Day; 21, Annual Regatta Day in Honolulu Harbor; *October*, start of the Barefootball Season, Hula Programmes and Feast Nights.
ISLAND OF MAUI. *October* 10–12, Maui Fair, Racing, Rodeo, Native Entertainments, Luau Feasting, and Pageantry.

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. *October–November*, Autumn Exhibition of Paintings.
THE HAGUE. *September*, 1st Session of the International Technical Advisory Committee on Radio-electric Communications; 1–6, 5th International Congress on Air Traffic; 17, opening of the House of Parliament.
HAARLEM. *October* 1, St. Bavon's Day.
LEYDEN. *September* 5–13, 3rd International Ophthalmological Congress.
ROTTERDAM. *September*, 7th Annual Congress of the International Federation of Intellectual Workers.
UTRECHT. *September* 3–12, 21st International Sample Fair.

HONDURAS

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *September* 15, Independence Day; *October* 3, Anniversary of General Francisco Morazan; 12, Columbus Day.

People who know... and are known take the French Line

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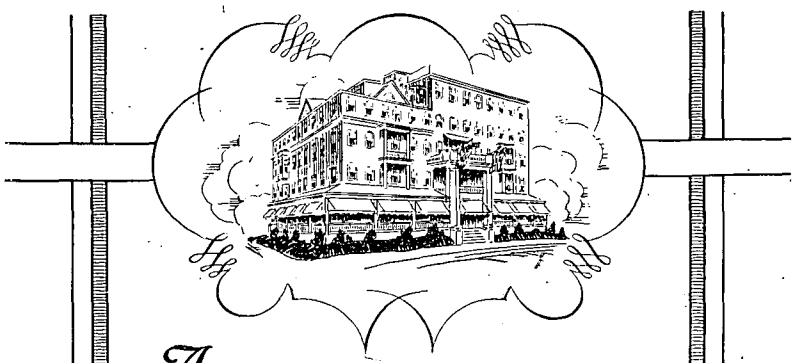

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HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 6, Memorial Day.
BUDAPEST. *September* 5–9, Meeting of the German Society for the History of Medicine and Science; *October* 2, International Balneologic and Hydrologic Congress and Congress for Combating Rheumatic Diseases.
SVABHEGY. *September* 29, 10th Jubilee of Motor Races.
VISEGRAD. *September* 1–15, Summer School, 'World without War.'

IRELAND

BELFAST. *September* 1, International Motor Cycle Race; 7, Ulster *Grand Prix* International Motor Cycle Race.

ITALY

ASSISI. *October* 4, Festival of St. Francis.
COME. *September* 20–26, International Motonautical Meeting.
LIDO (VENICE). *September* 3, International Waterplaning Competition; 6, International Motorboat Competition; 15, International Tennis Tournament for Italian Championship.
MILAN. *September* 7–30, Gallop Races at San Siro Hippodrome; 15, St. Leger Italian Prize Race; *October* 1–31, Gallop Races at San Siro Hippodrome; 6, Jockey Club International Prize Race; 27, Simplon Prize International Race.
NAPLES. *September* 8, Tarantella Dance; 19, Miracle Festival of St. Januarius.
ROME. *September* 12–19, Congress of the International Federation for Housing and Town Planning.
STRESA. *September* 28–*October* 6, 8th Horsemanship Contest.
TURIN. *September* 8, Nativity of the Virgin Festival on the Superga.
VENICE. *September* 1–29, University Course in Italian Language and Art; 2, Historic Regatta on the Grand Canal.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *September* 21–28, Celebration of *Higan*, Buddhist Paradise; 28, Festival of Fudo (Sanscrit, Achara) — all Fudo Temples, especially Shinshoji Temple at Narita, are thronged on this day; *October* 17, Kanname-sai, the Harvest Thanksgiving Festival.
KANDA. *September* 14–15, Festival of Kanda Shrine.
KASHIMA (HITACHI PROVINCE). *September* 1, Festival of Kashima Shrine.
KEIJO (CHOSEN). *September* 12–*October* 31, Grand Celebration; 20th Anniversary of Japanese Administration in Chosen.
KYOTO. *October* 22, Jidai-Matsuri, Historical Fête of the Heian Shrine; *October* 28–*November* 9, Third Biennial Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations.
OMORI. *October* 12–13, Oeshiki, or Annual Festival of Nichiren at Ikegami Hommonji Temple, in commemoration of Nichiren, great Buddhist saint of Japan.
RYOGOKU. *October* 1, Chrysanthemum Displays begin at Hibiya Park, Kobugi-Kwan.
TOKIO (Akasaka Ward). *September* 13–16, Festival of Hikawa-jinja Shrine; *October* 29–*November* 7, International Engineering Congress.
SHIBA (Tokio). *September* 11–21, Festival of Shimmei Shrine.
UENO. *October* 15–*November* 15, *Teiten*, Art Exhibition showing works of modern Japanese painters and sculptors, under the auspices of the Education Department.

LATVIA

RIGA. *September* 29, 10th Anniversary Celebration of University of Latvia.

LITHUANIA

KAUNAS (Kowno). *Autumn*, 8th International Industrial and Agricultural Exhibition.

LUXEMBURG

LUXEMBURG. *September*, 5th International Week: Religious Ethnology.

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MEXICO

NATIONAL HOLIDAYS. *September* 16, Independence Day; *October* 12, Discovery of America.

NORWAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 31, Thanksgiving Day.

PANAMA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 12, Discovery of America.

PARAGUAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 12, Discovery of America.

POLAND

LEMBERG. *September* 1, Water Polo Tournament for Polish Championship; *September*, 9th International Oriental Sample Fair.
WARSAW. *September*, International Horse Races, Congress of the International Association for Pure and Applied Chemistry; 5th Congress of the International Union of Tourist Associations; 1, International Shooting Matches; Sailing Regatta.

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 5, Anniversary of the Republic Proclamation.

RHODESIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *September* 12, Occupation Day.

RUSSIA

KIEV. *October* 2, Ukraine Art Exhibition.
MOSCOW. *August–September*, Pan-Russian Agricultural Exhibition.
UKRAINE. *Autumn*, 7th Congress of the Physicists of the U. S. S. R.

SCOTLAND

PERTH. *September* 25–26, Races.

SIAM

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *October* 23, Chulalongkorn Day; end of *October*, *Tot Kathin*, the annual offering of gifts, a pious Buddhist celebration, annual boat races and pilgrimage to the Capitol Phra-chedi Klang Nam on the Menam River to Paknam.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 24, Queen's Birthday.
BARCELONA. *September*, 1st Meeting of the International Commission of Popular Arts; *August* 20–*September* 3, Spanish National Jamboree Camp; 10–25, 1st International Congress of Producers, Exporters, and Importers of Fruit in Spain; 16–19, International Cotton Congress; 24, Religious Festival of the Patron Saint of Barcelona; *October* 12, Fiesta de la Raza; 13–19, 9th Congress of the International Chemistry Association; 21–25, 6th Conference of the International Federation of Intellectual Unions.
BILBAO. *September* 15, Sport Festival.
MADRID. *Autumn*, International Cancer Congress; *October* 7–*December* 14, Spanish University Courses; *October* 12, Fiesta de la Raza.
SAN SEBASTIAN. *September* 2, 36th Conference of the International Law Association; 8, Sport Festival.
SARAGOSSA. *October* 12, Fiesta de la Raza.

SWEDEN

STOCKHOLM. *September* 20, Children's Day Celebrations at the Stadium; *October* 13–15, Blind People's Day, celebrated with fairs and concerts.
UPSALA. *September*, The International Missionary Council.

SWITZERLAND

BASEL. *October*, 2nd International Druggists' Congress.
DAVOS. *September*, 3rd International University Course.
GENEVA. *July–September*, 6th Session of the Geneva School of International Studies; *August* 30–*September* 11, British and Dominion Students' Conference; *September*, International Aviation Congress; *September* (beginning), University Course: The British Empire and the League of Nations; 1–5, 5th Congress of the International University League of Nations Federation; 2–5, 10th Meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations; *October* 7, 4th Meeting of the International Commission for the Standardization of Sanitary Material; 7–9, 2nd Conference on the Health and Welfare of Merchant Seamen.
LAUSANNE. *September* 2–*October* 12, University Course in Modern French.
LUCERNE. *September* 1, International Tennis Tournament; 8, Exposition of Antiquities; 21, Swiss Military Horse-Jumping Competition and Horse Race.
MONTREUX. *September* 9–22, International Lawn Tennis Tournaments; *September* 23–*October* 5, International Golf Tournaments.
NEUCHÂTEL. *October* 6, Vintage Fête and Pageant.
ZÜRICH. *September*, Flower Festival and Shooting Competition for Boys; *October* 14, Football Match, Switzerland v. Italy.

TURKEY

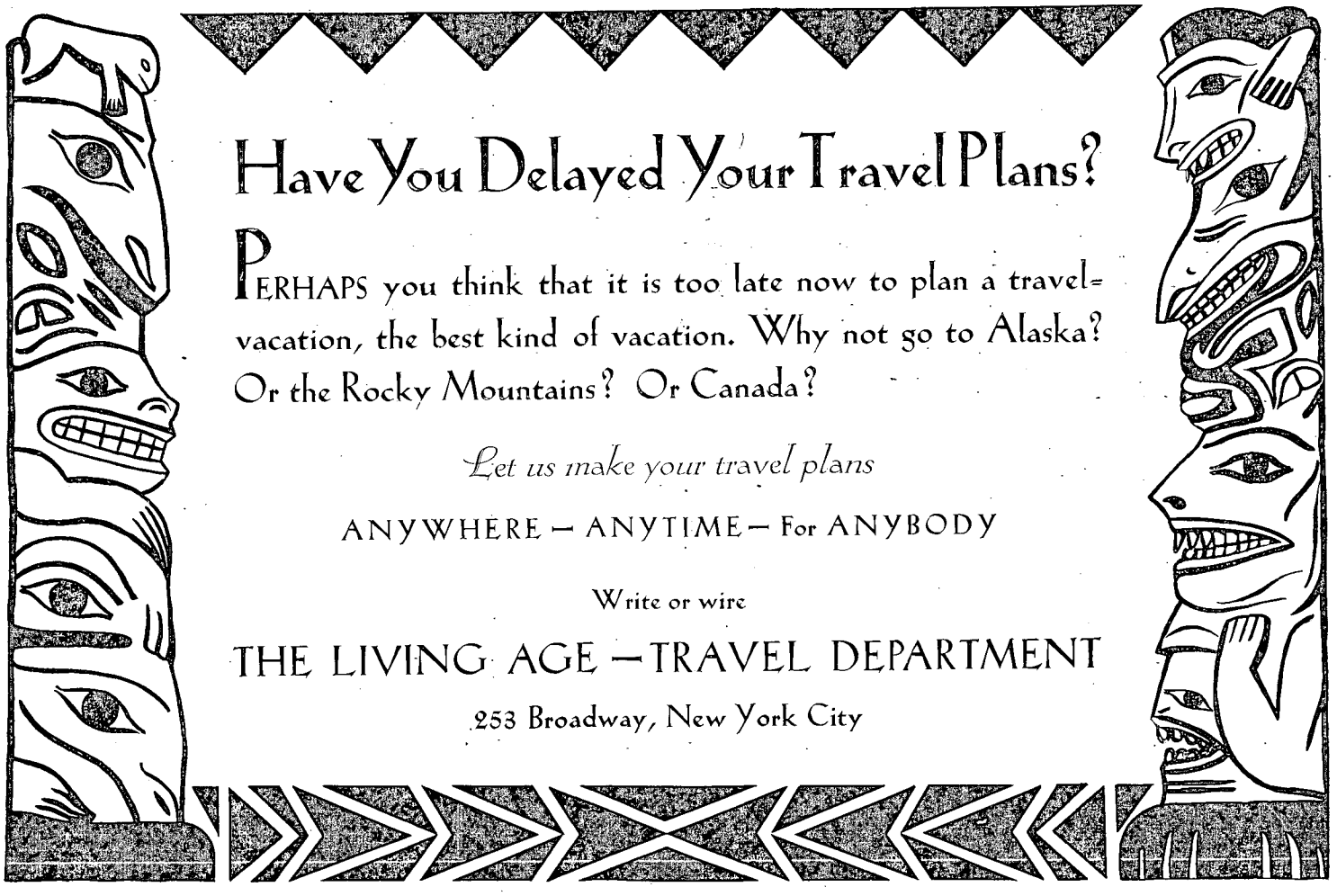
SMYRNA. *September* 4–11, 3rd International Sample Fair.

VENEZUELA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *October* 12, Columbus Day; 28, Saint Day of the Liberator.

YUGOSLAVIA

LJUBLJANA. *August* 31–*September* 9, 10th International Sample Fair.
ZAGREB. *September* 7–15, Medical Exhibition; 12th International Sample Fair.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World Business

The Interplay of Politics and Economics

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

MANKIND finds it hard to grasp the interplay of the forces which have been set in motion by the growth of civilization. For man, against the stage setting of the planet, Earth, has made himself as many 'worlds' as there are ways of life. There is the world of politics, the world of finance, commerce, industry, the world of learning, and so on until we reach such parts of our ordered whole as the world of sports. The politician, the business man, and the rest of those who compose these great groups each seems to have his separate existence within one of these sharply defined spheres.

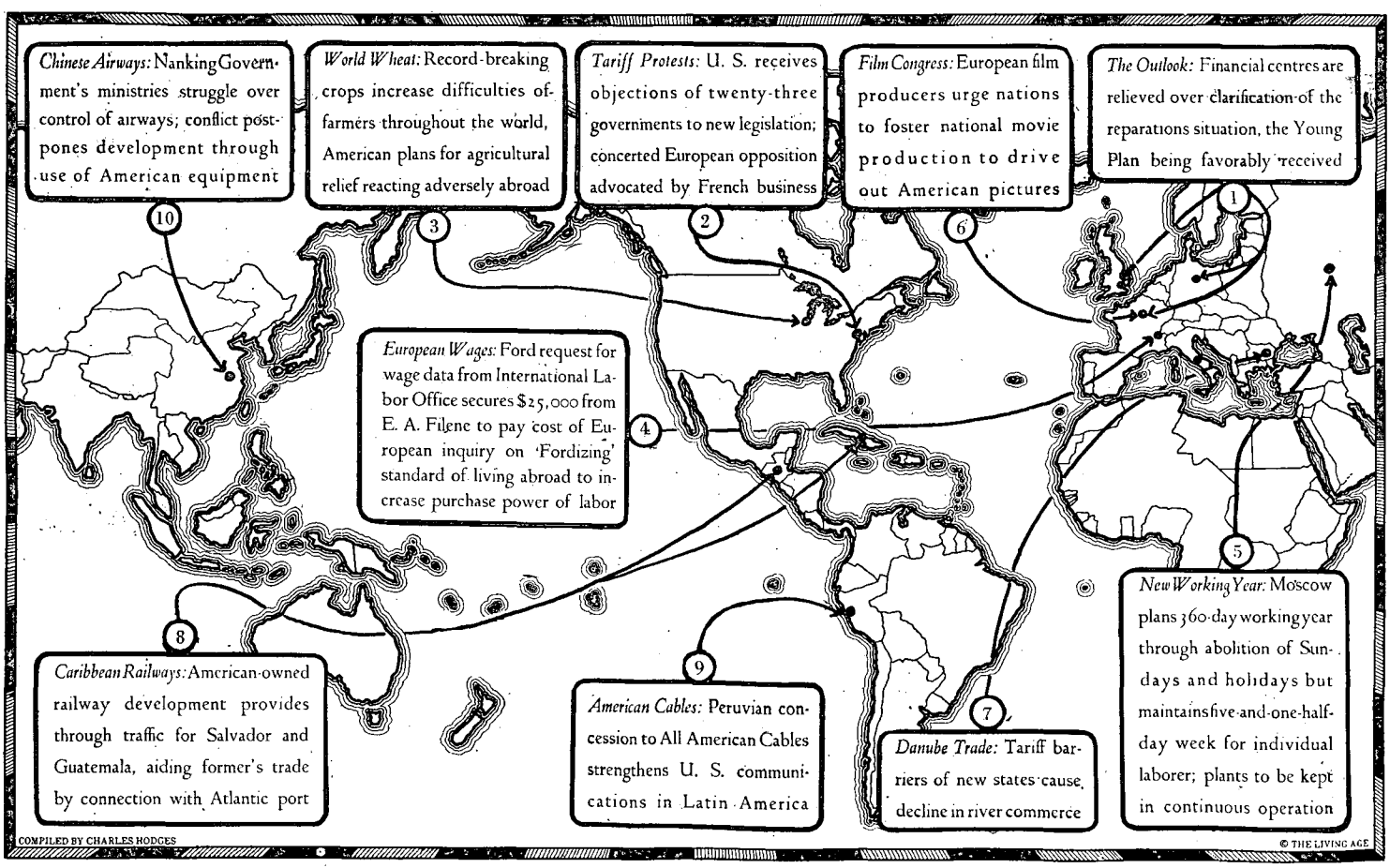
Most of history bears testimony to the dominant rôle of those who have made 'affairs of state' their business. The others have been burden bearers for conquerors, rulers, and statesmen. But modern civilization, ushering in the era of the self-sufficient nation as the ideal of statesmanship, has begun to turn the tables on the high priests of politics. Nowadays, foreign offices become adjuncts of commercial expansion and diplomacy becomes the art of trade promotion and protection.

Thus the more and more complex organization of life on a world scale has wedded politics and business, for better or for worse. This partnership of the world of statesmanship and the world of economics may be the way to prosperity, but it is not an easy road to follow. International politics is more than mere bread and butter. Nations will not live by economics alone. In consequence, politics and business still act and react upon each other with disconcerting effect. We have yet to synchronize the dominating twain. It has taken a decade to change the reparations problem from a political proposition, conceived with the ulterior purpose of punishment, into an economic question wherein financial, industrial, and commercial considerations are each given due weight. The world-wide implications of post-War reconstruction could not be considered in terms of supply and demand until the International Economic Conference of 1927 laid down the businessman's views on production and distribution. Every day offers similar instances of friction between national policy and commercial interests, as witness tariff disputes the world over at the present moment.

1. THE COMMERCIAL OUTLOOK

The world's financial centres show clearly the relief felt by businessmen over the clearing up of the reparations problem and the conclusion of the British elections.

The conference of reparations experts in Paris has given governments an opportunity to benefit by the best financial opinions that could be mobilized on both sides of the question. Here at last we have the outline of a workable settlement, sponsored by the economic interests directly concerned with its operation. On the one hand, the world's business


Chinese Airways: Nanking Government's ministries struggle over control of airways; conflict postpones development through use of American equipment
10
World Wheat: Record-breaking crops increase difficulties of farmers throughout the world, American plans for agricultural relief reacting adversely abroad
3
Tariff Protests: U. S. receives objections of twenty-three governments to new legislation; concerted European opposition advocated by French business
2
Film Congress: European film producers urge nations to foster national movie production to drive out American pictures
6
The Outlook: Financial centres are relieved over clarification of the reparations situation, the Young Plan being favorably received
1
European Wages: Ford request for wage data from International Labor Office secures $25,000 from E. A. Filene to pay cost of European inquiry on 'Fordizing' standard of living abroad to increase purchase power of labor
4
New Working Year: Moscow plans 360-day working year through abolition of Sundays and holidays but maintains five-and-one-half-day week for individual laborer; plants to be kept in continuous operation
5
Caribbean Railways: American-owned railway development provides through traffic for Salvador and Guatemala, aiding former's trade by connection with Atlantic port
8
American Cables: Peruvian concession to All American Cables strengthens U. S. communications in Latin America
9
Danube Trade: Tariff barriers of new states cause decline in river commerce
7
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can look ahead and gauge the effects of the revised reparations scheme with much more definiteness than it could under the Dawes Plan. The nations benefiting from the Young Plan, on the other hand, can readjust their financial affairs in a way which ought to lead to better fiscal conditions. Possibly the most important factor in the economic outlook is the plan for the establishment of an International Bank of Settlement; while this new world institution is feared in some quarters as offering competition with commercial banks, there appears to be a widespread acceptance of its practicality. At a time when gold movements engross financial markets the world over, much attention is being paid to the possibility of such a super-bank counteracting the effect of Wall Street money rates on foreign countries. That there will be any official connection between the United States and the World Bank, through the Federal Reserve Board, let us say, has been denied by Washington.

The uncertainty of Britain's commercial position, complicated by the general election, appears to have vanished, and optimism is returning. The reason is that, whatever business may think of the Labor victory, there is no longer any reason to mark time because of imminent changes in Westminster. There is a general feeling that the Labor Government is likely to remain in power for some time. Moreover, British trade returns for May show a rise in exports coupled with a small increase in imports; the excess of imports, the so-called 'unfavorable' balance of trade to be expected in the case of Britain, has been reduced. At the same time, the decline of American exports in May has resulted in the first unfavorable balance of trade for the United States in any month since the fall of 1926. This commodity situation reflects the decline in American foreign financing; for the stream of loans overseas, and not the importation of foreign goods, made difficult by protective tariff barriers, has been the principal factor in maintaining our sales of goods to foreigners. The net effect promises to be the lessening of gold imports, to the relief of European central banks.

2. Tariff Protests

American tariff plans continue to dominate the attention of international business. Reactions may be analyzed under two heads: the defense by the governments concerned of special foreign interests believed to be jeopardized by the Hawley Tariff Bill; and the more general effort to bring together European nations in continent-wide opposition to the tariff legislation of the United States.

The Department of State has been asked by Congress to communicate the protests already received from abroad. In most cases these take the form of communications from producers in foreign countries who believe their interests to be adversely affected, transmitted through diplomatic channels by the governments. They include protests from Canada on fish and agricultural products; from France, with regard to the method of evaluation and luxury schedules; from Britain, on woolen textiles; from Argentina, on beef, corn, and flax rates; from Australia, on raw wool; from Persia, on rugs; and so on round the globe. France, Italy, and Spain appear to be the nations most exercised over the revision, while twenty-three countries in all have presented protests to Washington.

Taking the view of the British Labor leader, MacDonald, that 'super-protection is nothing else than super-nationalism,' French opinion of the more responsible sort holds that the Hawley Tariff Bill makes trade between the Old World and the United States impossible. Talk of 'defense organizations' and 'economic war' is rife. Those who dream of a Pan-Europe may find in the tariff controversy the common economic cause which heretofore has been lacking to bind together the nations of the Old World. This might prove to be a blessing in disguise, for European animosities have heretofore been stronger than any supposed advantages from closer community of interest.

3. World Wheat

The world wheat situation, however, presents quite a different picture. The Italian and French grain growers are finding overproduction and low prices just as much a menace to their prosperity as the United States agricultural situation is to the American farmer. Just as European tillers of the soil demand tariff protection against foreign wheat, so do American producers insist upon some form of governmental subsidy, such as the export debenture, in addition to the aid given by low railway rates to tide water. While the crash of grain prices in the Chicago Pit means cheaper bread for industrial populations the world over, dollar wheat epitomizes the difficulties which confront equally far-flung farming interests.

The trouble has arisen from the record-breaking 1928 crop, which was almost ten per cent larger than the average for the previous three years. The 1929 world crop shows a drop, though it still exceeds the average. The net effect will be to intensify the wheat growers' difficulties, particularly in the case of the United States, where an abortive move to withhold the surplus from the market was made on the recommendation of the Department of Agriculture. This voluntary embargo stimulated sales by rivals, from Canada to the Argentine and Australia, with the result that a record-breaking volume of sales failed to take up the stocks which were menacing prices.

4. 'Fordizing' European Wages

The Old World, nervous under the American business 'conquest' of Europe, has received with mixed feelings the Ford plan for substantial uniformity of wages in plants, irrespective of the countries in which they are located. The Detroit doctrine of low prices and high wages represents the quintessence of Americanization; France again is most vociferous in warning against the trend. The Ford European operations depend upon knowledge of the 'real' wages paid in the various countries concerned, and the International Labor Office has been asked to furnish this data. Geneva has responded whole-heartedly, but emphasis is laid on the incompleteness of the available information. The Boston merchant, Edward A. Filene, who already has aided the I. L. O. with regard to its Scientific Management Institute, promptly cabled that he would guarantee $25,000 for the cost of the survey in view of the lack of League funds available for the purpose. He makes this gift, to the resentment of the French, because 'American business as a whole will benefit from such a move by Mr. Ford and because it is to the interest of other American manufacturers with foreign plants that the purchasing power of the peoples of Europe shall be increased.'

5. Russia's New Working Year

Further eastward, Soviet Russia advances its own views on the salvation of the worker. Since the Stalin dictatorship has ousted the 'Defeatist' opposition, politics once again give way to economic needs. The food shortage, industrial inefficiency, and corruption remain the three basic problems. A proletarian solution of Mr. Ford's problem of prosperity is seen in the new plans for a 360-day working year. This would abolish, we are told, all holidays, including Sundays, save the five great Bolshevik anniversaries. The anti-religious drive would gain momentum from the abolition of the Sabbath and church festivals;

(*Continued on page 476*)

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Views & Reviews

LETTERS OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK. *Edited by the Right Honorable Sir Frederick Ponsonby. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1929. $8.50.*

THE HOHENZOLLERNS. *By Herbert Eulenberg. Translated by M. M. Bozman. New York: The Century Co. 1929. $4.00.*

PROBABLY no character in history stood so little in need of 'debunking' as did William II at the close of the War, yet it was in his figure that the great fashion of 'modern' biography really took root. Emil Ludwig's *Wilhelm II* was the forerunner of that productive author's long series of best-seller biographies. As if this volume, coupled with almost a dozen books of memoirs and reminiscences of the former Kaiser's associates and contemporaries, had not sufficed to dispel any lingering illusions, Herr Eulenberg has now traced the Hohenzollern family history from the first Brandenburg elector to its culmination in the last Emperor. Almost simultaneously, Sir Frederick Ponsonby has edited and published the letters of Victoria, the Empress Frederick, who was a daughter of Queen Victoria and the mother of William II. Both of these books, while shedding much light on other figures and events, are chiefly interesting in connection with the former Kaiser. One of them is a general genealogical survey of the imperial psychology, while the other deals with the relationship between mother and son.

The romantic and clandestine removal of the Empress Frederick's letters to England, where they rested for many years in the possession of Sir Frederick Ponsonby before publication, is alone sufficient indication of their import; William used every means at his disposal to obtain them and to prevent their being taken out of Germany. From the imperial retreat at Doorn he has fumed and raged at the Ponsonby collection but he has finally let himself be persuaded to write, in self-defence, a preface to the German edition. In this foreword he does little more than reiterate the identical sentiments that once aroused the Empress Frederick's ire, and prompted her to the bitter criticisms these letters contain. His method of reply to the maternal accusations indicates that he is still as deplorably lacking in tact and good taste as he was when Victoria complained of the same failings in his youth.

New York Public Library

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK

FROM AN OLD COPPER ENGRAVING

Queen Victoria's daughter had no easy lot in Prussia from the time of her arrival; for, as Sir Frederick Ponsonby says, in nineteenth-century Germany the term '*die Engländerin*' 'bore as much scornful acerbity as the term "Bolshevist" in England to-day.' As Crown Princess she was constantly accused of exerting British influence on her consort, and as Empress she was practically held responsible for the death of Frederick after he had been ninety-nine days on the throne. Those sentiments were encouraged by Bismarck not only among the German people but most strongly in William II after his accession — a fact which necessarily further estranged the mother and son, who had at no time enjoyed a particularly harmonious relationship. All of these matters contributed to the Empress Frederick's dissatisfaction and unhappiness, which she lost no opportunity to express in her letters to her royal mother. Yet these same letters make one keenly aware of the shortcomings of the Empress herself. Stubbornness, willfulness, and a true Victorian lack of perception of the realities of life were strong characteristics of this woman who was her mother's daughter in so many respects.

However, despite a slightly impaired sense of political values, her appraisal of her eldest son was the most rational and piercing ever made by anyone close to William. This mother knew her son, painful as that knowledge was, and the best letters in Sir Frederick Ponsonby's excellent edition are those which deal with his filial behavior and character.

The young William, returning home from school, already impressed his mother with a peculiar independence of action which utterly disregarded the feelings of his parents. Later, after his marriage, she writes of a meeting with him: 'He did not condescend to remember that he had not seen me for two months, or that I had been to England or to Hamburg, or that his sisters had the measles. He never asked after them or you, or any of my relations in England, so that I felt hurt and disappointed, as I had been tormenting myself so much about him. He is a

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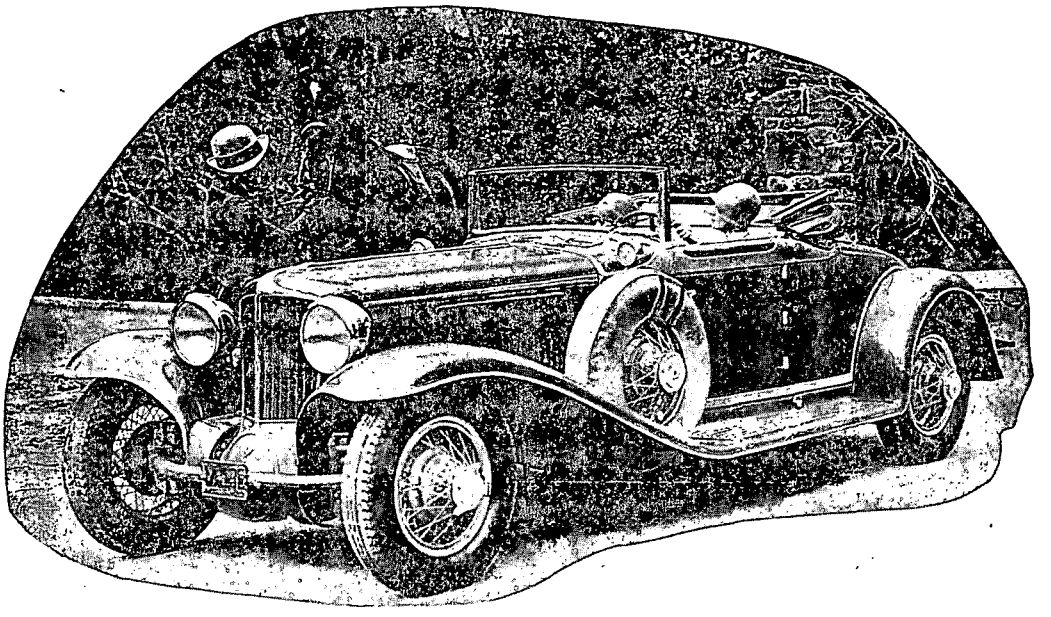

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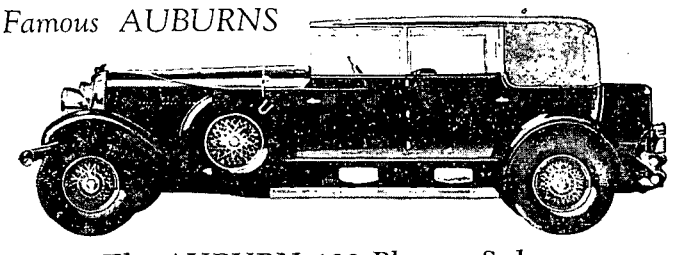

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curious creature! A little civility, kindness, and *empressement* go a long way, but I never get them from him . . . it is very painful to a soft-hearted mamma to feel so plainly that her own child does not care whether he sees her or no, whether she is well or ill, or away.' Such evidences of lack of affection were frequent during the many years of the reign of old William I; when the end of the venerable Emperor approached the truly malicious character of young William became apparent. In one of her later letters, after the death of her husband, the Empress Frederick pours out her heart in one of the bitterest and most dramatic indictments of a son by his mother ever written; it is filled, not only with the wrongs he has done her, but also with his errors before Germany and the world. William's mother saw through his empty speeches, his forward and insolent policies, his arrogant conduct, and every other unpleasant feature that grew with the years and formed the demeanor that courted inevitable disaster.

Not a whit more difficult is it to read in Herbert Eulenberg's masterful history of the Ex-Kaiser's ancestors the prophecy of the cowardly deserter of the 9th of November, 1918. Herr Eulenberg has taken down from the shelf of history each one of the Hohenzollerns — who, with one exception, were invariably dwarfed by greater contemporaries — and has examined each puny ruler under an impartial glass. He has set down a record of robber barons, drunkards, libertines, braggarts, lunatics, and, in almost every case, of crack-brained militarists. One after the other passes in review — only Frederick the Great acquitting himself with a fair average of service to his people. There are no contributions other than his to science, to art, to literature, to music — only an uninterrupted record of warfare and oppression, of unbridled cruelty and lack of consideration for the people. There is scarcely any other nation which would have so long endured so miserable a dynasty; and endurance of the Hohenzollerns for five centuries is certainly no credit to Brandenburg or to Prussia. One comes to the broad but convincing conclusion that there never was a time in history when the incumbent Hohenzollern could not have been replaced by one of his subjects who was better able to rule the country. To sum it up, this family history amply supports the saying of one far-seeing German intellectual of the early years of the present century who disregarded the outward serenity and bombast of the reign of the man Herr Eulenberg calls a 'brilliant fraud': 'Germany has grown a great nation not because, but in spite, of the Hohenzollerns.'

ALFRED M. FRANKFURTER

AMERICA AND EUROPE. *By Alfred E. Zimmern. New York: Oxford University Press. 1929. $3.00.*

ONE of the articles included in this book of collected essays and addresses is a discriminating appreciation of George Lucius Beer. Calling him 'the scholar in public affairs,' Zimmern uses him as a means to investigate the place of the scholar in public life and to analyze the ideal attitude of the scholar, who shall make it his concern 'not to carry on public affairs but to understand them and interpret them to others.' The scholar should be able to reflect with detachment 'on all the deeper meaning of the scene around him, of the New World at grips with the legacy of the Old World's problems, of the contact of minds and of civilizations, and of the vista of problems, and the tasks of understanding and interpretation thus opened up.' It is impossible to read the other essays in the book without becoming aware that Professor Zimmern is himself an admirable example of the scholar occupied with public affairs. To the study of contemporary political situations Zimmern brings a mind made lucid by contemplation of the institutions of ancient Greece. In modern international life, he says, 'the scholar is always stronger than the statesman, for he is always forearmed against failure. The disaster which, by postponing his hopes and negating his too hasty ideals, is apt to turn the statesman into a cynic or a demagogue is to the scholar but a fresh and even inspiring stimulus to a new and deeper task of understanding.'

The first essay, from which the book takes its name, is the most popular and the least profound of the collection. It serves a definite purpose by clarifying some of the points of friction between the peoples of Europe and America. In another place Zimmern deals expertly with American universities. As a European familiar with American college faculties and systems, he speaks of them with authority, if not with complete originality. He notices their deficiencies in the matter of presidents who represent Big-Business methods of organization instead of scholarship. He deplores the rigid systems of study which are not indigenous to American soil. 'It would be a source for Homeric laughter, if it were not a real tragedy, to watch red-blooded young Americans of pioneer stock, who ought, by every law of their nature, to be adventuring gayly and boisterously into the vast and alluring *terra incognita* of humane learning and ideas, pinned down by a Prussianized preceptor to a year's research for a master's degree, to be followed by two years more for a doctor's.' He calls attention to the prevalent American tendency to set up separate departments for each special study, thus shutting off one field of research from another. The pettiness of professors' wives also inspires him to somewhat bitter criticism.

In examining the possibilities of international education, Zimmern is guided by the maxim that the problem at hand is

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one of promoting international *understanding*, not international *love*. 'The problem,' he says, 'is wrongly stated when it is placed on the emotional plane.' Among the false short cuts to international understanding he includes a common or universal language. He feels that a manufactured language will always be abhorrent to students of literature or to true lovers of words, and that it is really a language for manufactured people, for Robots.

One of the desirable results of the international education that he outlines would be increased individual capacity for regarding political situations, foreign countries and peoples, strange cultures, as wholes, that is to say, synthetically instead of fragmentarily. That Zimmern himself has this synthetic grasp of things is particularly apparent in his sound discussion of democracy, and in his treatment of the British Empire as an historic idea. He virtually redefines the traditional conceptions of politics and of democracy as a working institution. He reinterprets the British Empire in the light of its present heterogeneity, explaining the mystery of how its scattered parts hang together. He contrasts the British Empire, which consists of a number of living centres, engaged in developing their own characteristic forms of national life and culture, with the strongly centralized Roman Empire. He believes that the League of Nations has become an indispensable part of the system of the British Empire and that disaster for the British would follow the weakening or elimination of the League. Occasionally he produces excellent aphorisms, stating, for instance, that personal rights and parliamentary government were achieved for the people but not by the people. On the subject of democracy, he leads off from the idea that although the world has been made safe for democracy, democracy has not yet been made safe for mankind. The ensuing reflections deserve study.

These essays, like the British Empire, are bound together by a thread that is obscure but firm. They are joined by a thought that injects itself frequently into Professor Zimmern's writings — the thought that nationality, a rather vague something that can be distinguished from the state, has inherent value and is perfectly compatible with the highest form of internationalism. His earnestness on this point is convincing, although the details of his reasoning on nationalism are more susceptible to attack on grounds of logical precision in this book than in most of his others. On grounds of accuracy also, one might take exception to his assertion that 'Britain is the greatest existing reservoir of public spirit.'

MARGARET H. IRISH

Books Abroad

LEVIATHAN. *By Julien Green. Paris: Plon. 1929.*
(Albert Thibaudet in *Candide*, Paris)

M. GREEN has chosen a curious story to tell us. Somewhere in the French provinces. Or rather almost anywhere, for the author has been careful not to give any recognizable characteristics to the town in which his novel takes place. Into a group of *pensionnaires* in a little restaurant comes a stranger, a newcomer who awakens the curiosity of the proprietress and who is designed also to awaken the curiosity of the reader. He is a poor devil who has come out from Paris to set himself up in the little town as a private tutor — which in itself is a curious idea. His wife, who is a seamstress for the big Paris stores, goes to the capital every week to deliver her work.

It is an unfortunate marriage that this tutor has made. Not that his wife deceives him, or that she is a virago. On the contrary, she is the frankest, most devoted creature imaginable. But harmony of souls and bodies is absent, and the tutor's life goes on almost as if he were single. Although he is no longer young, he goes after another woman, a girl who is by no means averse to his approaches. He is almost mad, however, and his love brings him only the tortures of the crazed.

He obtains work tutoring the sickly child of a bourgeois family of the town. The father is a cynical old wastrel, narrow-minded and tired of life; the mother is another mad creature, nervous and perverse. It is one more marriage in which essential harmony is lacking, and this situation has driven the more intelligent of the pair out of her wits and has aggravated the congenital vileness of the other. One of the evidences of the wife's madness is her hatred for her child, whom she takes a sadistic pleasure in beating. The unfortunate newcomer has obviously got himself into a society which is made up of the dregs of existence.

Another delightful character is Mme. Londe, the proprietress of the restaurant at which the tutor dines when his wife is in Paris. She is, for all practical purposes, a procuress. She gives lodging to the young laundress who is the object of the mad tutor's affections, and forces her to prostitute herself to the boarders once a week (on Sundays), in order to drum up business for the restaurant and to obtain information about her *pensionnaires* — for she has an evil curiosity. Meanwhile, she is training a child of thirteen as an understudy to the young laundress, whose value, she realizes, will be inversely proportional to her age.

As the reader is introduced into this underworld, he feels murder approaching. It is the most crazed of them all, the

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tutor, who is finally to turn assassin. He learns the kind of life the young laundress is leading, and, arranging a meeting on the bluffs overlooking the river, violates and disfigures her. Afterward, there is still enough of the desire for crime left in him so that when, on his way back from this exploit, he meets an inoffensive old man, he takes him for a spy of the police and beats him to death.

Then, gone completely mad, he flees from the town and hides himself, prowling about the nearby countryside. The young laundress does not wish to report him to the police: she is afraid; she feels that she has been disfigured out of love, which seems an excuse to her; and she and the little girl of thirteen are the only people in these haunts of darkness who are not completely possessed by the devil. She sees the tutor again, pardons him, and runs away with him when he asks her to.

But madness brings further madness in its train. The crazed mother of the child whom the newcomer has been tutoring is sexually unsatisfied and criminally inclined. She meets the murderer, recognizes him, and hides him in her house. She is ready for every absurdity and for any kind of crime; she is just as likely to give him up to the police as to give herself up to him. In the end she decides to force the young laundress to turn him over to the police, in order to prove to him that the girl does not love him. (Jealousy also plays its part in this mixture of infernal poisons.) She writes a note to the girl, telling her what she must do; but the proprietress of the restaurant intercepts it and reads it, and it is she who actually sends the police. The crazed wife shoots herself; the murderer is arrested. All these evil creatures fall of their own weight into the depths of darkness.

Only one of them seems to escape — the laundress, a poor disfigured creature who never sought to do evil at all. When she learns what has happened, she too goes crazy, which really does not change the situation greatly. Then she remembers that she has agreed to meet the murderer at a point on the road outside the town and rushes off again. The next day, she is brought back to the restaurant by the milkman, dying. The doctor calls it pneumonia, but the novelist goes on to say: —

'Mme. Londe's first care was to put her to bed and to light a little fire in the room. It was the first time that a fire had ever burned on that hearthstone. But it made little difference that Mme. Londe should go to this trouble. It made little difference whether the room was dark or light, whether the human heart was hard or charitable. The world was slipping away like a bad dream. All that remained of this girl's life was the pain which she still felt, and, when even that pain was dulled, the last link with life was broken.'

She is the only character in the novel who was likely to die other than by violence. But this does not mean that she will rest in peace forever after. In this accursed corner of the planet, among this little group of fallen creatures (hence the title, *Leviathan*) which seems to be the novelist's own property, it is impossible to predict what may happen.

The critics have paid a good deal of attention to this book, and rightly so. For it involves three questions which are very much worth treating: the Green question, the question of the provincial novel, and the question of the Catholic novel.

It is a commonplace that M. Julien Green is an extraordinarily talented novelist. He is twenty-nine — just the age of his century — and he now has three novels behind him: *Mont-Cinère, Adrienne Mesural,* and the present one. None of them resembles in any respect the bubbling, frankly autobiographical novels that one expects from beginners. On the contrary, all three are distinguished by irreproachable technique, complete objectivity, and a style which, though not brilliant, is

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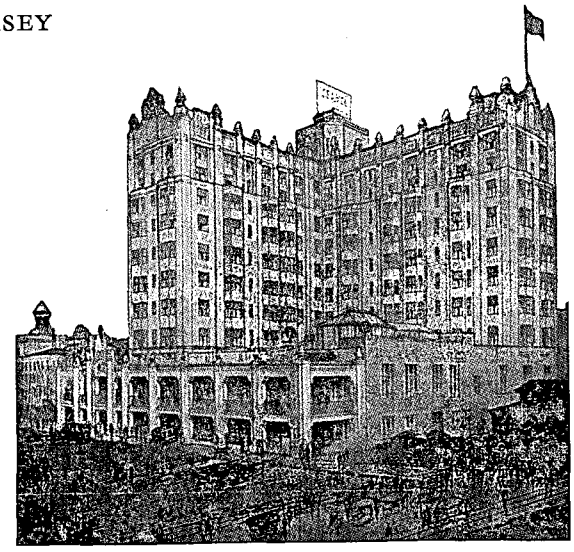

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finished, firm, and clear — a style which the author seems not to have had to develop. It is a question whether such astonishing precociousness will preclude the possibility of progress, change, and the discovery of new veins to tap in the splendid career which lies open before M. Green. It is impossible for me to predict. Up to the present time he has written three excellent novels, all of which are roughly on the same level. Will he maintain that level, or will he rise above it?

LEVIATHAN, like *Adrienne Mesurat*, is obviously not what used to be called a novel of the *mœurs de province*. But it is a novel which takes the French provinces as a background and which utilizes French provincial characters. M. Green has often said, with the modesty and the honesty which makes him so delightful a writer, that he set his novels in the French provinces because, since he never left Paris and did not know the provinces well, his creative spirit was thereby allowed free rein. Théophile Gautier used to say that just before he left for Spain people asked him: 'How will you be able to write about Spain, now that you will have been there?' Racine gave away the secret of the Romanticists when he said, concerning *Bajazet*, that distance allows an author the same freedom as the passage of time. The author of *Ubu-Roi* used to claim that he set his play in Poland (which did not exist as a nation at that time) because he wished to indicate that it took place nowhere in particular. But these precedents do not apply to the French provinces. Far from it. A writer may see the French provinces, feel them, depict them faithfully; but he cannot invent them. Yet nothing is impossible, and, strictly speaking, M. Green might have been able to invent the French provinces as they really are, or even French provinces more real than the actuality. But this, unfortunately, is not the case. His little town, which he calls Lormes, has no existence in fact. It is an abstraction. No French official, recalling the days of his youth, would recognize Mme. Londe's restaurant. The characters of the novel move about, not in a little French town, but across the stage of a sort of religious theatre in which they symbolize the sins of man. In M. Green we have the peculiar phenomenon of a lively, powerful novelist with all the faculties of a realist who professes the most complete indifference for the famous standards of credibility so dear to Paul Bourget.

It is significant, too, that *Leviathan*, the work of a Catholic author, has been published in the collection of the *Roseau d'Or*, which is edited by M. Maritain and is composed largely of books inspired by Catholicism. The *Roseau d'Or*, according to the prospectus which was sent out with review copies of the book, 'in publishing *Leviathan*, does not consider it as a book which falls within the classification which has come to be called "the Catholic novel." The *Roseau d'Or* considers it as a book which makes manifest the secret terror which grips this universe of passion which Christians call the world.'

I am not certain what the bibliographers mean by 'the Catholic novel.' I can conceive of a Catholic novel, or rather a school of the Catholic novel, which goes back to Barbey d'Aurevilly and to Léon Bloy, and which came to its finest flower among the disciples of Léon Bloy. To-day, it seems to me, this type of novel has two outstanding representatives, M. Bernanos and M. Green, authors respectively of *Sous le soleil de Satan* and of *Leviathan*. This type of Catholic novel depicts the struggle between God and the Devil in this world. It is impossible to understand *Leviathan* or to appreciate its full depth and poignancy unless one sees the characters, this little world of idiots and madmen, as possessed by the Devil, as Guéret, the tutor, was; as subjects of the Devil, as the bourgeois wife, Mme. Grosgeorges, was; or as servants of the Devil, like Mme. Londe.

There is one kind of novel in which the Devil, for the benefit of the author, lifts the roofs from houses and shows the men within. But this is the kind of novel in which the novelist himself lifts the roofs from houses and the stones from their hearths, and looks within the heads of men to show the Devil inside.

Travel Books

To anyone addressing himself to the Travel Editor, THE LIVING AGE, 253 Broadway, New York City, any desired information about travel books and travel bibliographies will be gladly given.

THE SAVAGE SOLOMONS AS THEY WERE AND ARE. *By S. G. C. Knibbs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1929. $5.00.*

This book tells of the life — the habits and customs — of the cannibalistic, head-hunting tribes of a group of islands, under British protectorate, off the west coast of New Guinea, ironically called the Solomon Islands.

It is essentially a book for travelers who enjoy the novelty of living among strange peoples surrounded by rare and beautiful tropical scenery. Several photographic illustrations are included.

ANDREW M. BURRIS

DAYS IN THE SUN. *By Martin Anderson Nexo. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1929. $3.00.*

One reads this book with the sensation of being in a traveler's trance, wherein sunny cities and gay peoples are visited under rosy, if not quite realistic, auspices. Viewed in retrospect, however, the work assumes a more practical aspect for, when the immediate effects of the style wear off, there is fortunately left a very fair amount of substance.

You would be at a loss if you attempted to use *Days in the Sun* as a guide to Andalusia. It is rather the sort of book to enhance your own appreciation of past journeyings or, if you have not seen Spain, to make you want to go there. As is natural with a novelist, the author's emphasis is upon the people who live in Cadiz, Seville, Córdoba, and other cities of the Spanish southland. In his semiphilosophic studies of these Granada gypsies and the rest, he employs much gently humorous narrative. And he tends to refer at some length to his fellow Danes, whose methods contrast so sharply with the evident indolence of all the Andalusian population.

One is justified in feeling that the author might have cut this material somewhat and enlarged more upon artistic aspects. He has, however, hinted at many things that are an inseparable part of the country: Malaga literally flowing with streams of golden fruit; the Cadiz salt fields; the enchanting beauty of Seville nights; the stranglehold that tobacco has upon the people; the monuments of Moorish civilization. So, though somewhat one-sided because of the author's special preoccupation with people, the book has decided charm and is mildly useful.

MARY E. JESSUP

A WAYFARER IN MOROCCO. *By Alys Lowth. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929. $3.00.*

In her *A Wayfarer in Morocco*, Alys Lowth attempted to write a book equally suited to being read at home or carried abroad as a guide. On hasty inspection it appears that she has turned out a very successful piece of advertising copy for the Moroccan tourist traffic. But there is too much religion in the book to make good copy. For the author's greatest weakness is a tendency to lose herself in Mohammedan religious and political lore. Miss Lowth took the Moslems and their customs to heart, and, if she accomplishes nothing else, she gives the reader a sympathetic approach to their strange, almost fanatical religious life.

BLUE GLAMOR. *By Webb Waldron. New York: The John Day Company. 1929. $4.00.*

Through sixteen Mediterranean countries Mr. Waldron drags the helpless reader with evident relish. When the trip is ended, Mr. Waldron is inclined to feel sad; the reader's emotions are just the reverse. This reader hardly knew whether to sympathize with the Mediterranean, Mr. Waldron, or himself. So he sympathized with all three. Mr. Waldron approaches his subject with fresh enthusiasm,

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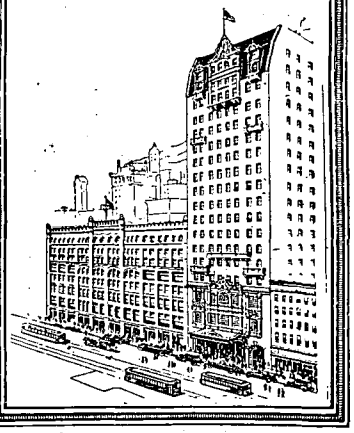

and it is unfortunate that he cannot express himself more interestingly. His jerky style not only jars on the reader but frequently tends to make negligible effects which might otherwise have stood out. Mr. Waldron writes best when he writes restrainedly. How much more effective and suggestive is this reaction to Mt. Olympus — 'We had been looking for a mountain, not for the abode of the gods' — than many more pretentious descriptions. Strewn through these pages are various anecdotes and historical notes, some of which are of interest. The illustrations are well done.

HORACE BURNSTINE

CRIME ON THE CONTINENT. *By Horace Wyndham. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1928. $3.00.*

Famous murders and the trials which followed them interestingly described. Austria, Belgium, and France have two crimes each, and Germany, Russia, and Switzerland, one apiece.

OLD CIVILIZATIONS OF THE NEW WORLD. *By A. Hyatt Verrill. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1929. $5.00.*

DISCOVERIES AND ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AMERICA. *By Thomas Gann, F.R.G.S. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1929. $5.00.*

Archæology, since the spectacular discovery of Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb, has become a popular subject. Each of these two volumes is of the new type of archæological book which is written, not for the expert or the interested amateur, but for the general reading public, and which shows no special knowledge of the subject and no intention of going deeply into it. Writing of this sort may be very delightful and, as American Indian civilizations lend themselves particularly well to this treatment, each volume contains much that is fascinatingly interesting about the explorer's life, and about the vanished peoples who raised some of the world's most remarkable buildings above the forests of Yucatan or in the desolate valleys of the Andes. Each has also another interest: Mr. Verrill, in giving a general survey of all the pre-Columbian civilizations, attempts to meet a very real need; Dr. Gann's chatty account of several seasons' exploration in British Honduras gives a detailed description of a new Maya city site, Chumuchà. Yet, if one is interested in the subject, as well as in being entertained for a time, one leaves each with the feeling that the popularizing of archæology is giving us an unnecessary amount of dilution and artificial flavoring in the product.

It is particularly annoying that Mr. Verrill, with a vast amount of interesting material at his disposal, should waste a great deal of space in generalizations upon how mysterious and how marvelous these peoples were, while leaving out the facts which make them so. Enough is known about the Mayas now to give a fairly clear picture of their culture, which would be far more interesting and impressive than any quantity of vague hints and exclamatory adjectives. He has also failed to take advantage of the latest work upon Maya chronology and upon the Mexican cultures. His dating is very weak and he has followed the old theory which reduced the Toltecs, now known to have been a very real and important people, to a myth and gave most of their achievements to the relatively barbarous and over-rated Aztecs. The book is therefore in certain respects already out of date. Its most valuable, as well as most interesting, parts are those written from Mr. Verrill's own experiences with the unconquered Indians who still retain to-day vestiges of the ancient customs.

If Mr. Verrill seems to generalize too much, Dr. Gann's book is, on the contrary, a little too much like the contents of his daily notes put unaltered into print, without enough generalization. In his excavations at Chumuchà, he not only pleased his British patriotism by unearthing for the first time inscribed stelae in British territory, but discovered certain things of value about the development of Maya hieroglyphs and the nature of Maya town sites. These might well have been given more space, while the anecdotes of the beef flies and polecats of the jungle might well have received less. But, in any revision, the stories of the great three-toed beast and the ghost glyph should remain; they are the best traveler's tales that have appeared in some time.

-E. P. RICHARDSON

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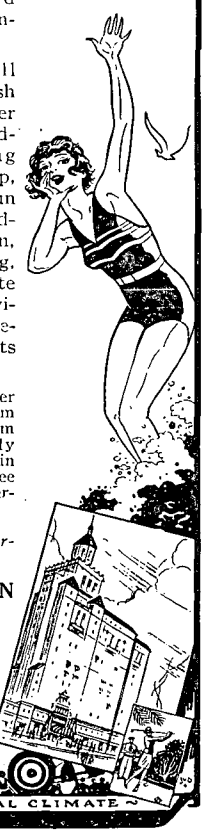

CALIFORNIA'S IDEAL CLIMATE

KIRK ON THE ZAMBEZI: A CHAPTER OF AFRICAN HISTORY. *By R. Coupland. New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $6.50.*

Sir John Kirk was one of that nineteenth-century race of capable, conscientious, energetic Scotsmen whose scholarly hobbies led them far from home into fields of service for which they never dreamed their youth was preparing them. Their training was largely of their own procuring. Their piety was as great as their resources were humble. And they tackled quietly, at a moment's notice and almost with bare hands, tasks of scholarship,

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exploration, or trade which to-day have somehow come to require vast corporations, great endowed laboratories, and elaborately prepared expeditions surrounded with all the ballyhoo of organized publicity.

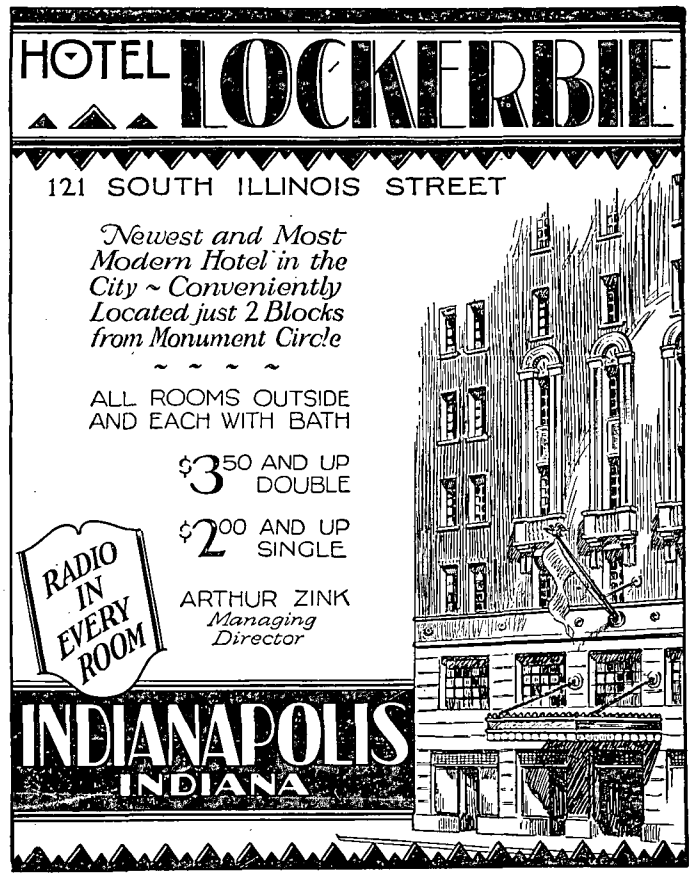
Born in 1832, the son of a Forfarshire pastor, Kirk studied medicine at Edinburgh together with four young men whose distinguished and varied careers give some indication of the company which he kept: Lister, who was to become the father of antiseptic surgery; Beddoe, one of the most eminent of British ethnologists; Christison, the Scottish archæologist; and Watson, the finest surgeon in Scotland in his day. Botany, however, rather than medicine, was Kirk's hobby, and it was not long before he was to be allowed to ride it for a time. With the Crimean War came a call for volunteer medical officers. Kirk, with Beddoe and Christison, went to Constantinople to set up a base hospital. But when the installation was completed, the flow of wounded had lessened to such an extent that the three young men spent the greater part of their time exploring the country and learning the languages of the peoples roundabout, and Kirk ended his service as a medical officer with a considerable collection of rare Near Eastern plants and flowers.

When Kirk arrived in England again in 1857, David Livingstone, until a short time before a missionary pure and simple in South Africa, had just come back from his first taste of real exploration: the trip north from Cape Town to the country of the Makololo near Victoria Falls; west to the Atlantic coast at the Portuguese port of São Paulo de Loanda; finally, east again to the Makololo country and on down the Zambezi to the sea, on foot and accompanied only by a handful of natives, to achieve what only one white man had achieved before him — a crossing of the Dark Continent from coast to coast.

But in the interior Livingstone had seen the slave trade — by that time beginning to be frowned upon, officially at least, by the chancelleries of Europe — at its worst under lax Portuguese colonial government; and his missionary's soul had been fired with a desire to smite it once for all. He knew that there was only one sure way to do so, and that was to render it unprofitable by putting legitimate goods trade with Europe in its place. And he knew that penetration by European commerce required trade routes from the unknown interior to the sea. It was for this reason that he attached such importance to the Zambezi route, which he had partially surveyed on foot; and, once in England, he exerted every effort to persuade the missionary societies and the government to back him in a fresh expedition to survey the Zambezi's course, this time by boat. It was this expedition, subsidized by the government, of which Kirk, fresh from botanical successes in Asia Minor, became botanist and medical officer. Originally intended to last two years, it struggled on for six. This book is its history, made poignant and real by the use of the penciled notes which young Kirk, only twenty-six when he set out, scribbled at night upon his knees.

The story of the expedition is one of incredible effort seemingly spent in vain, of great dreams apparently doomed to frustration, of sacrifices whose reward was not to come until long after those who made them were gone. The river boat provided by an interested but not very exacting government proved to draw two feet more water than was intended, so that miles of river had to be traversed by dragging it over sand bars at tremendous cost of energy and time; and its boilers' appetite was such that two days were required to cut sufficient wood to fuel it for one! A true mouth of the Zambezi was discovered and surveyed, and the river ascended painfully; but the sleek rocks of the Quebra Baço Rapids put an end to all thought of using it as a highway to the sea. The splendid healthy upland region of the Shire Valley was discovered, but the mission that came to settle and convert and cultivate it became involved in tribal wars, fell before fever, and left nothing behind but a few scattered mounds of European graves. Lake Nyasa and the rich country about it were discovered and prospected; but the Murchison Falls effectually cut off access to them by the Zambezi and the Shire, and not even Livingstone's blind, angry optimism could take boats inland up the shallow Rovuma from farther along the coast. What faint taste of civilization the ragged expedition could bring to untouched tribes, in the great hope of displacing the slave trade with legal commerce, succeeded only in increasing the area over which slave hunting could proceed; for behind the friendly Englishmen came Portuguese and half-caste traders, claiming to be Livingstone's little brothers and seizing trusting natives as they followed on.

Livingstone himself, a wizard at dealing with blacks, proved to be a pitifully poor hand at leading white men, and dissension was intermittent within the expedition itself. If it held together, in spite of numerous defections, as long as it did, the credit is largely Kirk's; for in almost every case it was his coolness, his reasonableness, his human understanding which healed the breach. Yet when the six fever-wracked years were over and the expedition straggled home, even Kirk, cheated of most of his botanical specimens by the dampness, felt that it had been a failure. He could not then see, as Mr. Coupland can point out to-day, that the discovery by Europeans of the central part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of the great upland backbone of Africa which runs from the Red Sea to the Cape was to furnish the stuff of Cecil Rhodes's great dream of a British African Empire, now so nearly realized; that the prospecting of Nyasaland, apparently unapproachable from the sea, was to be followed by a British protectorate and British trade; or that in spite of everything the abolition of the slave trade, dearest object of the expedition, was ultimately to be accomplished by cutting its jugular vein at Lake Nyasa itself — the very point where Kirk and Livingstone had turned back with their spirits at lowest ebb.

Kirk on the Zambezi is a not inconsiderable contribution to the history of the development of Africa and of the problem of slavery, if only as another man's view of the expedition whose history has long been available in Livingstone's *Narrative*. It is, as well, an excellent preface to the later life of Sir John Kirk — who subsequently became a distinguished servant of Her Majesty's Government in Zanzibar and along the whole East Coast, and who died only in 1922 — which Mr. Coupland plans to present in a further volume. The book benefits by some excellent reproductions of maps and colored drawings by Kirk, as well as by several unusual photographs which Kirk himself took — for the capable Scotch botanist, medical man, and public servant was also an amateur photographer, at a time when photography required a whole battery of chemical knowledge. Mr. Coupland, who is Professor of Colonial History at Oxford University, has already written biographies of such nineteenth-century British figures as Bishop Wilberforce and Sir Stamford Raffles. In this book he has done a careful, competent piece of work, often illuminated by a rare sympathy with the feelings of what this enlightened era is prone to consider those strange, mad white men of nineteenth-century Africa who stubbornly insisted on giving up their lifes for God, for country, and for the abolition of the Trade.

MARVIN MCCORD LOWES

TALES OF OLD JAPAN. *By Lord Redesdale. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. $1.40.*

Read this book if you wish to know a convincing and admirable Japan. Here you will find a bit of everything and every bit interesting. It is mostly a translation of legends and histories with here and there an observation or explanation by the author.

The etiquette for all occasions — birth, death, weddings, and seppuku (vulgarly known as hara-kiri) — is graphically described. After reading this it is a relief to discover that hara-kiri ceased to be a fact and became a mere form about one hundred and ninety years ago. No Japanese can plead temporary insanity as an extenuating circumstance for a murder. It is particularly and frequently emphasized in the rules governing a proper performance of hara-kiri that, when a man calmly makes up his mind to murder another and abide by the consequences, all honor is accorded him at his enforced suicide; but, when he kills in a fit of ungovernable passion, matters need not be conducted punctiliously. In the first group of legends, the one concerning the death by hara-kiri of the forty-seven Rônins after they had avenged the death of their overlord arouses indescribable admiration for the Spirit of Old Japan that had the courage of its convictions.

These histories are followed by some quaint fairy tales that subtly point a moral for the grown-ups and fascinate the youngsters. The Japanese make a great point of conservation, and stoicism is a fine art with them. They are also lovers of poetic justice, as many of these tales testify.

As it is a matter of principle with a Japanese preacher not to bore his audience into virtue, the sermons of Kin-Ô included here are worth the attention of the most hustling Occidental.

GREEK-ROMAN TREASURES OF GERMAN MUSEUMS. *Edited by Karl Kiesel and Ernst O. Thiele. Berlin: Terramare Office. 1929.*

The museums of Germany, says the foreword of this booklet with a touch of pride, 'in their totality are representative of everything accomplished by man — as far, at least, as this admits of being exhibited in visible form.' That seems a large ideal for even German thoroughness to realize. But after reading this survey of their Greek-Roman collections, one has no desire to question their accomplishment of it in that field. For, familiar as one may be with individual works of art in German museums, the extent and thoroughness of their collections, when presented as a whole in such a survey as this, is more than likely to surprise one.

The words 'in their totality' are used advisedly. The collections are scattered from the Rhine cities to Berlin and Vienna; the Terramare Office has done good service to students, and to all who wish to travel intelligently, by presenting this concise and useful summary. It is not an academic book, except in the sense that it was prepared by men

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who are experts in German museums; it is simply a traveler's handbook, which contrives to give within thirty-nine pages a good idea of what Classical art and archæology he can find in Germany and where he can find it.

It is remarkable how complete a pageant of Greek and Roman civilization is offered in German museums by objects which are not of minor value (as is so often the case in our 'encyclopædic' museums), but are the finest examples of their class extant. It ranges from the earliest archaic work of the Greeks, at the time when they had hardly begun to rise from barbarism, down to the last rich glow of Roman life in the provinces, just before the invasions, when Rome itself was dying and the northern provinces on the Rhine and in Gaul sheltered what was left of antique culture. The collections in this booklet touch each period of that progress not only adequately but brilliantly. For the earliest archaic Greek life there are the early vases at Berlin; while the mature archaic and early fifth century (artistically the finest stage of classic life) are represented all through their development by high points — the 'Woman with a Pomegranate' and the 'Seated Goddess' in Berlin, the Cassel 'Apollo,' matchless black and red-figured vases like the 'Dionysos Cup' of Exekias and the 'Achilles Slaying Penthesilea' of the Horse Master in Munich, the lovely Attic tombstones at Cassel and Berlin, the Ægina sculptures at Munich, and Myron's 'Athena' at Frankfurt. The bronze 'Girl from Beroia' of the late fifth century in Munich, works after Polykleitos and Scopas in Dresden, the Berlin collection of lekythoi, the vast altar of Pergamon in its special museum at Berlin, the Berlin Tanagra statuettes and the famous Hellenistic cameos at Vienna, again to mention only high spots, bring the picture down to Roman times. The collections of arts and manufactures under the Roman Empire are very rich. Most notable are the sixty mummy portraits from the Fayum in Berlin, covering the period from the first to the third century A.D., which is certainly the finest single collection of this important art; there are other excellent examples of the art of the same period from Herculaneum and Boscoreale in the same city. The Cologne collection of the late Roman glass industry on the Rhine, the Gans collection of gold and silver ware in Berlin, the world's best group of Roman arms in Mainz and the wealth of Roman civic architecture and villas in and around Trier bring it down through the period of the afterglow in the north to 300 A.D. There is even, in the superb gold and silver 'treasures' of Vienna, ranging from the Aquileia bowl of the first century to the Treasure of Banat, between the seventh and the ninth centuries, a superb illustrative group of the transition from the Classic to the northern art of the invaders.

It is an extraordinary panorama of Classic life and one that makes one disposed to admire German scholarship at home as heartily as one detests what passes for its imitation in this country. German thoroughness has also done its work well in the editing of the booklet. The articles are by museum officials of importance; the printing is excellent and the illustrations — both unusual details of well known objects and photographs of fine things not so generally known — are very well chosen. A list of museums at the end, giving street addresses, hours of opening and closing, and fees of admission, adds to its usefulness. One realizes on reading the booklet the force of that tradition of educated taste which has made German museum scholarship not only the most carefully trained but the most liberal in the world.

E. P. RICHARDSON

ARNOLD GUYOT ET PRINCETON. *By Leonard Chester Jones. Neuchâtel: Secrêtariat de l'Université. 1929.*

Dr. Jones, of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., has rendered Americans a real service by making available in printed form an extensive memoir of a man who for many years was a great influence in Swiss-American friendship. It is too bad that the author did not see fit to publish his work in English in a form more available to citizens of the United States. Perhaps no American publisher would venture to invest in the life of so relatively unknown a person.

Forty years ago, Arnold Guyot's name was as well known in America as any professor's ever can be. To-day, none but a few of the older Princeton alumni have ever heard of him. And yet this was the man who turned Henry Fairfield Osborn and William Berryman Scott to science. This was the man whose Lowell lectures, delivered in French at Boston in 1849, were so eagerly followed that C. C. Felton, later President of Harvard, nightly translated them for publication in the next morning's *Traveler*.

Dr. Jones's book should be perused by any serious-minded traveler to Switzerland, for thus he may learn of an exceedingly interesting contribution made to American culture by the Helvetian Republic. If this had been her only contribution to the civilization of the United States, citizens of the New World would have to admit a heavy debt of gratitude.

Ever since the time of Calvin and John Knox there has been intimate and constant connection between the Presbyterian churches in

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Switzerland and those in Scotland. The first genuine Presbyterians (as distinguished from English Dissenters) who came to the New World brought this connection with them. Already in Switzerland, as all over Europe, there had sprung up a genuine interest in America. Nothing was more natural than that some Swiss emigrants should cross the Atlantic. What was surprising is that many of these emigrants, though they were few in number, have been leading citizens of their native country.

Gallatin was the first. He was not only a statesman and scientist; he also considerably enriched American life by assisting in the foundation of New York University as a training school for such persons as were spurned by Columbia College — in those days a rather snobbish institution.

Louis Agassiz, the second, is a name known to all who are interested in the history of the United States. His contributions to the teaching and study of science in America are too well known to need repetition here.

Arnold Guyot was the third of this trinity. He had already been recognized as a biologist and geographer of distinction when Louis Agassiz invited him to come to Harvard. Shortly after his arrival, the authorities at Princeton recognized his merits and prevailed upon him to move to their institution, where he remained until his death.

Guyot's achievements have been hinted at. He materially contributed to the success of the Union arms in the Civil War by his map of the Appalachian Mountains. His map of the Catskills needs very little revision to-day. Guyot initiated the system of collecting meteorological data used by the United States Government at present, and he can be in a sense considered the founder of the Weather Bureau. His books on religion and science were read throughout the world. He completely reformed the teaching of geography all over the continent. His own teaching gave to America two of the leading scientists of the day. His contributions to knowledge, published in learned periodicals, were numberless.

It should be remembered that with all this activity in the United States Guyot continued essentially international in spirit and often returned to his native country to represent American Presbyterianism at church congresses. Surely the great number of Americans who enjoy the hospitality of Geneva and Neuchâtel this summer can afford to pause a moment to learn about this man who contributed so much to the civilization of their country and whose talents were cheerfully sacrificed by the Swiss people in order that the New World might be enriched.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

World Business

(*Continued from page 465*)

unemployment would be aided, for more man power would be needed to keep the factories in continuous operation; the industrial loss from the let-up in the operation of plants over the week-end would disappear; and the industrial output should increase twenty per cent. The individual worker, on the other hand, will continue under the same five-and-one-half-day week until it can be reduced to five. The rest period will be a transferable week-end.

6. Unite for Anti-American Film Drive

With the Franco-American duel over film quotas continuing, European film interests have urged closer coöperation on the Continent further to restrict imports from Hollywood.

The International Cinema Congress of Europe, meeting appropriately in Paris, has voted the extension of the 'contingent system' along French lines to other countries 'threatened' by American movie supremacy. This is to be done, as the resolution diplomatically expresses it, through national legislation which, 'in encouraging film production, should take into account the needs of film directors in the countries concerned.' In view of the bitter European assaults on American protection of industries, this nationalism in motion pictures provides a strange commentary upon the thesis that Europeans, in contradistinction to Americans, are characterized by breadth of economic vision.

7. Eastern Europe's Mississippi

Conditions of trade on the Danube, Eastern Europe's Mississippi, likewise indicate that Old World practice is by no means always in accord with Old World professions of economic liberalism. Winding its way through the dismembered Habsburg Empire, this easy-flowing river finds its commercial importance threatened by the trade barriers which economic nationalism has erected. Seven tariff walls have been erected since the Peace Treaties reconstructed this part of Europe; these mean customs delays, navigation restrictions, and lost trade.

The international body which controls the river, the Danube Commission, has found it difficult to maintain proper navigation conditions. Funds for repairs and maintenance, such as the dredging of the Black Sea outlet, have been lacking. Though the river fleets have increased, the tonnage handled shows a marked decline since pre-War days.

8. Pan-American Railways

Though the dream of an all-American railway binding the New World together from Chile to Canada encounters much skepticism as to its economic practicability in these days of continental airways, the improvement of rail transportation continues. The Caribbean lines are being pushed; the International Railways of Central America is now opening up new commercial opportunities. Through this operating company, the railways of Salvador and Guatemala are being linked up so as to give the first-mentioned Pacific Coast republic an all-rail outlet to the Atlantic. The Guatemalan harbor of Puerto Barrios on the Caribbean offers modern facilities, instead of lighterage in roadsteads, for Salvadorean goods, and it is claimed that seven to fifteen days will be saved, while the frequent transshipment required by the Panama Canal route will be avoided.

9. Latin American Communications

All America Cables, the Latin American ally of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, has acquired an important concession from Peru. The Pacific republic has granted the American company the right to establish wireless telephone and telegraph stations in Peruvian territory for both point-to-point and international service. Older cable rights are also renewed, with telephonic transmission added.

Pan American Airways has planned a radio network of seventy-two stations to be used in the guidance of their aircraft as far south as Buenos Aires. The stations have a range of 1,000 miles. This gives communication with two stations continuously during flight, the position of the plane being checked constantly.

10. Chinese Airways

When so much publicity is being given to the economic plans of the Chinese Nationalists, the trouble over Nanking's airways is most unfortunate. The Chinese Government is placed in the same unfavorable position as that occupied by the old Peking régime, which continually tied itself up in conflicting contractual obligations. This time, two Nanking ministries, both becoming air-minded, have attempted to develop airways with American equipment. The Ministry of Railways turned to Curtiss interests to establish routes and operate their equipment until native personnel could be organized. The Ministry of Communications independently secured Stinson-Detroiter aircraft for similar lines. The latter organization appears to have placed obstacles in the way of the Curtiss operations sufficient to delay actual service for some time.

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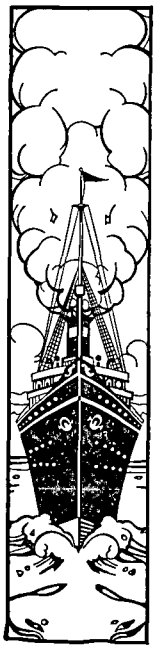

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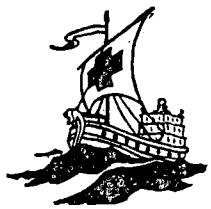

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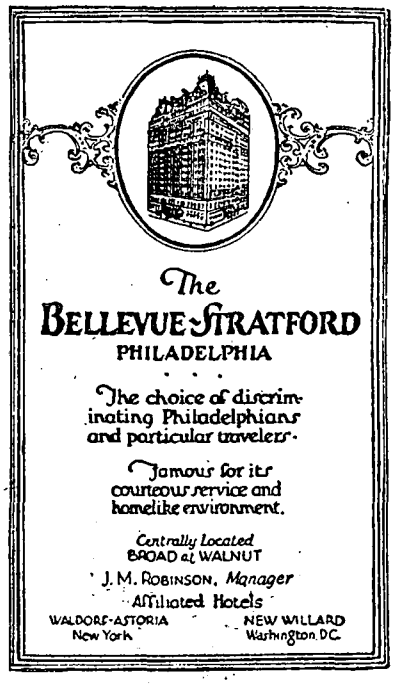

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The Guide Post

(*Continued from page 402*)

War and its consequences. His patriotic fervor is not that of a Nationalist or a Monarchist — indeed, it is shared by many of his countrymen whose political views are considerably more radical than his own. For, in spite of the fact that the great majority of Socialists and Republicans who now govern Germany have no use for the Hohenzollerns, they have a keen sense of national pride, which was outraged at Versailles and continues to smart under the accusation of war guilt. The late Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, who died while he was representing his country at Moscow, had prepared a speech back in 1919 which has only just appeared. This document, explaining why Germany should not sign the Versailles Treaty, is likely to become the political testament of all Germans who share Herr Block's comparatively moderate views.

EDMUND BLUNDEN, former Professor of English Literature at the Imperial University of Tokio, is the author of various books of verse and prose. In 1922 he won the Hawthornden Prize, given each year for the best piece of imaginative literature by an Englishman. His present contribution describes a rare book he owns that contains a number of hitherto unknown stories about Dr. Johnson and his circle. Readers of American newspapers would have been interested to see how this article was featured in the London *Times*. It appeared on the editorial page in the same distinctive place and with the same distinctive headlines that accompany leading articles on reparations, disarmament, Anglo-American relations, or any other vital subject of the day. It will probably be a long time before even the most conservative American newspaper follows the British practice of giving literature as much prominence in its pages as it gives to business, politics, or sports.

COMING at the same time that Henry Ford has undertaken his investigation of European labor costs, André Citroën's paper on the future of the automobile provides further evidence of the fact that the Old World is gradually making up its mind to adopt American methods. The Citroën automobile is the one make of car manufactured outside the United States that is the product of what Americans would call mass production. Any maker of automobiles — and, indeed, any holder of automobile stock — will be vitally interested to follow M. Citroën in his argument that a country's annual consumption of automobiles is roughly one fourth of the number of automobiles actually in use.

As for the cars that M. Citroën himself turns out, they were originally designed to meet the French need for low horse power and economical running expenses, but they proved so successful that even American manufacturers have adopted some of their principles.

HAVING spent many years in Java, Tassilo Adam was returning to his native country of Holland via New York. Here we encountered him with an extraordinary collection of photographs, the first of their kind ever to have been taken. As a personal friend of several of the native Sultans, Mr. Adam enjoyed a really unique opportunity to study many customs and rituals that continue to flourish, even under European rule. It seems that the Dutch encourage a certain amount of local self-government and are pleased to have the sons of prominent Javans go to Holland to get a European education. Then, when these Europeanized natives return, they become imbued with a pride in their national arts and do everything in their power to keep alive the ancient ceremonies that Mr. Adam witnessed.

THE *Empire Review*, as its title indicates, makes a specialty of printing articles by Englishmen who bear the white man's burden in remote, uncomfortable corners of the earth. Lawrence G. Green's piece on Central Africa makes almost any other summer surroundings — even New York — seem cool and comfortable by comparison.

Elisabeth Gramont, Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre, who describes Philip László in our *Persons and Personages* department, has just written a book of reminiscences which has been translated into English and published in the United States by Harrison Smith under the title, *Pomp and Circumstance*. The volume is full of intimate glimpses of the great folk of pre-War Europe all the way from the Second Empire until the present time.

Radio fans who are also interested in world affairs ought to tune in some Monday night on Station WEAF at 7:30 P.M., Eastern Daylight-Saving Time. At that hour Mr. James G. MacDonald gives a talk on foreign affairs in which he refers to certain books and magazine articles. Perhaps our recommendation is a little prejudiced because in two of his recent talks Mr. MacDonald mentioned various features in THE LIVING AGE, among them Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's 'Open Letter to President Hoover.' We are not, however, the only paper he commends. He has also given the *Saturday Evening Post* a boost.

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War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question That Vexes All the World

¶ You have got to remove fear before peace can be established. At present France is shaking with fear because of the tremendous comeback of Germany, which country the French feel may some day outgrow them. Russia is not likely to remain content to be regarded as an outlaw among the nations. Italy fears its insular condition, which makes it dependent upon England and France for its coal supply, and wishes to get some kind of mainland on the Continent. — *Henry Morgenthau, former Ambassador to Turkey.*

¶ A general election in Denmark has placed in power a Radical-Socialist coalition, pledged to limit Danish armaments by the simple process of abolishing the Army and Navy, and substituting a small, non-military, frontier constabulary and a fisheries-protection flotilla. If this programme is carried out, its repercussions will be watched with interest. The people of other small states may begin to ask themselves whether Denmark is, in fact, a whit less secure for the abolition of her small armed forces, and to envy her reduction of taxation. Whether her example is followed or not, the Danish proposals are, at least, an effective gesture of protest against the dilatory proceedings and mutual suspicions of the Powers who, having unanimously renounced the right to wage war as an instrument of national policy, find so much difficulty in the reduction of their naval and military expenditure. — *Editorial in the 'Nation and Athenæum,' British Liberal weekly.*

¶ All pacts and international morality of whatever kind rest ultimately for their success upon personal morality. There are many things we can all do. We can watch the temptation to speak contemptuously of other nations and their peoples, and eschew like poison a phrase like 'the yellow peril.' No adjective covers a nation. It does nothing but create thoughts of war. — *Dr. Alfred W. Martin, of the Society for Ethical Culture.*

¶ There is one thing to do to avert the disaster of war with America. That is to make up our minds that in no circumstances whatever shall we draw the sword against our kinsfolk over the seas. Let them say and do what they like. Let them attack what they like and build what they like, but let us refuse to fight them. Go to arbitration a thousand times and lose rather than go to war. — *Rev. R. J. Campbell of London.*

¶ Honest acceptance of the Pact of Paris requires that the nations signatory thereto shall quickly reshape their domestic policies in order that these may conform to the new principle of national action and the new foundation of international relationship. Moreover, the signatory nations must quickly begin to think in terms of peaceful international association and negotiation and to discard both the terms and the apparatus of international war. The Irish Free State, Canada, Australia, Japan, Germany, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and the Netherlands have all displaced their Ministries of War for government agencies renamed in the new spirit. — *Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Director of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.*

¶ Whether armaments are popularized by an appeal to national fears or by the direct glorification of war, the danger to peace is the same, and the greater the burden to be borne by the people, the more urgent must be the propaganda to secure its acceptance. The one remedy is reduction and limitation. That cuts at the root of the mischief. There are other and serious reasons for a policy of general disarmament. But this one is paramount. War in the end depends on emotion. From the point of view of reason it is fantastic and its only moral justification must be that it is a lesser evil than injustice. Secure justice by arbitration, and sweep away the necessity of war glorification by disarmament, and peace is within our grasp. — *Viscount Robert Cecil.*

¶ We hear of the state training youth for conquest. What one state does in this way, other states can do. If all states give such education, what will be the results? Is this, perhaps, the way to general pacification? — *Pope Pius XI.*

¶ A permanent world peace implies profound revolution in the nature of every existing government on earth and in the fundamental ideas on which that government is based. — *H. G. Wells, British author.*

¶ We proceed along the same lines and in the same way, particularly in international affairs, as we would proceed if the War had but closed yesterday. . . . There has not been a conference in Europe during these ten years that has not been rendered practically ineffective by reason of this war spirit. Step by step for the last ten years, while talking of disarmament and peace, while professing to want peace, there have been fastened upon the world the heaviest military establishments in all history. There are more men under arms at the present time than at the beginning of the World War. — *William E. Borah, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the U. S. Senate.*

¶ The same argument that held for the ratification of the [Kellogg] pact held for the passage of the cruiser bill. If the treaty gives the world the right spirit it will lead to further limitation of armaments, but if America hopes to lead in peace we must be in a position to make requests that will be respected. In this way the cruiser bill will be a great instrument of peace. — *Senator Simeon D. Fess of Ohio.*

¶ The White Plains Board of Education yesterday voted to resume the teaching of German in the White Plains public schools, after having banned it since 1917. — *News item in the New York 'World' under headline, 'The War Is Over!'*

¶ The only way to prevent war is to dispose of the causes of war, and the desire for peace must be supported by the institutions of peace. Because a court may not be able to deal with every sort of controversy, but only with controversies that are appropriate for a court to decide, is no reason for dispensing with it. There is no immediate access to the millennium, and a demand for the millennium will not prevent war. — *Charles Evans Hughes, American member of the Permanent Court of International Justice.*

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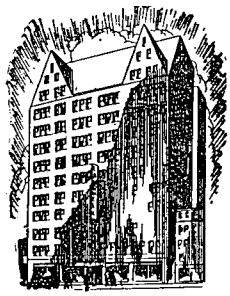

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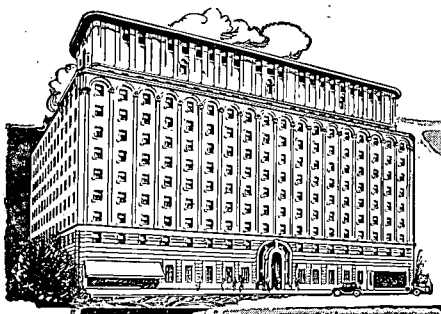
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World Records

(*Continued from page 403*)

friend. When he had proceeded a few miles, he was thrown from his horse and remained senseless on the road. When he finally came to and picked himself up, he was promptly knocked down again by a motorcyclist. Dragging himself to his feet again, he was once more felled, this time by an automobile. When he at last reached the hospital in Lisbon by train, however, he was all smiles, and, on being asked why, said that he was overwhelmed at his good fortune, since the train had neither blown up, collided with another, nor run off the track.

¶ Speed. A Frenchman has traveled nearly 350 miles an hour in an airplane; an American seriously predicts the speed of 1,000 miles an hour within a few years; but it has remained for a German, Max Valier, gravely to discuss the probability of flying from Berlin to New York in an hour and a half, and around the world in half a day. His scheme is to throw his machine into the air by rocket propulsion at an angle of about 70 degrees. The starting speed would be only 1,000 miles an hour, but, as the machine in its parabolic course reached more and more rarefied air, the velocity would increase to 2,000 miles an hour at 60,000 feet, 5,000 miles an hour at 200,000 feet, and so on. Record-breaking schemes to reach the moon in rocket planes have been suggested ever since Jules Verne's *From Earth to Moon;* but this is apparently the first scheme on record to suggest a parabolic course from point to point on the earth's surface.

¶ Royal Births. For the first and probably the last time in the history of monarchical households, two Ex-Queens of the same country have given birth to heirs within twenty-four hours of each other in the same city. Suraya, wife of Ex-King Amanullah of Afghanistan, bore her child in the European Hospital in Bombay at midnight on a Friday. Just before midnight on Saturday, the wife of Ex-King Inayatullah of Afghanistan, Amanullah's brother and momentary successor, gave birth to a child in the Taj Mahal Hotel in Bombay. Both children are girls, and, to judge from the present state of Afghan politics, neither is likely to be called upon to dispute the throne with the other.

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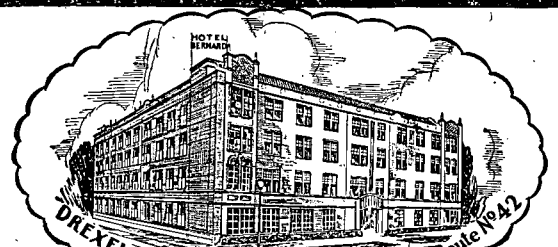

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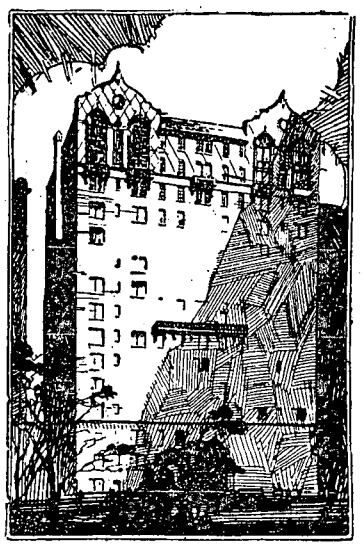
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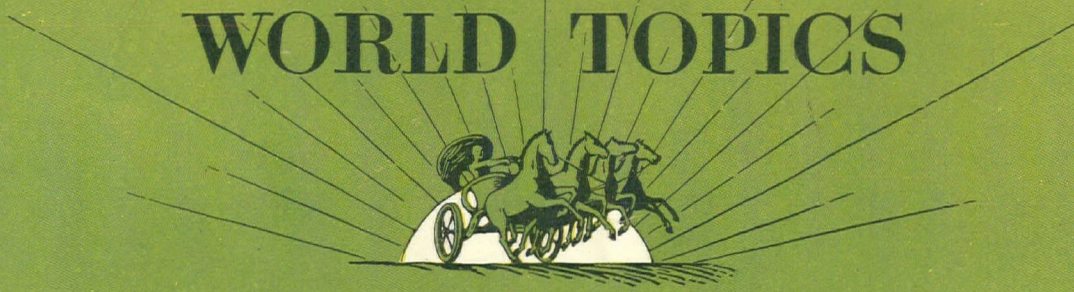

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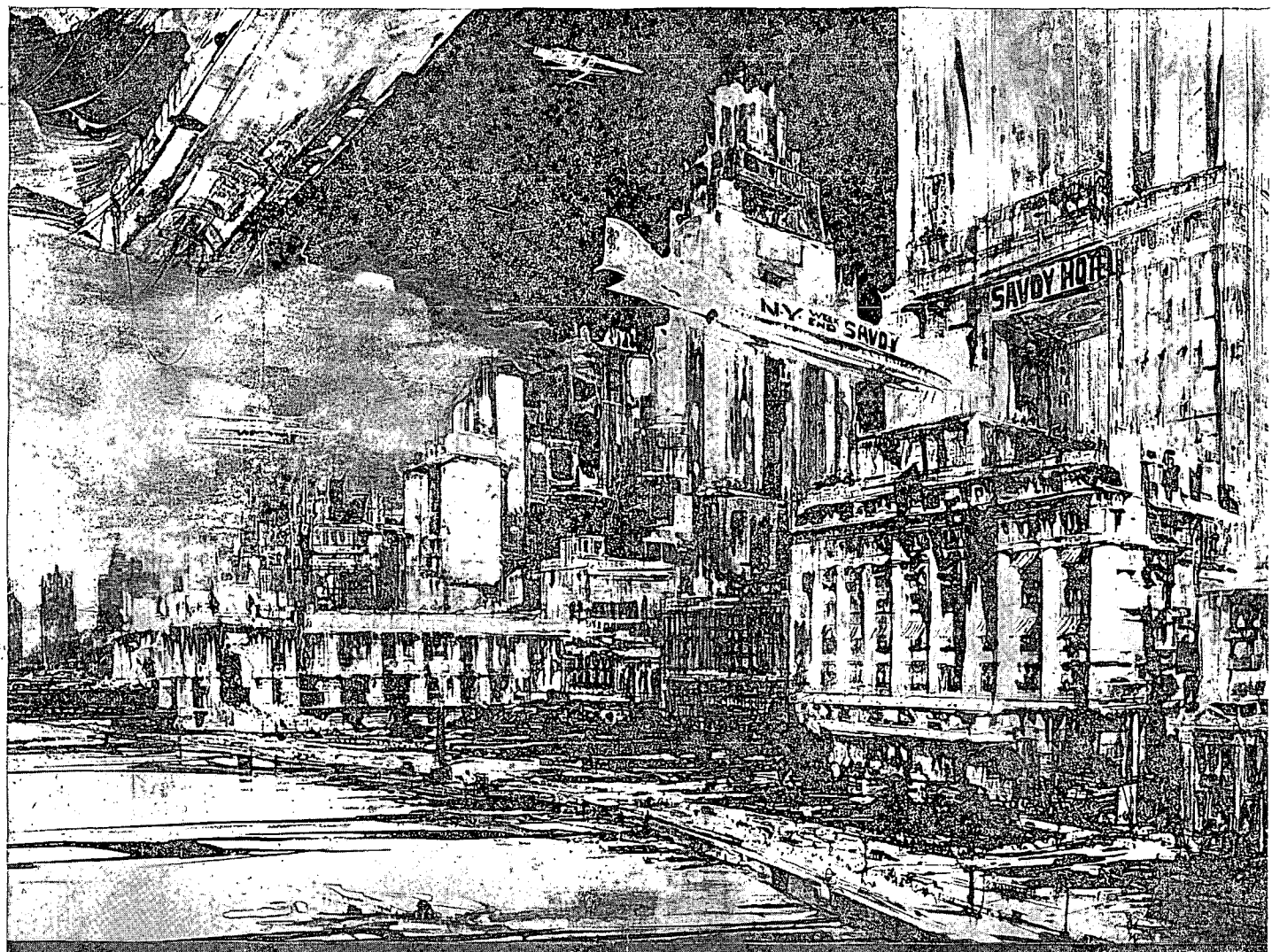

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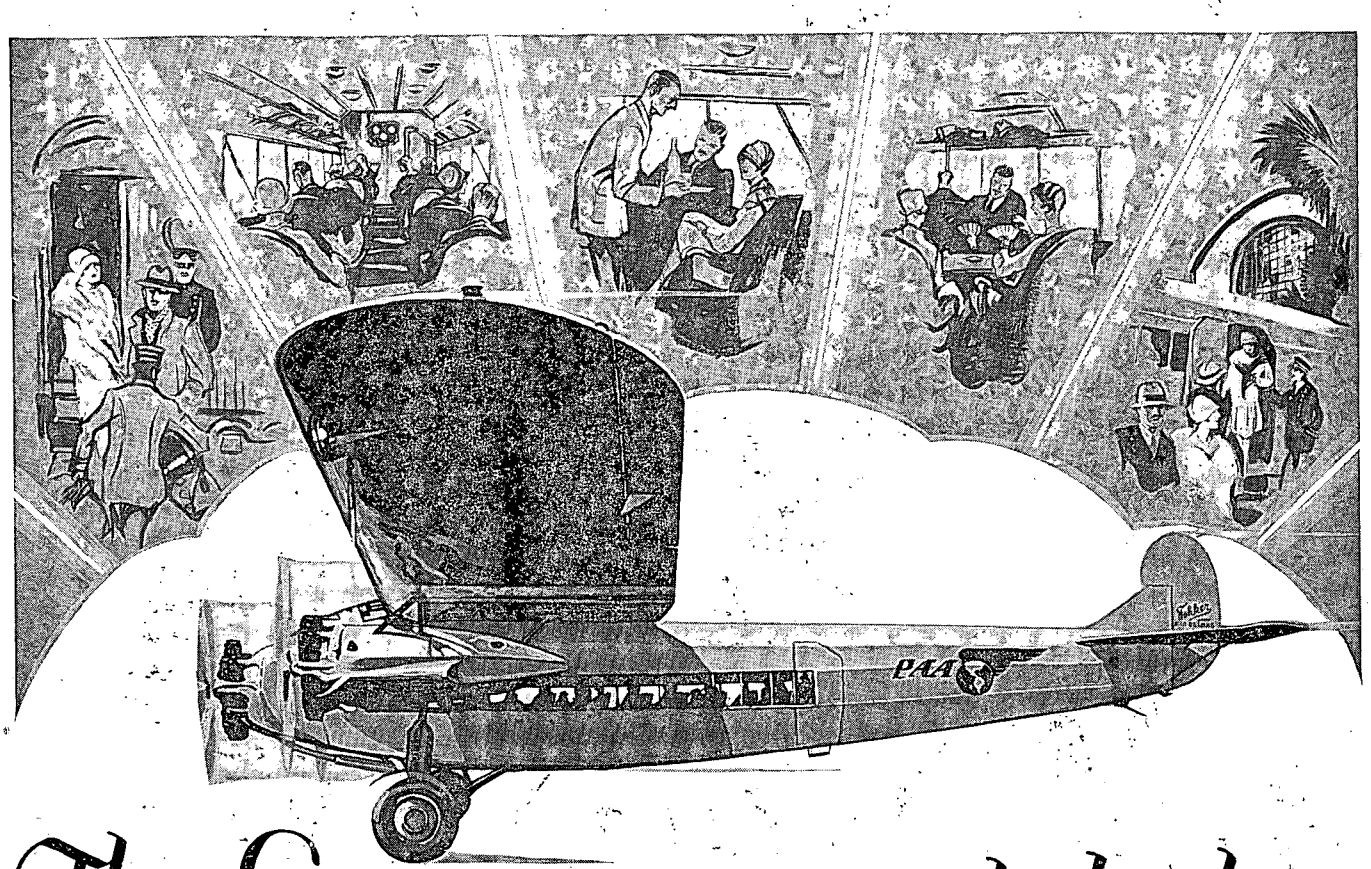

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